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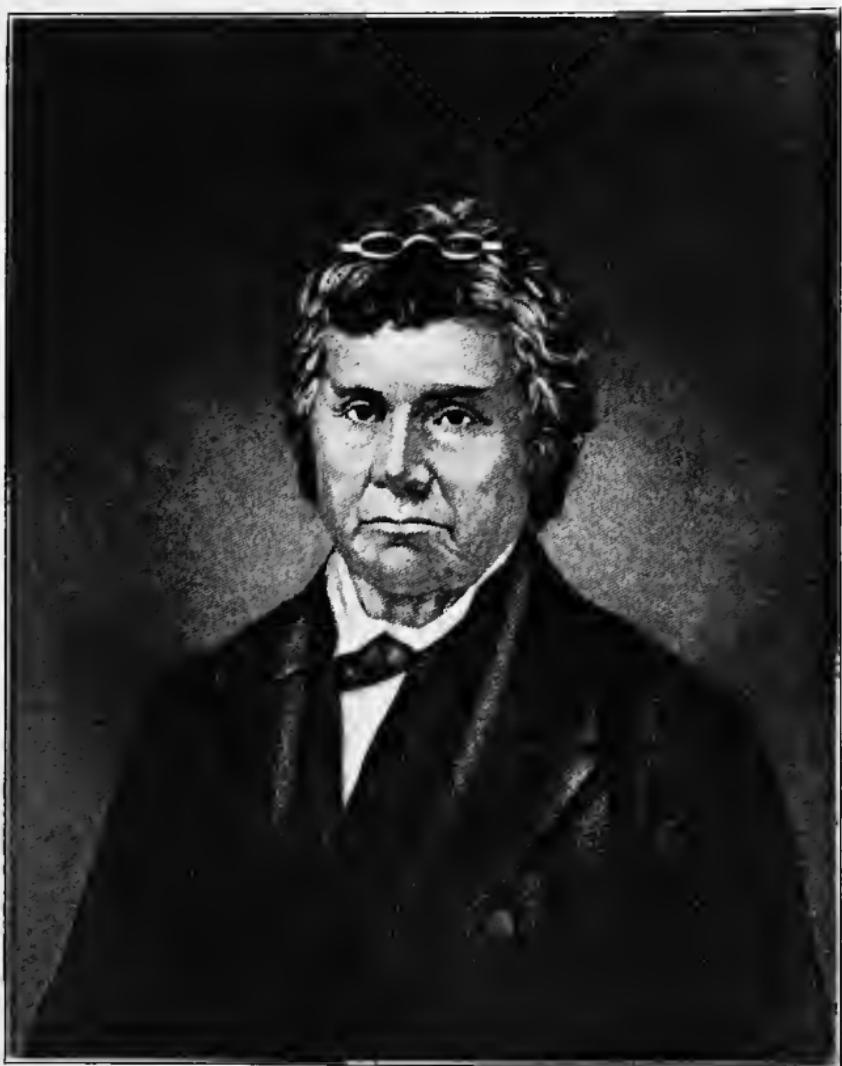


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Yours respectfully  
Peter Cartwright

# FIFTY YEARS

AS A

## PRESIDING ELDER.

BY

REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D. D.,  
*Of the Illinois Conference.*

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EDITED BY REV. W. S. HOOPER.



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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THIS volume does not contain a biography, but a series of graphic sketches concerning pioneer times and customs. The principal subject of the sketches has long been known in the Church, and his name is familiar as a household word. It is remarkable that he should for so many years have filled the office of presiding elder, and the fact is commemorated in these pages. Like the fabled Phœnix,

“That no second knows nor third,”

his ecclesiastical record stands alone.

Dr. Cartwright began his ministry in the early part of this century and among the first settlers of this Western country. With them and their descendants he has grown up until the infirmities of age are upon him, and the strong man bows himself and the keepers of the house tremble. This is now the memorial of his long life of labor. We have glimpses of the hardships he endured, the perils he encountered, the earnestness with which he preached and argued, the fervency with which he prayed, and the persistency with which he stormed the holds of Satan. The record will serve to strengthen the faith and nurture the graces of its readers, and to this end we cordially commend it.

PUBLISHERS.



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## INTRODUCTION:

**BEING A SKETCH OF DR. CARTWRIGHT'S LIFE.**

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PETER CARTWRIGHT was born in Amherst county, Virginia, September 1, 1785. Being of an indigent parentage, he was, in early life, thrown upon his own resources, not only for an immediate temporal support, but for all of his intellectual training, and for every thing necessary for the development of his true manhood.

The sparseness of the settlements and educational advantages compelled him to make a choice between acquiring knowledge by his own unaided efforts and remaining in ignorance. This compulsion, instead of retarding his progress, increased that energy for which his earlier as well as his later life has been distinguished. It required an intense devotion to study in order to prepare him for the future, which his keen foresight had plainly shown to be one of great

importance on account of the rapid increase of population of the West.

Of the few books of science and general knowledge that were accessible to him, by loan or purchase, he made a noble use, until his mind became a vast store-house of valuable information; although without the order and system, perhaps, known to a thorough collegiate education, yet so perfect was his command of that knowledge that at a moment, and under any emergency, in argument, debate, or in proclaiming Christ from the pulpit, he could bring it into requisition to vanquish an enemy, or convince a sinner of the error of his way.

Knowledge as obtained from books was not the only kind that was necessary in that day. There were the stern necessities and trials of every-day life, wherein a perfect acquaintance with the character of men was necessary in order to be successful; especially was this the case in the itinerancy. In this respect there were none, perhaps, more perfect than Dr. Cartwright, and to his ability to read men is attributable much of his success through life. At one time in an early Conference, when various members were strongly urging the admission of a young man, mainly on account of his literary attainments, Bishop Asbury

quietly heard them through, and then said, "You study books, but I study men." He then gave the future of the candidate, as an itinerant, and it proved very much as he said. This was to a large extent the way Dr. Cartwright viewed men; he considered the man and not the attainments, and rarely was he mistaken in his estimate. The requirements of that day demanded this rare knowledge in men who were to occupy such positions of confidence as were intrusted to Dr. Cartwright.

In the early itinerancy, many instances occurred which called for a firmness and resolution which is now scarcely ever needed—instances wherein the physical power as well as the mental and spiritual were required, not only to subdue the ruffian and keep him from acts of violence, but to teach him the necessity of compliance with moral and religious as well as civil law. Sometimes the severest measures were necessary to convince men of the necessity of conversion; and many times they were very effectual in producing good results.

There have been times when God has raised up men for the accomplishment of certain great results, for the opening up a needed reformation in the Church, the redemption of a nation from vice or slavery, as were Luther and Wesley for

the Church, or a Washington for his country. And may we not regard these sturdy itinerants of the West as men especially prepared by the Almighty to go forward and prepare the way for the glorious truth that was to civilize and Christianize our land? They were often required to go where men of less nerve and hardihood could not go. To them this great country owes much of its present prosperity.

Soon after the struggles of the infant colonies for their independence had ceased, the father of Dr. Cartwright moved to Kentucky, where the troubles were no less than in the older States, but were different in form. Here he had to battle with the savages, then inhabiting all the West. To the many reminiscences of those dangerous times, related at the fireside of that venerable father, is attributable that noble zeal and patriotism for his country; and to the sacred and inspiring words of a pious mother, that strong love and loyalty for his Church which have ever characterized him during his life. From the earliest formation of his political creed he has been what is known as an unflinching Jacksonian Democrat. Yet during the late war, while many of his party deserted the country in the hour of her peril, he was loyal to her flag and her honor.

Through a period of fourscore years he has been called upon to witness many calamities befall his country and his Church; from the early dangers and difficulties of new territories, he has passed to the tranquillity and peace of a nation mature in civilization and religion.

If his life could be measured, not by the flight of years, but by the comparison in the advancement and civilization with nations in other centuries, we could not tell the age of such a man.

A distinguished orator, during the war, said that during the few years of that struggle we had lived a century. If such was the value, in time, of that short period, what would be the value, in time, of the last eighty years, when this nation has made an advancement far greater than other nations in all the eighteen hundred previous years; and what must be the age of men who have passed through the vicissitudes of this important period?

Although for a time, in his youth, he gave way to the many frivolities and sins of the age, yet the early watch-care and tender pleadings of a fond mother and the attentions of the itinerant minister brought him into the fold of the Church. He was converted in 1801, and the same year united himself with the Methodist Episcopal

Church, under the ministration of Rev. John Page. He was thus in the Church when Asbury and Whatcoat were the only Bishops, and when William M'Kendree was a presiding elder.

He received a license to exhort from Rev. Jesse Walker, in May, 1802, being but seventeen years of age, and for two years thereafter was pastor of circuits under the authority of the presiding elder.

When, in the Fall of 1802, he removed with his parents to the mouth of the Cumberland River, he received his letter from the Church. It was not simply a letter of commendation from the society, but also a commission to preach and organize societies out of the few members that were scattered over that section of country. That was a hard duty for one so young, and he trembled under the burden, but by the grace of God he performed the labor, and the next Fall met his pastor and presiding elder, with the plan and arrangement of a new circuit. This is designated in the Minutes of that year as Livingston.

Viewing the fact that he was far away from the toils of his youth, among total strangers, where there were a few local preachers and members, but no organization, his limited education, and the natural timidity of a youth in assuming such responsibilities, the task was one of

no ordinary character; yet nobly was it performed and grand were the results.

He entered the itinerant ministry in the Western Conference, in 1804, at the session held at Mount Gerizim, Kentucky, in a log meeting-house between Louisville and Bardstown. His several successive appointments may be seen by reference to the closing chapter, containing the account of his Jubilee.

Enough reference has been made in his *Autobiography* to the condition of the country at that time to dispense with it here. The Church was, however, as much in its infancy as the country. There was a little establishment at New York, called the "Methodist Book Concern," struggling with adversity, for its very life. Besides this, there was not a single society auxiliary to the Church doing any thing for the progress of Christianity. Since, the Missionary, Tract, and all of the other societies, now so valuable in their various spheres of usefulness, have sprung into existence; and the Church has grown from a few Conferences to several score, and from a few thousand to more than a million members. His own Conference has grown from one containing only thirty-six ministers and nine thousand members, to eighteen Conferences, with perhaps an average

of one hundred preachers to each, and many thousand members.

His circuits were sometimes in Tennessee, then in Ohio; one time in Kentucky, and then in Indiana; and the Western Conference was so large in extent of territory as to embrace all the inhabited country north, south, and west, and occupied the ground now covered by more than eighteen Annual Conferences, extending from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Alleghany Mountains to the Missouri.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury, September 15, 1806, at the Conference held at Nollichuckie, East Tennessee; and October 4, 1808, he was ordained elder by Bishop M'Ken-dree, at the Conference held at Liberty Hill, Tennessee.

On the 18th of August, 1808, he was married to Miss Frances Gaines, a very worthy and devoted young lady. She entered with him upon this life of toil and tribulation with no hope of reward, save that to be attained at the end of the race, and in a better land.

Much is often said about the hardy pioneers, and their hardships and dangers; but scarcely a mention is made of the wives of these men. It is plain to every one that there were no dangers

or hardships; no toils or privations; no suffering or woes, through which these noble women did not pass, as well as their husbands, and many times they were the power behind the throne which kept these men at their posts. The post would often have been deserted, and the land left a barren waste, had not their counsels held the hardy pioneer to his task.

The storm that burst upon the husband fell with equal fury upon the lonely wife at her home. The agony of the husband on the prairie, or in the unbroken forest, met a corresponding sympathy in the silent eloquence of the tear, at the fireside, in that lonely cabin. The native and uncultivated eloquence of the preacher as he held up the Word of eternal life, from the puncheon pulpit, was lifted to the heavens by the wifely prayer, and the angels sealed the message upon the sinners' hearts.

As the path in the wilderness was pressed by the husband's foot, it was also trodden, in the secret meditations, by the fond and lonely wife.

Many have been the trials and hardships of our aged sister Cartwright. She has borne them like a hero. No complaint at her lot has fallen from her lips, but like the aged oak, when the limbs and branches fall on account of that age,

so she fails in body; but the immortal faculties remain to bear the testimony to the life of toil and dangers, and with a lively hope of immortality.

In 1812 the Illinois and the Wabash districts were organized, with Jesse Walker as presiding elder on the former, and Peter Cartwright on the latter. This was his first year as presiding elder. He accepted the position with great reluctance, recognizing at once the great and important responsibilities of the office, little thinking, however, that it was the commencement of such a long period in that position in the Church. There have always been men peculiarly adapted to particular stations in life, and such seems to have been the case with him in this office.

His temperament, capacity, and administrative ability, together with his great power in the judgment of men, seems to have eminently fitted him for this, above any other trust. Few men could have carried the duties of one office so long without injury to themselves or the office; but with him, he stands to-day high above every assault, and is free from injury to himself or his trust.

The office in itself has been one of the most useful in the Church. In immediate usefulness

it has been eminently superior to every other in the Church, save perhaps the pastorate.

In that day, men of great nerve and firmness were required to perform its duties. Dr. Cartwright's keen foresight, wisdom, and profound judgment were ever at command in all the emergencies of his long life in this high trust. There are few men who could have possessed such wit and general eccentricities as belonged to him and used them to advantage without great injury to himself and his cause. But through his life they have often been of material advantage to him; and yet he has ever maintained the true dignity and grace of a true messenger for Christ. Without losing that dignity and grace he has maintained his ministerial integrity, usefulness, and influence. In the cabinet and in the Conference; in the pulpit and on the rostrum; in the legislative hall and among the people; in the Church and in the world, has he possessed wit and grace, mirth and dignity; and yet with these strange combinations of character, his fame remains untarnished.

For full fifty years has he had at his disposal the living of the pastors on his district, but he has ever discharged his duty, always guarding well the interest of the Church and preacher. We

would not say that in that time he has not made mistakes; for no man could pass through such a life as his, with its responsibilities, without error; but whatever he has done has been with a strong regard to consistency and conscientious principles.

In the early history of the Church its ministers had to contend in argument for the principles it advocated. Many times they were called upon to defend them in debate with the strongest intellects of other denominations. In these struggles for the maintenance of truth and right he has often been called to defend the Church. In debate he was strong—he has proved an indefatigable opponent to every antagonist. Many have fallen before his overwhelming argument. Sometimes his wit and sarcasm have called upon him the imprecation of his foe, and in anger and bitterness of spirit, with their maledictions as the sure evidence of defeat, have they retired from the contest.

Being an earnest opposer of slavery, he sought a home in the Church where it did not exist among the people as a blighting curse to their piety. He therefore took a transfer to the Illinois Conference, in the Fall of 1824, and was at its first session, held at William Padfield's, in St.

Clair county, Illinois. This Conference had been taken from the Missouri Conference by the General Conference of that year. He has, at this time, (1870,) been a member of the Illinois Conference for forty-six years, and in that time he has been absent from its annual sessions but once, and absent at the first roll-call but three times.

He has occupied a position upon every committee appointed by the Conference, at various times. His character has been passed at every Conference, and never has he at any time occupied any other relation than effective. He has never lost six months from active employment in the ministry.

Twice has he served as President of the Conference, during the absence of the Bishop, and both times he has acquitted himself in that capacity with great dignity and honor. For thirteen sessions of the General Conference he has been a delegate from his Conference. Partly from his great experience in that body, and partly from his great ability as a Church legislator, he has had an influence in these General Councils possessed perhaps by no other man. Many times his influence has been so great as to change the entire feeling of the Conference in

relation to matters of great importance to the Church in general. Eight years he has served on the Committees of Examination, and as an examiner he has not only been lenient to the candidate, but judicious to the Church.

Ever honorable and noble in all the trusts the Church has imposed upon him, he has discharged his duties in the fear of the Almighty. Whether as custodian of the Centenary Fund, in 1840; as agent for the Pottawatamie Mission; on memoirs, or select committee for the trial of a ministerial brother; as a Vice-President of the Tract Society, or President of the Conference Missionary Society, he has always possessed that noble dignity and bearing peculiar to the man, and necessary for the maintenance of true grace.

He early identified himself with the educational and literary interests of the Church, by giving all his influence to the establishment of such colleges and academies as were most necessary, in the West, giving largely of his money, and often being among the main movers in an enterprise. He, with others, after several unsuccessful efforts to establish a Church paper in the West, finally succeeded in getting the Central Christian Advocate established at St. Louis, as the organ of the Church.

He has ever been an opposer of radical changes in the polity of the Church, and to any division of its territory. He stood firmly opposed to the establishment of the Canadian Church, and also to the secession of the Southern division from the main body of the Church. When this secession did occur, and the Church South called for a division of the Church property, he conscientiously opposed it, believing that a seceding portion had no right to make a demand for property, unless they had a sufficient cause for withdrawal, and in this, the mere desire to make slavery the basis of a Church organization was not sufficient cause. His feeling in regard to many of the proposed changes in Church government is plainly seen from the following, which we take from his pen :

“I deprecate the rude and violent attacks upon the rules and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now being made by many writers.

“I have enjoyed a membership in our beloved Church for nearly sixty-nine years, and for sixty-five years have been a regular traveling preacher, and have filled nearly all the offices in the Church, from class-leader to presiding elder; have been in thirteen General Conferences, and in sixty-five Annual Conferences, and in all these

have seen the practical working of her rules in almost every possible way, and have never seen the time when they have proved a failure. The Wesleys were called to awake a slumbering world, and to infuse spiritual life into a dead national Church. Their mission was to the masses; to the poor, and not the rich. When a settled ministry, with all the lay element appended, had proved a perfect failure, the Wesleys were called to open a new field, and to inaugurate an itinerant ministry. What profound wisdom, not to say inspiration, directed him to change himself, with all his preachers, every few months, or years at most, thereby diffusing the Gospel throughout every part of the land, and giving the people great variety of talent, and the preachers the association of all in the realm!

“When Mr. Wesley transmitted his Church polity to the American Colonies, and the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized, all the substantial rules of Mr. Wesley were retained; and under the doctrines and discipline of our Church, we have prospered without a parallel in the history of the world. We have had to contend with an ungodly world; fashion, and almost all kinds of persecution. We have had the bitter opposition of all other Churches to contend with;

and though we have not deposed our Bishops, and they have appointed hundreds and thousands of preachers to their field of labor every year, and changed them at their discretion; and though we have carried the useless lumber, as some call them—our presiding elders—and have expended thousands of dollars to support them; and though we have never had the profound wisdom and financing skill of a lay delegation in our Annual or General Conferences; and though we have made no German Bishop to attend to about ten thousand German members and probationers; and though we have never passed a direct rule in so many words, making slavery a universal test of membership; and though we have never passed any rule in the General Conference to justify and encourage our members in resisting the civil laws of our happy country, is it not surprising that with all these radical defects in our Church economy, according to the saying of some, we should still have triumphed over all opposition, and swelled our numbers, in a little over a century, to near two million and a half in all the branches of the Methodist Church? And is it not more surprising yet, that if our Discipline does countenance slavery, and that if we are a pro-slavery Church, as some say, the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church has been the cause of the emancipation of more slaves in these United States and territories than all other religious denominations put together? and we have never stolen them, or run them off to Canada on the under-ground railroad either.

“It is said by wise and profound law-makers that excessive legislation is worse than no law.

“I recollect in Boston, in 1852, that Dr. Bond, the *Old War Horse*, said to the petitioners for lay delegation, from Philadelphia, who had started a paper to plead for lay delegation, that although they did not intend it, their publishing a paper to defend lay delegation would terminate in a division of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and if this saying of Dr. Bond was prophetic, what may we not prophesy when our own Church papers admit the constant agitation of this, with kindred innovations, constantly into their columns, thereby fanning the flames of restive schism?

“My experience as a member and a minister in our Church is, that the grand defect in the Methodist Church, in ministry and laity, does not grow out of the want of new or amended rules, but because we do not keep those we have.

“I have witnessed, for more than half a century, the power and glory that has rested on the

Methodist ministry, in preaching our doctrines and administering our Discipline as it is and has been; and I would have to be blessed with faith so that I could remove mountains before I can go for any very material alterations. It is true, no doubt, that no human Church government is perfect; we may improve, and still go on improving as long as we are a Church, but let us have no radical change. I could name a number of little improvements, such as giving our preachers larger salaries—they ought to have more; and the time may soon come that we ought to have a German Bishop in Germany; but we do not need one in America. We must watch the openings of Providence, and when he opens the way it will be time enough to enter in. Let us trust God and go on, and we will take the world.

“Our Episcopacy is one in office, not order, and there is no constitutional power in the General Conference to create a separate Episcopacy for the foreign population in the United States and territories. If it is done the result will be disastrous to our German brethren; for in that event they will not be Americanized, but will become a distinct and separate body from the crowding thousands of our German population in this blessed land of liberty.

“I look upon the German department of our Church with great interest. We have liberally supported their missions, built their churches and parsonages, and I hope we will continue to aid them if possible; but there must be no separate German interest from the great Methodist family in these United States. America can not be Germanized, but the Germans must be Americanized. And in order to make one undivided body in the ministry and membership, it is my decided conviction that the German ministry and membership, as far as is practicable, ought to be attached to each Annual Conference where they live and labor; and I earnestly entreat our American brethren to help on the German work among us. They are generally poor; they are strangers in a strange land, and are worthy of your aid and sympathies; and I hope that many of my younger brethren will live to see hundreds of thousands of our German population soundly converted to God, and safely housed in the Methodist Episcopal Church.”

Dr. Cartwright has ever been a conscientious opposer of lay delegation, and expresses himself in the following language:

“I am surprised at the course that the late General Conference took on lay delegation after

so large a majority of the voting members of our Church should show such perfect satisfaction with our economy, that ministers should compose the legislative department of the Church, and after so large a majority of ministers and members that did vote recorded their votes against it in a former election, that they should so persistently act as to keep the question alive, the agitation of which is so well calculated to disturb the peace of the Church—I predict, if this agitation is continued it will culminate in a division of the Church yet.

“Again, I was very much surprised that the General Conference should extend the time from two to three years that a preacher might remain on the same charge. It is barely possible that there may be a few cases in which it will work well, but I say, from fifty years’ observation as presiding elder, in at least half the cases where the preachers are returned the second year it would be better for the preacher and the Church if he had been removed at the close of the first year. But my surprise is somewhat abated when I remember that of the two hundred and sixteen members of the late General Conference there were only a little over forty that had ever been in a General Conference before, and that ten or

twelve of these were book agents, editors, missionary secretaries, etc., that had long been out of itinerant life, and no great wonder they took a tilt toward congregationalism; and the great majority of the General Conference being fresh recruits did not, I fear, consider the best interests of the Church, but sought ministerial accommodation. Mark it! if ever the itinerancy goes down, or is trammeled by a stationary ministry, the glory of Methodism will settle under a cloud and the days of our usefulness will, in a great measure, be numbered."

We can not close this sketch without introducing the following notices, the first of which we copy from the Zion's Herald :

"In every State there are men greater than its sovereigns; in every Church there are ministers more famous than its bishops. Sometimes the highest place and man come together. But as frequently, more frequently they do not. Seward and Sumner will have a higher place among the statesmen of this age than Lincoln and Grant; Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, among those of the past generation, than any man who sat in the Presidential chair. Jefferson is the only leading statesman, the representative of ideas, who has been allowed by the American people to execute

the views he had made triumphant. Hamilton had to yield the seat he had created to Adams, and from Jefferson's time until now, no creator of his party has sat on its throne.

"The same law often obtains in other spheres. If one should ask who was the foremost man of Middle States' Methodism a generation ago, he would not be pointed to our Bishops of that section, but to Nathan Bangs; Southern Methodism was led by Capers, Smith, Winans, and Pierce, much more than by its Bishop Andrew. Sometimes these met, as in Soule and Hedding, of New England; in M'Kendree, of the West. Peter Cartwright is one of those men who is greater than the king. The whole West recognized his superiority, his supremacy. He was the primate of all Prairiedom. For two generations he ruled that realm. Yet not until he was well stricken in years did even a college have courage to recognize him; and though the Church honored him with elections to her Quadrennial Legislature, and kept him steadily in the presiding eldership, which, on those wide-ranging Conferences, was substantially a diocesan Episcopate, yet he never touched the highest seat, and has remained only the greatest man that the first generation of Western Methodism produced.

“Dr. Cartwright is supposed by many to be only a harlequin; he is really a man of extraordinary sagacity. His way of putting his point looked eccentric; it was only novel, and was in itself the most solid argument.

“In 1813 he became presiding elder, and has held that office in an almost unbroken succession for fifty years. He has been identified with the rise and progress of Christianity through the middle West. He has seen that wilderness blossom as the rose. His life as a presiding elder is simple, and to a degree monotonous—for fifty years attending a quarterly-meeting every Saturday and Sunday, and annually making appointments. But it has ranges of power. These Saturday and Sunday meetings drew great crowds, and were seasons when the preacher was stimulated to his uttermost. Then, too, the annual marshaling of men, the penetrating of new wildernesses, the witnessing, co-operating in and supervising the rise of towns and the growth of populations, all gave room and stimulus for largest talents. Those talents he has faithfully used. And at the extreme verge of life he can look back over fields won for Christ with a joyfulness that is unequaled on earth in any other vocation, and only surpassed in heaven.

“This strong character had strong defects in culture, not only in the graces of the schools, but in the grace of enlarged social reforms. Brought up to look on a ‘Guinea negro’ as of another order of beings, although Christianity subdued that prejudice, it did not uproot it. He patronized the negro, he did not feel

‘Thither the strong affections move.’

He, therefore, though he opposed slavery, opposed as earnestly the abolitionists; though a Democrat, he was not earnest for the equal rights of *all* men. He clung to the Southern, and too largely American, feeling concerning color. He was left behind partially in this march of events, and has never assisted in the deliverance of Church and State from this yoke of bondage; though he was a strong Union man throughout the war. Every one can not do every thing. He has planted, another waters, and God gives the increase. He has seen his Church grow from seventy-five thousand, when he joined it, to a million and a quarter, and his own Conference has become eighteen. He has seen his country grow from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from five millions to nearly fifty. He has seen the ideas of Democracy which he advocated pervading all kingdoms, and delivering his own nation from the worst

impediment to its progress that the world then saw. He is a shock of corn fully ripe. What a shout will go up from the multitudes he has preached to, converted, and labored with, who have gone before, when he shall receive the invitation, and enter into the joy of his Lord!"

The second sketch is from the Central Illinoian :

" We have often heard of Cartwright, and who has not? but never have seen him, until a few Sabbaths ago; never heard him preach. We had read his autobiography—read a thousand anecdotes of him, read of his peculiarities and eccentricities, of his pioneer service, of his travels on circuits in early times, that were measured by hundreds of miles, of his encounters with kid-glove gentry and two-fisted rowdies, of his facing storms, swimming rivers, building and preaching in cabins, and a thousand other things that made us to feel that he was either a myth or a character born to outlive a hundred generations.

" We will not forget the first sight we had of the old man, and his discourse, occupying an hour's time.

" With the knowledge that he was old, and the reports that he was failing, we felt a queer feeling of disappointment when an old man with white forelocks, deeply wrinkled face, and stooping

shoulders, arose holding in a shaking hand a book, from which he read, in shattered tones of voice, the opening hymn. We never felt more solemn under the reading of a hymn—never were more deeply impressed with prayer than on that Sabbath morning, and we never heard a sermon more effective in its character. Those who had often heard him likely felt it all to be commonplace. But there was more than the written hymn, the simple prayer, and the commonplace sermon to us. There was an eloquence in the man himself. He seemed like some great monument carved with hieroglyphics, telling of the past. He brought the past and present together with a force such as we never before felt.

“He lived under the Government while yet it was bound together by the articles of confederation—older than the Union under its present Constitution. Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—some of whom he was personally acquainted with—had passed away in his time.

“He was a witness of all the great events of our nation; had heard the first threats of dissolution of the Union, and their repetition a thousand times, and lived to see the attempt to execute them, and the failure of treason; he had seen

his country without a foot of railroad track, and had lived until nearly 50,000 miles were completed.

“He had been on the site of Chicago when it was a swamp, and no man crazy enough to dream that there was the spot for a great city, to say nothing of its becoming such in the life-time of one individual. Cartwright likewise had a history while St. Louis was unknown.

“He was living six years before the great founder of his Church died, and had lived almost through the century of its existence on this continent. He identified himself with it while it was numerically weak, its numbers being counted only by hundreds, while now in its various branches it is counted by millions. He gave his service to the Church of his choice, while it was weak and despised, and spoken of as ‘composed of ignorant and excitable rabble,’ and when its contributions were measured by hundreds of dollars, and he had lived to see it become the strongest Protestant denomination on the globe, with missionaries preaching Christ wherever the flag of his country had gone, and in some instances before that even. He has lived to see the contributions of his Church run up in a single year to nearly ten millions of dollars; lived to see his Church

with scarce a leaf of literature when he was born, possessing a more voluminous literature than that of any other—the largest publishing house in the world, printing books by the thousand, besides a score of regular periodicals.

“Dickinson College had its origin at the time of his birth, and from that he had seen the colleges and universities of his denomination multiply until they number twenty-two, besides six theological institutes, and eighty-five seminaries and female colleges.

“All this, with much more, was crowded upon our mind while the old man stood up in the pulpit before us.

“And in all this history he had not been a mere spectator. In almost every feature he had been an important actor—in politics and religion. He had represented his State in the Legislature, and could have commanded any office in the gift of her people, if he had turned his back upon the self-sacrificing life of an itinerant preacher in those then western wilds. He chose the part of a humble missionary, and how much he has wrought out in the work of his cheerful choice can never be known this side of eternity.

“He was always a Democrat—Jackson Democrat—and we believe he claims to be yet. When

the war broke out he was known as a War Democrat, acting with the Republican party, and he hated treason with the characteristic intensity of his nature; of course he is an earnest supporter of Grant.

“And this was Dr. Cartwright! We used to rebel at the idea of his *doctorship*. But a sight of him, and that one sermon, cured us of all our objections. Though without the culture of academic lore in his early days, he has a strong, clear mind, and has absorbed more of Scripture, and knows more of men, and of his God, and the necessities of the human heart than thousands who are learned in the Hebrew idiom, or whose skill in the dissection of Greek roots is only equaled by their reputed proficiency in the dissection of chickens.

“Cartwright is truly a wonderful man. More of history could be gathered around his life than that of any character in this country.

“It sounded a little strange to hear him ask his congregation ‘to bear with him, for he felt the infirmities of age.’

“We never expected to see him hang out a flag of truce with time even. And here he has fought this invisible enemy a face-fight. It is the forelocks that are white—the back of his head

showing enough of dark hair to prove an entire victory has not been won, and that the dead of Winter has not yet come.

“What a contrast between him and his congregation! He reminded us of some old and almost limbless tree, bending with the weight of many centuries, and in a forest of young and vigorous growth. For shelter and shade it is of no further use, and it only requires a rude storm blast to fall it to the ground. But in its very falling it would make the forest resound with the thunder of its noise.

“If Cartwright has lost his vigor, and his power for great usefulness, and has so far outlived his generation as to be looked upon as of the past, even before his death, he can not fall without making a noise that will be heard by every ear in the nation.

“He has labored in a field too wide, and has done a work in spreading civilization, by preaching the faith of his Master, too great to pass away without the world’s feeling a jar when his fall takes place. Great eulogiums and voluminous books have been written on the lives of men less worthy.

“When he dies his Church will feel lonely without him.”

To say that the mission of this man is done would be to deal in the mysteries of the will of God, but to say that his years are rapidly drawing to a close is only to state a fact plainly visible to every one who sees his trembling form and hears his faltering voice. As a man he has ever been one of the most perfect gentlemen, ever polite, graceful, and dignified, always impressing you in his favor. His mission as a minister of the Lord Jesus has been successful, he having won many to Christ and taken hundreds into the Church. As a Church legislator he has been useful, and his name has become imperishable in the memories of many thousands of her members; as a Christian, upright, consistent, and devoted to the great interest of humanity.

EDITOR.

HILLSBoro, ILL., 1871

# FIFTY YEARS A PRESIDING ELDER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### WESTERN CONFERENCE.

THE Western Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1796, was composed of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and was continued with unaltered boundaries by the General Conference of 1800. In several particulars the General Minutes do not correspond with the written journals of this Conference; for instance, in the General Minutes it is styled the Kentucky Conference, but the journals give its name as the Western Conference, while the Conference properly bearing the latter name was of later origin.

The session of this Conference, held in 1800, was composed of men, most of whom are now held in high reverence by our Western Methodists as those who braved the perils and breasted the storms of frontier life, to plant the Gospel in this land. And well may

we honor their memory, for they were noble men and true heroes, and many were their perils, trials, and hardships. Many severe trials of faith did they pass in planting the Gospel in the land.

Francis Asbury and Richard Whatcoat, as the presiding Bishops, were present, together with the following members of the Conference: William M'Ken-dree, afterward Bishop, William Burke, John Sale, Hezekiah Merriman, and Benjamin Lakin. Others, whose names we have not space to give, were received, and ordained.

The salaries of these men, including their own and the allowances made to their children, were mere stipends, scarcely enough to subsist upon even if all had been received, but the sparseness of the population and the extreme scarcity of money so depleted the resources of the Church in general, that there were very large deficiencies. Being reported, we are enabled to see the very meager sum upon which these noble men were compelled to subsist. This year they ranged from £2 17s. to £11 2s., which taken from the salary, reduces the receipts to an almost incredibly small amount. But the wants of the people then were very few indeed compared with to-day.

To meet the deficiencies, and to help the disabled, there was a fund corresponding to our fifth collection of to-day; but the donations were as meager as the payment of salaries. In 1801 the whole amount received for this fund was twenty-four dollars, and this divided among thirteen men. Other years cor-

respond well with this. The Chartered Fund being available, realized a little above this amount, and was of much service to this financial deficiency; but in 1804 the assistance from the Chartered Fund was one hundred and fifty dollars, and three hundred dollars from the Book Concern.

In the distribution of this fund at one of the early Conferences it was ascertained that one brother had married during the year, and that his wife being the owner of a horse, both had been kindly cared for by the people; and although the brother was largely deficient in his salary, yet it was voted that he should relinquish his claim. The same also occurred with a brother whose deficiency was nearly two hundred dollars, but a part being for his children he was asked to relinquish that amount—seventy-six dollars. Another had incurred a doctor's bill during the year, and this was a burden too great for the Church, and it was set aside. Hard as these seem to be, yet they were necessary, that every needy one might in some way be provided for. Another was asked to pay board for his wife, and "the people, if they please, may pay for him, but that he had no just demand on the Conference." While this was the case the very opposite also presents itself, that of a brother very destitute and much disabled, and to this afflicted one much sympathy, affection, and assistance was given.

At the Conference of 1807 it was refused to allow double pay to any preacher who had married during the interim of the Conference.

The deficiencies on salary for 1808 were \$2,552.95; this was indeed very great. To meet it there was a draft on the Book Concern for \$300, on the Chartered Fund for \$170, and an amount received from the Ohio district of twenty-one dollars and sixty cents. The salaries were, during the last year or two, falling so short that some greater effort became necessary. The Conference, therefore, ordered a committee to draft a circular letter, appealing to the people for larger collections in that direction.

The following report of the committee to draft a circular letter to the people regarding an annual collection for the Superannuated Preachers' Fund, and to meet the deficiencies of traveling preachers, was received and adopted by the Conference, and a copy ordered into the hands of the assistant on every circuit:

DEAR BROTHER,—We feel ourselves as much as ever interested in the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and we are conscious that a large field is opening in every direction for the spread of the Gospel. Hundreds and thousands are inviting us to come to their help; many valuable men are willing to take up the Cross and brook all the difficulties of an itinerant life in order to spread the Gospel of the Redeemer's Kingdom, but we lack means for their supply; for, after all the exertions that have been made in the several circuits, and the conscientious application of four hundred and seventy dollars, which is all we re-

ceived from the Book Concern and Chartered Fund, we still find ourselves insolvent to the amount of \$2,016.35.

We have thought proper to address you on the occasion, and solicit your assistance to enable us to spread useful knowledge and do all the good we possibly can. We hope, dear brother, you will not be backward in setting your hands to paper, and giving us your word to pay whatever sum you may think proper to affix to your name. We wish you to understand us. We do not mean that these collections are to be applied to the preachers as their quarterage. We hope you will do all you can to make up to the preachers their allowance in their several circuits, and that this extra collection be transmitted to the Annual Conference, to meet distressed cases. We assure you, dear brother, that we shall be particular in the distribution of whatever sum or sums you may please to forward us.

We conclude by praying that God may prosper you in your souls and bodies; in your basket and store; and when our toils and sufferings are at an end, we hope to meet you in the land of rest.

We are, dear brother, yours in the bonds of a peaceful Gospel.

FRANCIS ASBURY,

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

WILLIAM BURKE, *Secretary.*

Although the labors of the itinerancy were very hard, and though the harvest was great and the

laborers few, yet it is remarkably strange what great care and judgment was exercised by those men in the reception of new members into their Conference. Every faculty of mind, soul, and body seemed to be carefully examined and scrutinized. At this Conference the rigid examination of the candidates for admission on trial is almost painful; before us is one of whom it is said in the records, "He has a certain hardness and stubbornness in his temper, which has produced some improper conclusions; but as he has given some hopeful assurance that in the future he will be more teachable, and as his piety and zeal is not doubted, the Conference is of opinion that he may be admitted, after receiving a special counsel from the Bishop." At the session of 1803 the care that was taken in the examination of candidates for the ministry is indeed strange, and to us of modern days very severe, the more so when we consider the great scarcity of men and the extent of the work. Their ability, health, life, piety, circumstances, and almost every conceivable thing that could weigh the man, for and against, is brought out in this investigation of character—the place and time of his conversion, the manner and style of his preaching, and the probabilities of his being faithful and true in the future.

So important was a friendly feeling on the part of the different denominations toward each other that it became the basis of a strong argument for holding the Conference of 1802 at Cumberland; not that the Methodists were quarrelsome, for the very con-

trary was true, for they were a pious and devoted people, who adorned the principles of Christianity, but that a new sect being despised, it was indeed pleasant to have the friendship of other Christians at their annual meetings.

The Conference of this year, 1801, fixed upon three places—Bethel, in Kentucky, and Bethel and Nollichuckie, in Tennessee, as places for holding its annual session. This lasted but a few years, for in 1807 the Conference met in Chillicothe, Ohio.

This Conference was deeply interested in the educational affairs of the Church and people, and labored earnestly for the elevation of mind as well as soul. As early as 1802 they took decisive measures to enhance the welfare of Bethel Academy, by bringing it before the people and the Legislature of the State of Kentucky. It proved in its day a valuable auxiliary to the Church.

These early Conferences were often seasons of refreshing showers of Divine grace, and of the gracious outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Sinners were convicted and converted to the Lord Jesus. The conference business had not become so great as to require the time now occupied by an Annual Conference. Great efforts were made for the salvation of souls, and often Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat exhibited all their pulpit power at these means of Divine grace. They were both plain, dignified, and graceful men in all their walks in life, and well deserve the honor their memory receives at this day.

In 1800, the time at which our history commences, there were reported to the Conference from Tennessee six hundred and thirty-one white, and sixty-two colored members, and from Kentucky sixteen hundred and twenty-six white, and one hundred and fifteen colored members. In 1801 there were in Tennessee fourteen hundred and seventy-seven white, with sixty-nine colored, and in Kentucky two thousand four hundred and thirty-six white, and two hundred and eighty-three colored. In 1802 the whole Conference reported a membership of seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight white, and four hundred and sixty-four colored.

During the year 1803 the Conference had made a new district, called the Ohio District, which reported at the Conference of that year eleven hundred and ninety-five white, and twenty colored members. This made the membership for 1803 a total of eight thousand and eighty-two white, and five hundred and eighteen colored.

During these three years the Conference had not only increased in members as above, but had also added largely to her territory and to her preachers. In the Minutes for the year 1800 there was one district and fourteen preachers on circuits, besides the presiding elder, William M'Kendree; these preachers were on nine circuits. But in 1803 the Conference had four districts; namely, Holston, Cumberland, Kentucky, and Ohio. It had twenty-six charges, and thirty-seven preachers assigned to these charges.

The early Conferences sent, annually, letters of greeting to every other Conference. They generally contained, in addition to the usual contents of such letters, a statement of the spiritual and financial condition of the Conference, and were often the bearers of sweet comfort and grace to each other.

In 1806 Dr. Coke, who was not then in attendance upon any of his duties as a bishop, addressed a certain circular letter to the American Church and Conferences. It was read and submitted to the Conferences by Bishop Asbury for their consideration. Each of the Conferences appointed a committee to prepare an answer to it and forward it to Bishop Coke, and in response to these letters the Conference of 1807 received from him the following certificate:

“I do solemnly engage by this instrument that I never will, by virtue of my office as Superintendent of the Methodist Church in the United States of America, exercise any government whatever in said Methodist Church during my absence from the United States, and I do also engage that I will exercise no privilege in the said Church when present in the United States except that of ordaining according to the regulations and laws already or hereafter to be made in the said Church, and that of presiding when present in Conference, and lastly that of traveling at large.

“Given under my hand, this second day of May, in the year 1787.

THOMAS COKE.”

*Witnesses:*

{	JOHN FUNNELL,	
	JOHN HAGERTY,	
	NELSON REED.	

“If Mr. Asbury dies or declines exercising the office of a Superintendent, what shall be done in respect to the peculiar parts of government exercised by Mr. Asbury alone?”

“Answer: Those peculiar powers of government shall revert, to all intents and purposes, into the hands of the Conference, and they shall have full authority to invest those powers in the hands of any person or persons they may think proper; and the Superintendent or Superintendents then in being, shall have no negative voice in respect to the above nominations, but if absolutely necessary the elders shall consecrate the person thus elected and nominated by the Conference, any minute hitherto notwithstanding.

THOMAS COKE.”

“I offer myself to my American brethren, entirely to their service, all I am and have, with my talents and labors in every respect without any mental reserve whatever, to labor among them and to assist Bishop Asbury, not to station preachers at any time when he is present, but to exercise all the Episcopal duties when I hold a Conference in his absence and with his consent, and to visit the West Indies and France when there is an opening, and I can be spared.

THOMAS COKE.

“CONFERENCE Room, Baltimore, Oct. 27, 1796.”

The Conference appointed a committee to consider the matters contained in the circular letter of Dr. Coke, and the above certificates, which produced, after a proper examination of the facts, the following report:

"This Conference thinks proper to take into consideration Dr. Coke's letter to the New York Conference, which was an answer to his circular letter, in which he complains of the General Conferences not fulfilling the engagements that they made with him, and of Mr. Asbury treating him with a mysterious neglect. As to the former we do not think it necessary for us to examine the case, as the General Conference is not to be tried by us. But as Bishop Asbury is accountable to us, and as much depends upon our confidence in his faithfulness, we judge it proper to examine the case, and from the Doctor's engagements with the connection and Conference, and from the relation which, we are informed, he then sustained to the British Connection, we are of opinion that Bishop Asbury gave no cause of offense."

In 1806 a minister from South Carolina, who had by some means become possessed of two slaves, applied for admission into the traveling connection. He was well recommended as to his gifts, graces, and usefulness. He was thought to be one whose talents would do good in the ministry; but the laws of our Church condemned slavery, hence he was admitted on trial, and placed in charge of a circuit, *provided* that he make provision for the emancipation of his slaves. This was no small requirement. It was not to sell them, and thereby receive a compensation, but to emancipate, which required expense additional to the loss of the slaves. This required nerve and faith on the part of any one starting in the cause of Christ,

but such was demanded. Had the General Conference adopted such rigor in all cases the case would be different in the Church to-day. At the Conference of the next year this man had made a settlement of some character, satisfactory to the Conference, and was accordingly admitted on trial.

At the session of 1806, a circular letter from the New York Conference was read by Bishop Asbury, asking the Conferences to concur in a call for a delegated General Conference, to consist of seven members from each Annual Conference, and to meet in Baltimore, July 4, 1807, for the express purpose of electing a Superintendent or Superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. The Conference concurred in the call, and elected William M'Kendree, Thomas Wilkerson, John Sale, Benjamin Lakin, Thomas Milligan, Jacob Young, and William Burke; George Aiken and Jesse Walker were elected reserves.

The Conference adopted the following form for the sixth question in the Minutes of the Annual Conferences: "Who are the Superintendents or Bishops?"

In 1807 the following were elected as the delegates to the regular session of the General Conference, for 1808: William M'Kendree, William Burke, James Ward, Benjamin Lakin, Learner Blackman, Thomas Milligan, and John Sale.

The various missionary fields were small and few. They are only mentioned now and then in the records of the Conference; and so small was the amount re-

ceived from other sources that a large amount of the support of the missionaries came from the members of the Conference in the collections taken at their annual sessions. This was a hard task for them, after their meager salary and their living for a year were deducted, then to be expected to defray the missionary expense.

Although these early ministers were very abundant in their labors, yet they felt that they could not do enough; so they caused to be printed and circulated, tracts setting forth the doctrine of Jesus, and inviting the sinner to partake of the blessings of eternal life. Although the publications of our Book Concern were very few, yet great diligence and energy were displayed in their circulation. It became necessary to have a standard for the uniform sale of all the productions of the press; hence the Conference adopted the following order:

“The preachers shall be allowed for their trouble of selling books not less than fifteen nor more than twenty-five per cent., upon the wholesale price, for all the books sold by them; but the price shall be regulated as in the judgment of the editors the different impressions will best afford, one-third of which the presiding elder shall have for his trouble, the other two-thirds shall be allowed the preachers who sell them in their respective circuits, and the Book Agents are to pay all the expenses of the conveyance of books to presiding elders, until they are within their respective districts.”

The custom of the ministry was then to make the presiding elder the fiscal agent for the Book Concern in all matters pertaining to the sale of books. He was to procure all books upon the request of the preacher; he became the collector; and these book accounts were always settled at the succeeding Conference. It was thought to be risking the passage of a man's character not to have these accounts all settled at that time. There were no direct accounts between the Book Concern and the preacher. The presiding elder became the responsible man; hence the importance of demanding prompt payment of the accounts. These accounts of the presiding elders were often the subject of annual adjustment by a committee.

The Conference ordered, in 1808, that the old rule of fasting and prayer on all the Fridays throughout the year be revived, and that all of the people be requested to observe them, especially the Fridays preceding the regular quarterly-meetings. We have noticed that where this rule of abstinence and prayer has been obeyed there has been a greater degree of Divine grace.

This Conference also ordered the preachers to have prepared and present, at the next session, a list of all the licensed preachers, local deacons, and elders, within the entire Church.

During this year some feeling existed, in the bounds of the Conference, on the subject of slavery, and it was thought that the then existing rule upon

the subject was insuffieut to meet the exigencies of the case. And at the Conference of that year several petitions were presented, praying for the adoption of some more specific rule upon the subject.

William Burke presented petitions, upon the subject, from the quarterly conferences of the Hinkstone and Limestone circuits, "stating the necessity of a rule on slavery as it regards buying and selling." James Quinn also, through William Burke, presented a similar prayer. On Friday, of the same session, the following resolution was received and the following action taken by the Conference:

"We move that the subject of slavery be considered and some decisive rule be made on the subject.

JOHN COLLINS,  
SAMUEL PARKER."

"The Conference appointed the following committee, John Sale, Benjamin Lakin, and William Burke, to draft a rule on the subject of slavery."

When the Committee made their report it was not satisfactory to the majority, and was therefore tabled, and an effort made to make the address of James Quinn the basis of Conference action. But this being defeated, and the regular business being taken up, a little time was gained by the Committee, when they amended their action, and presented the report again, when it was adopted, as follows:

*“Question: What method shall be taken with a member of our society who shall enter into the slave-trade, and shall buy or sell a slave or slaves?*

*“Answer:* Every preacher who has the charge of a circuit shall upon information received cite such member or members, so buying or selling a slave or slaves, to appear at the ensuing quarterly-meeting conference, and there to submit his or their case to the judgment of the said conference, who shall determine whether the person or persons have purchased or sold such slave or slaves in a case of mercy or humanity, or from speculative motives; and if a majority of the quarterly-meeting conference judge that they have bought or sold with such speculative motives, they shall accordingly expel every such person or persons; and in case the President of the quarterly-meeting conference should differ in judgment from the majority, and think they have retained a person, or persons, improperly, he may refer the case to the ensuing Annual Conference; and if any person or persons think they are injured by the decision of the quarterly-meeting conference, such person or persons shall be allowed an appeal to the ensuing Annual Conference, provided they signify the same to the quarterly-meeting conference at the time of trial, and the President of the said conference shall cause the minutes of such trial to be laid before the Annual Conference, which shall judge and finally determine in every such case.”

This rule, adopted at the Conference at Liberty Hill, Tennessee, October 7, 1808, though presented by the above-named committee, bears the names of Francis Asbury and William M'Kendree as the pre-

siding Bishops, and of William Burke, Secretary, as the officers of the Conference. This gave it an effect and power in its administration it otherwise would not have had.

The accounts of the Trustees of the Chartered Fund were very carefully audited after that body was dissolved by the action of the Conference, and the money then remaining in their hands was deposited with William Burke, with instructions to give it to the Bethel Academy.

Bishop Asbury delivered a very deeply interesting and instructive address to the Conference upon the "Mysterious Doctrine of the Trinity; the Divinity and Humanity of Jesus Christ," in which he advised all to attend to the language of the Scriptures upon that subject.

The Conference of 1809 met in Cincinnati, September 30th, with Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree present as the presiding officers of the session.

The whole amount of moneys received at this Conference on the fund for superannuated and distressed preachers, aside from four hundred and forty dollars draft on Book Concern and Chartered Fund, was eighty-five dollars subscribed by the preachers at last Conference, and three hundred and twenty dollars from the several districts in response to the printed appeal of the Conference of 1808.

The Committee on appropriation of this fund and the collection of finances, reported as follows:

"It is the opinion of the Committee that the fol-

lowing be submitted to the Conference as a proper method to establish uniformity in respect to traveling expenses: 1, horse-shoeing; 2, tavern bills; 3, ferrage; 4, turnpike; 5, toll-bridges; 6, the Bishops are to be exempt cases, and therefore they are to be allowed as expenses whatever they may pay for official letters, and for persons to conduct them from place to place.

*Resolved*, That we will only distribute the sums from the Chartered Fund and the Book Concern to those who are deficient, and that the surplus collections be disposed of, at the discretion of the Committee, to the most necessitous by the approbation of the Conference.

*Resolved*, That if a preacher neglect his circuit in the interval of the Conference, he shall be subject to a deduction of his allowance if he be deficient."

At this session there were several appeal cases of local preachers, from quarterly conferences. One was decided as not worthy of appeal because it was a mere suspension from the Church. Another had been arraigned for attending a barbecue at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the 4th of July, 1809, and expelled; this appeal was entertained, and remanded back for new trial, and a committee appointed to write a letter of conciliation to the quarterly conference. After a proper consideration of the case, the committee reported the following letter:

"DEAR BRETHREN,—We feel ourselves as ever united to you and interested in you; and while we are

engaged in promoting the salvation of mankind in general, permit us hereby to signify our unfeigned love to you, and our desire to assist you in every case where our aid is thought necessary, in adjusting any differences or otherwise. You are aware that Brothers S. and M. came to us from you, asking the adjustment of certain difficulties. We, in due respect to them and you, examined the matter, but finding insurmountable difficulties in the way of settling them in the Annual Conference, and learning from these brethren that they are disposed to settle these difficulties on amicable terms, and hoping that you will meet them in the spirit of the Gospel, each impressed with the propriety of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you, we hereby advise them to return to you, hoping that you in your wisdom will devise and execute such conciliatory measures as shall terminate in great and desirable blessings of peace among themselves."

During the year some of the preachers had been preaching improper doctrine, and when the examination of the character of effective elders was taken up, this was thoroughly investigated, and Bishop M'Kendree, with others, was appointed a committee to examine the doctrine and Discipline of the Church relative to such cases. After a careful investigation of the improper doctrines said to have been held forth, the committee submitted the following report:

"*First.* That original sin is the corruption of the nature, whereby man is gone far from original right-

eonsness, and of his own nature inclined to evil, and that continually.

“ *Second.* That the Savior of the world tasted death for every man—that all (infants not excepted) are benefited by the atonement. That as they were not lost in Adam by a voluntary act of theirs, so neither is a voluntary act of theirs necessary to their salvation.

“ *Third.* As to the manner of qualifying infants for heaven we pretend not to know; nor are we able to say how nearly or remotely the justification of an infant and that of an adult are connected, or how to get out of one into the other, with or without sin; to us these knotty questions do not appear to be revealed, and your committee confess they have no intuitive knowledge of these things, for we have forgotten, if we ever knew, when or how our moral agency or accountability took place; nor do we know with ourselves, much less every child that cometh into the world, a minute or an hour before or after this accountability took place; therefore, to attempt an explanation is, in our opinion, to undertake what can not be performed—it is an attempt to be wise above what is written.

“ 1. We conclude the proper way to preach Christ’s Gospel is to preach the fall of man as it is held forth in the Scriptures and illustrated in Mr. Fletcher’s unequalled Appeal.

“ 2. To set forth the atonement in its full Scriptural extent as we believe Wesley and Fletcher have done,

and when circumstances make it necessary to apply the grand doctrines to the case of infants, proceed to show that men are to be judged by revelation of a righteous judgment, and will stand acquitted or condemned according to their words, works, and deeds done in the body, and that the law does not take cognizance of the words, works, and deeds of infants; and so lay the foundation for their acquittal, and leave them and their qualification for heaven in the hands of a merciful Redeemer, where Scripture leaves them, and so keep out of the field of conjecture, which frequently leads to dissension, disputation, and schism. But when we apply these great truths to men, as we are taught by the Gospel to do, we should authoritatively demand repentance, faith, and holiness in all their relative branches in connection with their inseparable and proper fruits, the Gospel being our standard."

In the Conferences of 1810 and 1811 we find nothing of general interest whatever, the entire business being confined to the mere disciplinary questions and the financial interests of the Church.

At one of these Conferences the local preachers of Lexington and Salt River circuit sent a strong remonstrance against the ordination of local deacons to elders' orders. Upon the reading of this, Bishop M'Kendree read a very decisive answer to it.

In 1810 local preachers from various circuits sent up to the Conference a strong petition that they might be allowed to receive ordination as elders.

It was read, but an answer returned them laying the question upon the table until the next year, when they would elect delegates to the General Conference.

## CHAPTER II.

## INCIDENTS OF EARLY LIFE.

AT an early day in my itinerant life, before I was married and after I was ordained deacon, I was appointed in the Kentucky Conference to a new circuit, where the people were greatly demoralized and very ignorant of the plan of salvation by faith in Christ. During this year I was requested to take in a new preaching place, in a very wicked settlement. I complied with the request and sent an appointment. When the time arrived and I reached the place, I found the cabin filled to overflowing. We had a very precious season under the administration of the Word; many were moved to tears. At the next appointment there was a large and attentive audience present, who seemed affected by the Word, and we had a manifest display of Divine power; many appeared deeply convicted, and some six really professed to be converted. Toward the close of the meeting several rose and requested me to open the doors of the Church and organize a regular class. I complied with their request, and, after reading the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I invited those who believed in our doctrines and were willing to be governed by the

Discipline of our Church and be Methodists, to come and give me their hand, and a number came forward and united with the Church. Several others desired me to baptize their children, stating that they had never had the services of an ordained minister; consequently the privilege of consecrating their children to God had not been offered to them, and now they were anxious to avail themselves of the first opportunity.

I explained to them the nature of water baptism, and baptized their children. The last lady who presented her child was bathed in tears, and was very much affected when I took the child in my arms to baptize it. At this moment a man between me and the door jumped on a bench and in a loud and angry tone forbid me baptizing the child, saying, "That is my child and you must not baptize it; and if you do," cursing me bitterly, "I will whip you nearly to death." Some tried to quiet him, but all in vain; he came rushing toward me in great violence. I held to the child; its mother was greatly affected. There happened to be a large gray-headed gentleman, an aged man, sitting just before me, who was a justice of the peace; he rose up and stopped the enraged father of the child, and turning to me said, "Baptize the child, sir; it is not his child, for he told me so himself the other day; I will see that you are not harmed, and if he doesn't behave, I, as a justice of the peace, will impose on him a heavy fine." I baptized the child and went on my way rejoicing, and before the close

of the year I had the pleasure of seeing them both converted to God and of taking them into the Church, and when I left the circuit they were living very happily together as husband and wife.

An incident similar to this occurred at one of my quarterly-meetings in 1861 or 1862, when I was presiding elder on the Springfield district.

A few miles from the place of this quarterly-meeting there were living a few very worthy families who had moved to this State from Tennessee, purchased, and settled their farms in comfortable times. They were respectable citizens; some were members of the Methodist Church in the place of their former residence, but had not attached themselves to the Church in their new homes, thinking the distance too great for their regular attendance upon the class-meeting. They attended the quarterly-meeting, however, and seemed to enjoy it very well.

I had been introduced to some of them, and on Sunday afternoon they came and made known their situation, and said they lived so far from the preaching place that it had not been convenient for them to attend preaching and bring their families with them; and consequently they had neglected the baptism of their children, and requested me to remain over Monday and baptize them. I readily complied with the request, took dinner with one of the families, and, indeed, felt very comfortable. Several of the families had brought their children to one place, and after dinner was over, water was provided. I then

explained the nature of Christian baptism as I understood it, and the duty of parents to dedicate their children to God in this ordinance, and then baptized several of the children. The last lady that brought her child came with measured step and sallow, tearful countenance. I took the child in my arms and said, "Name this child." She with pale lips and tearful eye answered, "Jefferson Davis." I paused, and, if possible, a thousand thoughts ran through my mind—the crowd looked on in utter silence. While I held the child in my arms, such reflections as these passed through my mind: "Shall I baptize this child with this name or not? Jefferson Davis is certainly a traitor to his country; he certainly has caused the death of multiplied thousands of good and brave men, who have left heart-broken widows and helpless orphan children, to say nothing of weeping mothers whose sons have fallen on the bloody battle-field, and if I baptize this child with that name it will render him odious through life, for the treason of that man was of the very highest degree, and if the crime of treason deserves punishment at all, he merits the utmost demands of the law. He should be hung—but this would never wash his guilty crimes away." I determined that I would not dedicate this child to God with that name. I therefore handed the child back to its mother, and then returned to the pleasant family that had entertained me, full of unpleasant reflections.

I spent the night in solemn thought and prayer.

Early next morning a little boy rode up in haste and said he had a message from the father and mother of the child; that they desired me to come down to their house and baptize this child; that they had, on further reflection, decided to give it another name. I said, "Glory to God, who still reigneth." I quickly followed the boy to his home, and with pleasure bade them good morning. After a little preparation the child was presented to me with the name of George Washington. A thrill of joy ran all over me. I thanked God, and dedicated the child to him with that revered name. The scene was an affecting one; we all wept, and prayed, and praised God, who changes our purposes as seemeth to him good. If that child had been baptized with the name of Jefferson Davis it would have been a reproach to him through all coming life in the estimation of every true-hearted American. I believe I did right, and we should do right though the heavens fall, and this child should not be cursed through life with the name of a heartless bloody traitor to his country.

In an early day an incident occurred during my travels, of a very different character from this. In crossing the mountains on a journey from the Western wilds to Philadelphia and to Eastern civilization, I expected to pass the night in the cars, and, as all things seemed to be going on smoothly, I called for a berth to lie down and rest; but I had scarcely got into my berth until four men took their seats near by, having a bottle of whisky with them, of which they

had already partaken rather freely. Two of these men were Southern fire-eaters so called, and the others were infidel Yankees. After they had stimulated pretty freely they got into a high debate on the immortal negro question. The fire-eaters contended that the negro had no soul; but that if he did have a soul it was black and mortal, or merely animal, in common with other brutes. The Yankees argued that the negro had a soul, and that it was white. Once in a while they would pause and take in more whisky; finally they became so animated that I could not sleep, and had no chance for rest. I called for the conductor and told him if he did not silence those debaters I must leave the cars, for the noise was beyond endurance; he went to the men and ordered silence, and in order to awe them, told them that the man in the berth was a bishop, and demanded silence. Presently, one of them came to my berth and said:

“Your reverence, sir, we Northern and Southern men have had a high debate about the negro. They contend that a negro has no soul; that if he has it is black and not immortal, and dies with the body. We abolitionists contend that the negro has a soul, that it is white and immortal; and as the conductor has informed us that you are a bishop, and of course well read in Scripture, we have concluded to leave it to you to say who is right.”

I told him, “These were important questions they were discussing, and that I did not wish to be hasty in giving my opinion; but if they would go to bed

and be quiet and let me have time for reflection, I would decide the question in the morning." He bade me "good-night," and started to retire, but I called him back and said to him, "My dear sir, though I am not quite ready to decide this controversy, yet there is one thing that I can now decide; that is, whether the negro has a soul or not, and whether it be white or black, one thing is certain—if I had been in the place of God and the giver of souls, I would not have given you drinking, swearing men any souls, either white or black."

"Your reverence, sir; and why, sir?"

"Why, sir! for the best reason in the world! Because you are such notorious fools that you have no discretion in taking care of them."

He bade me good-night and retired. We had quiet the balance of the night, and no argument about souls.

Having been reared in early times, and having enjoyed the privileges of the log-cabin dispensation and the customs of frontier life, I was poorly prepared to conform to the customs and habits of the higher civilization which I met upon my first visit to the Eastern States, and especially to their cities. Though small and poor to what they are now, I was greatly embarrassed in all of my intercourse with the people.

After the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I was appointed by the bishop a member of the Missionary Board, which met once a year in New York city to look after the interests of the missionary field, and to devise

ways and means for the support of the missionaries engaged in the foreign work. So ignorant was I that I supposed the manners and customs of Methodist people were every-where the same. I accordingly started to meet the Missionary Committee in New York, and reported myself to the Book Agents. I had been very sick a few days before I started upon this journey, and had engaged a young man to go along and take care of me, but he had no more knowledge of city life than myself.

I inquired of the Book Agents if any arrangements had been made to take care of the Missionary Committee during their stay in the city. Being informed that they knew of no provisions for such purpose, I inquired for the Missionary Secretary, and was directed to his residence across the street, but was told that no arrangements were made there, because his family were all sick. I next inquired if there was any orderly tavern at hand where I could get boarding a few days, but they replied that they knew of none. "Well," said I, "is there no decent boarding-house convenient to the Mission-Rooms?" They said they did not know of any. By this time I felt badly. They said they supposed we would have to go to the Irving House, on Broadway, a distance of about two miles.

I replied, "It is out of the question for a sick man to walk that street three or four times a day, and meet and pass a crowd of living flesh."

The young man with me said, "I will clear the way for you," but I knew that was out of the ques-

tion; so down we went and made our way to the Irving House, and asked the clerk if two of us could get lodging and board with him for a day or two.

He replied, "Yes, but we are very much crowded."

"Can you give us a lower room, with two beds in it?" I asked, and informed him that I was sick and could not climb many flights of stairs.

He said all the lower rooms were occupied, but he had a nice room in the fifth story, room 555.

I said I could not go up and down so many flights of stairs.

"O," said he, "I have the best of porters, and if need be, they can carry you up and down at all times."

"But," said I, "when they carry me up and retire, if I want to come down, how am I to get the porters to bring me down?"

"O," said the clerk, "when you want any thing, you have nothing to do but to ring the bell and the porter will be there instantly."

It was now getting dark, and I said, "We are in a poor fix in a strange city to hunt other lodgings, and I suppose we must stay."

"Do," said the clerk, "and in the morning I will give you a lower room."

I said to the porter, "Take us to our room."

Up we started, and winding to every point of the compass, we got at last to the 555th room, and a more filthy, dirty place I never saw for a bedroom in the frontier backwoods of the far West. I said to the

porter, "You rascal, are you going to put us in this dirty pig-sty?"

"O, sir," said the porter, "take your seats and I'll soon put the room in trim."

And he did trim it very nicely, for it had evidently been the lounging-place for these porters. When he had nicely finished the room, down he went. I sat a few minutes, and then rang the bell. Up came the porter.

"What's wanting, sir?"

I said, "Send up some fresh water to drink and to wash."

It was quickly brought, and down went the porter. He had hardly reached the lower floor when I rang the bell. Up came the porter.

"What's wanting, sir?"

"We want some light."

It was quickly furnished, and down went the porter. He had not reached the lower floor before I again rang the bell. Up came the porter.

"What's wanting, sir?"

"Have you been out-doors?"

"No, sir."

"Is this house on fire, or is any fire near it?"

"No, sir."

By this time the porter was in a free perspiration. My room-mate made an excuse for the porter, and said, "Sir, you will kill the poor negro."

I replied, "He is free, and gets good wages, and I am determined to trot him through."

Down went the porter. He had hardly time to reach the lower floor when I rang the bell again. Up came the porter.

“What’s wanting, sir?”

Said I, “Have you any hatchet about this house?”

“No, sir; what do you want with a hatchet?”

“I want to blaze my way down with notches, so that if the house should get on fire I could find my way out.”

“O, sir, the landlord won’t allow that; and if the house gets on fire, you can ring the bell.”

“Sir,” said I, “if the house takes fire I might ring the bell till the day of judgment, and you would not come to take me out. Have you no sealing wax or chalk that I can mark my way down?”

“I tell you, sir,” said he, “the landlord won’t allow that either.”

I replied, “I don’t care what the landlord will allow. Do you think if this house takes fire that I am to stay here and be burnt up like a fool?”

Down he went, as I suppose, to report me to the landlord; but had not time to report me before I rang the bell. Up he came, much agitated.

“What’s wanting, sir?”

I said, “Take our boots down and clean them nice, and do not dirty the inside; bring them up and set them at the head of our beds before we go to sleep.”

I saw he was offended.

“O, sir, that is not the order of this house.”

“Well, what is the order of this house?”

"Why, sir, we take your boots down and clean them, and in the morning you will find them standing out here by your door."

I replied, "Suppose the house takes fire before you bring up my boots, and I should accidentally get out and should have to run over the rocks and brick-bats barefooted, I would cut a pretty figure, would I not? I tell you, take the boots and do as I tell you if you do n't want a good thrashing."

He obeyed orders, but was evidently much out of temper. Next morning I paid two dollars each, and left for better quarters. This trial of a city hotel with 555 rooms was enough for a backwoods Methodist itinerant preacher.

Take another incident that occurred on this circuit. There was an appointment on the Ohio River called Belpre, a Yankee village, with a Congregational minister. I tried to preach to them, but had little success. The deacon of this church was a very sober man, and just about as good as any man ever was without heartfelt religion. He was much respected, and others advised me to be more calm and deliberate in preaching. On the extreme south end of this circuit there was a district of country of between thirty and forty miles, with scarcely any inhabitants; when on the eastern end of the circuit, I was tied up to be so precise and formal that I did not enjoy myself. When I came to this uninhabited part, I had a ride and no preaching, for a good reason—we had no one to preach to. When I entered on this ride I felt as I suppose a bird feels let

out of a cage. When I mounted my horse for the ride I said in my heart, "Thank God for this day! now I will sing and pray, preach and shout as loud as I please; there are no heads to ache, no one to run and leave me because I preach too loud." I began to sing some blessed hymns; I got happy, sung, prayed, and shouted aloud, and was enjoying myself finely. But as I was ascending a little ridge, whom should I meet coming up on the other side but my Belpre deacon! We got within a few steps before we discovered each other.

"Well, my Kaintuck boy," said the deacon to me, for so he used to call me, "what ails you?"

"O!" said I, "deacon, I have been up among you sober, formal Yankees till my soul was nearly starved to death, and this is a ride-day with me, and there is nobody to interrupt with my loud singing, shouting, or preaching, and as there was nobody to take offense at me, I determined to enjoy the day. I have sung and prayed till I am happy as I well can be in the body; and now, deacon, right here on this ridge, where we will interrupt nobody and nobody interrupt us, we must get down and pray to God till he converts your soul. If I can get you converted, we can go to Belpre and scare your cold, stiff Congregational preachers and the devil off, and if you will stand by me, we can take all austere Yankeedom in spite of opposition." Down I leaped from my horse and said to the deacon, "Get down; you must be converted right here. Come, get down, or I'll pull you off. The kingdom

of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force ;" and I took hold of his horse.

" Well," said he very deliberately, " do n't pull me off; if it will be any gratification to you for me to get off and pray, I will do it."

When we knelt, I urged him to pray, and saw there was a deep conflict; but to pray out I could not prevail on him to do. At length he took a long breath and uttered a piteous groan. I cried " Amen."

" Pray on, brother, thou art not far from the kingdom."

All at once he stood erect on his knees with a heavenly smile on his countenance. Then he uttered, " Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men! I am happy in God."

From this out, the balance of the year, we had success and a religious spirit that caused the people to love loud preaching, and even loud shouting, without giving them the headache.

At another appointment on this circuit, in a very poor and thinly settled part, the family at whose cabin I preached were very poor, and destitute of the common comforts of life. I thought of leaving it out of the circuit and seeking a place where there was a prospect of doing more good, but they urged me to try them a little longer, and I left another appointment. When I came I found a small increase of congregation, and I noticed two young ladies, neatly dressed in homespun. Under preaching they both wept, and after the congregation retired I said to the

man of the house, "What young ladies were they?" describing them. He said they were the daughters of a neighbor that lived about a half mile off. I asked if they or the family were members of the Church?

"No, indeed," said he.

I remarked that they were considerably affected under preaching, and if they were cared for and looked after they might be saved. "Suppose," said I, "we go over there this evening. I would like to become acquainted with the family and talk to the girls about religion."

The landlord said to me, "You had better not go, the mother of those girls is a violent persecutor."

"O," said I, "I reckon she would let me pray with them."

"Very clear of it," said he. "She would curse you to your face, and order you out of the house."

"O no, I reckon not; come go with me. I feel like venturing there, any how."

"Now," said he, "I would advise you not to go; if you do you will repent it. I will not venture it, and you had better not."

I said, "Will not her husband protect me?"

"No. He is a poor hen-pecked man and dares not open his mouth."

"Well," said I, "I am going."

"Well, you will be sorry for it," said he.

Over I went, and as I entered the door I made my bow. The mother of the girls turned her face from

me, but did not speak to me. I said, "Madam, are these girls yours?"

"Yes," said she, "but it's none of your business."

I replied, "I have just come over to talk a little with the girls on religion and pray with them."

She said, "I will have none of your praying here, sir, and I want you to take the door."

"Well," said I, "I will presently, but I am not quite ready to take the door; I came to pray with these girls."

Said she, "I tell you I will have none of your praying here," and she stepped up to me, drew her clinched fist, and rubbed me under the nose. I can not describe my feelings at this moment under this treatment, but I determined, live or die, sink or swim, I would have prayer. I looked her straight in the face, and said:

"Madam, you had better get your life insured before you strike me."

I felt fearful all over, not that I was afraid of this woman, but I was afraid if she struck me that I should knock her down. Had she been a man I would have laid him on the floor; but to be compelled, in self-defense, to be so ungallant as to knock down a woman, was almost too much for me. I paused for a moment, and then said very sternly:

"Madam, take a seat and behave yourself, for if you do not I will put you out of doors, for I am determined to pray here, cost what it will."

By my determined countenance she saw there was

no escape but in submission. I kneeled down. "Now," said I, "kneel with me, and I will, as well as I can, repeat my prayer." But to add to my embarrassment I had to keep my eyes open while I prayed, for though I saw the devil's spirit was paralyzed in this woman, he was not conquered; in my prayer I said: "O, Lord, thou hast well said the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force, and thy servant has no chance to rescue this family from Satan but by a holy violence. This woman, the wife and mother of this family, has a ship-load of devils in her, and though thou hast bidden them to come out they refuse to obey thy voice. This woman is a serious case; she is a hard case; she refuses to serve thee; she is not willing to go to hell herself, but she is determined to drag her husband down with her. By a strange providence thou hast given her some fine, interesting children, especially beautiful young daughters who want to be religious, but she is so mean and so much like the devil she is determined to keep them out of heaven. They might be very respectable ornaments of civil and religious society, but their mother is by arbitrary power keeping them from honor and respectability. She scolds, raves, and swears, prevaricates, tell's lies, and does every mean thing to oppose God and religion. She utterly refuses to be a Christian or let any body else be one if she can prevent it. I, in thy name, offered salvation, but she refuses to be saved on Gospel terms. I have come to pray with her two young daughters,

but she is so much like the devil she has denied me the privilege of doing so for them. She would rather see them burn in hell than be saved in heaven. Now, Lord, I know thou art slow to wrath and infinite in mercy, and hast no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but that they turn and live. And now, O God, if there is mercy for this poor, mean sinner, let it be extended to her, let it come now; but if her day of grace is gone, if the door of mercy is shut against her, kill her and damn her right to the devil where she belongs, and don't let her live to torment and drag her husband and children down to hell to suffer damnation forever and ever. Amen."

By this time her husband and daughters were bathed in tears, and the reader may rest assured the old lady looked sober and countenance-fallen. By this time I felt solemn, but I had an abiding assurance that I was divinely directed in this affair.

In four weeks—for I had left another appointment—when I rode up to the cabin where I was to preach, the first person to meet me and cordially shake by the hand was this old lady, her husband and two daughters. The old lady said my prayer had an overpowering effect on her, and she had expected for several days after I left their cabin that almost every moment hell would open and swallow her up. She took to prayer, and it pleased God to dispossess the legion of devils that was in her, and her sins, which were many and of deepest dye, were all forgiven, and the peace of God, like a river, filled her soul by day

and night. That day we had a joyful time. This old lady, her husband, and two daughters all joined the Church, and were firm and steadfast when I last heard of them.

The conversion of this family and their joining the Church was the means of a good revival and the permanent establishment of a Church in this poor and sparsely populated place. The means were rough but effectual. In general I have made it a rule not to back down to the devil or his imps, whether he appears in male or female form. But sometimes it requires backwoods courage to stand our ground.

## CHAPTER III.

## INCIDENTS OF EARLY LIFE.

THE following chapter is made up of two articles formerly published in newspapers; the one by Bishop Morris, and the other by an unknown writer in a periodical of the Presbyterian Church. The portion by Bishop Morris, relating to Cumberland Mission, plainly shows the amount of physical and moral nerve that often had to be possessed by that minister of the Lord Jesus that would successfully plant and vindicate the Gospel. The second portion shows with what degree of acceptability the Methodist Church was received in some localities in that early day, and that there was sometimes some degree of affinity between ministers of the various denominations. We begin with the narrative of Bishop Morris:

When the Kentucky Conference met in Lexington, in 1822, Bishop M'Kendree was there anxious to extend the work. He learned there was a destitute region in the southern part of Kentucky, toward the upper sources of the Cumberland River, where a mission was needed. The people of that mountainous region lived in caves, and hollows, and along the

creeks as they could find room between the lofty elevations. Their habitations were generally of cheap material and rude structure. Some of them cultivated patches of Indian corn for bread and hominy. They depended on their guns to procure supplies of bear meat, venison, wild turkey, raccoon, etc. Their costume was of the primitive backwoods style. Deer leather was the staple for pants and moccasins. For over garments they used loose sacks, called hunting-shirts, made of woolsey-linsey, while wool hats or 'coon-skin caps completed the usual wardrobe. As to churches and school-houses, they had none, and, of course, they felt no need of books. There were men there who, at the age of forty-five years, had never seen a wagon. That which came nearest to a wagon of all the things they had seen was a pair of truck wheels drawn by oxen. Free from the cares and trammels of refined society, their chief delight consisted in having a gun on the shoulder, shot-pouch and powder-horn on one side, a butcher-knife on the other, and pack of bear dogs at their heels. They devoted their days to sporting, and their evenings to feasting and hunting-stories. The mission was instituted and appended to the Cumberland district; Peter Cartwright, presiding elder.

The first missionary selected was William Chambers, a conscientious brother, of sedate appearance, plain in his dress and address, and a good preacher. In the Fall of 1822 he took charge of his parish, new and fresh, not "Gospel hardened," but wholly

uncultivated. The prospect of usefulness reconciled the missionary to his privations. But the natives received him with suspicion. They seemed to regard him as an enemy who had come to spy out their liberties. This of course was groundless. Brother Chambers was a worthy man, and desired only their salvation; yet suspicion led to prejudice, and prejudice to violence in his ejection. He soon became convinced that retreat to the land of civilization was his best, if not his only means of personal safety, and acted accordingly. So matters remained that Winter—the missionary driven off, and the field in possession of the enemy. But Elder Cartwright did not relish the defeat, and deemed the enterprise worth another trial.

In the Spring of 1823 brother Cartwright, on his regular round of quarterly-meetings, was introduced to George Richardson, a stalwart young Kentuckian, about nineteen years of age, but large and well-formed. He was not yet a regularly licensed preacher, but a zealous Methodist, soundly converted, a licensed exhorter, and a candidate for the itinerant ministry. Elder Cartwright first took his physical dimensions, and found them sufficiently imposing. He was nearly six feet high, broad set, with well-developed muscles, indicating both strength and activity. His mental powers accorded well with the physical. With only a plain English education, he evinced strong common sense and ready wit. His general bearing was fearless but respectful. Brother Cartwright concluded

he was the man needed, when the following conversation, in substance, occurred:

*Cartwright.* "Brother Richardson, I want you to take charge of Cumberland Mission. Those fellows up there have driven brother Chambers off. But it won't do for us to deliver them over to the devil without another effort to save them, and I want you to give them a strong pull. They must be converted somehow; and if you can't convert them with the Gospel, do it with your fist."

*Richardson.* "Well, that is just the sort of a place I should like to go to."

The appointment of George Richardson to the mission was settled, and with the least delay practicable he was off to his work. His first public demonstration was made at the shiretown of a new county, where the hamlet consisted of two log-cabins, one of which was called the court-house, and the other the tavern. Richardson stopped at the latter and preached in the former. The public service over, he returned to the tavern, and was reading his Bible, when he received an unceremonious call from some of his parishioners. The seat he occupied was an imperfect imitation of a chair, of home manufacture, strong and heavy, but roughly finished. While he was alone quietly reading, four young men stepped in and made a rude attack upon him. At first he tried to reason with them, that he was a lone, unoffending stranger, and not disposed to have any personal difficulty; to all which they made no reply, but profanely affirmed

their fixed purpose to flog him, and drive him from the country as they had driven Chambers. As they crowded toward him to make the assault, Richardson rose up and placed the huge chair between him and his assailants, and holding it firmly with both hands, took his position deliberately, and gave them fair warning that if they rushed upon him they must take consequences. But four against one, they were self-confident of success, and predetermined to give him a severe flogging. They, however, proceeded cautiously; two went on each side, so that while fending off on one side, they might seize him on the other, and thus confuse and overpower him. But he was too quick for them. As they made a pitch altogether he struck to the left and knocked down one, then quick as thought swung his chair to the right and knocked down another. The other two began to back, when he made a motion as if he would floor them also, but they precipitately fled from the room, as did also the two slain as fast as they could scramble up. So ended the first attempt to drive the new missionary from the field. With the room once more clear and quiet, he resumed his chair and finished his chapter, but little discomposed by what had transpired.

His next appointment was some way off. When he reached the place, the cabin was full of women and the yard full of men, many of whom, perhaps, feeling more interest in seeing the preacher licked than in hearing him preach. While securing his

horse and removing his saddle-bags, five young men surrounded him, when the greeting proceeded on this wise:

“Are you the preacher?”

“I have come in place of the preacher.”

“We are honest people up here in the mountains, and don’t allow any horse-thieving, counterfeiting preachers to come among us. We know you can’t preach any, but just for the fun of it we’ll let you try, and then we’ll lick you and send you off as we did that other fellow. We understand it.”

“As soon as I get ready I will let you know whether I can preach any or not; and as for that other thing you intend to do, it can’t be done. I am a man of peace, and came to bring a peaceful Gospel. Of course fighting is not in my line; but when compelled to fight in self-defense, I am a very dangerous man. If I chose to engage in that kind of sport, I would not ask an easier task than to whip a half-dozen such men as you are, all on me at once.”

Passing through the crowd, Richardson then took his position in the cabin door, and commenced the public service in the usual way using his pocket-edition of hymn-book and Bible. The women ceased their merry chat to stare and listen at the stranger, and the men drew up in a solid square outside. During the sermon the power of God came down on the people, and many, in-doors and out, fell like men shot in battle, and some shrieked aloud for mercy; and among the slain were the five bullies pledged to

lick the preacher. Sermon ended, Richardson passed on his knees through the house and yard, exhorting and praying. The meeting held till near night. Many souls were converted. At the close Richardson stated the terms of admission, and proposed to form a class of probationers for Church membership. The people came freely; and among those who joined were the five chivalrous blades who suffered the preacher to proceed only for fun before they were to give him a drubbing. How were the mighty fallen!

Before Richardson reached his third appointment, his fame preceded him. Rumors became rife that a young giant was in the land, full as strong as Samson, who slew the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass; and in confirmation of this it was alleged that Richardson had licked four stout men all on him at once, at the court-house, that he did it in a minute, and that without receiving a blow or a scratch. It was further alleged that he preached with such power as to knock a man down every lick at a distance of ten steps. Great curiosity was excited. Many were awe-stricken, and the whole community were agitated. From that time forward no difficulty occurred. All opposition ceased; and all the people were as kind to the missionary as they knew how to be.

In the Autumn of 1823 brother Richardson came to Conference to be admitted as a traveling preacher, saying as he found no organization, he had assumed the duties of a minister, a class-leader, steward, trustee, exhorter, local preacher, preacher in charge,

presiding elder, bishop, and all. And as a result of that piece of a year's work, he reported a mission circuit formed and two hundred and sixty-one names enrolled as probationers for Church membership. Subsequently he labored two years in my district, then ruptured a blood-vessel about his lungs, and utterly failed in his health. After a time he went South, hoping to recover. Whether he yet lingers in time or has gone to his reward, I know not. I, however, take pleasure in saying in this connection, that George Richardson was a generous-hearted, magnanimous young man, one of great promise to the Church, till he lost his health in the midst of useful labor. I only add, the above facts respecting Cumberland Mission were obtained partly from himself, and partly from others, and I have no doubt they are reliable.

A writer in a Cumberland Presbyterian paper thus notices the feeling in those early days with regard to matters of religion :

It so occurred that the very first Sabbath I spent on Jersey Prairie—30 miles west of Springfield—was a communion Sabbath in the Baptist Church. I was invited to preach. The Baptist meeting-house was a large, rough room, of hewed logs, with clap-board roof, weight-poles of long saplings, to keep the boards on without nails—and for seats, puncheons made of split logs, supported from the puncheon floor by wooden legs set in auger-holes. Here, notwithstanding the circumstances, I felt a delightful

liberty in preaching to the people, who had come in mass, and filled the house, on “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

I have said it was communion day in that Church. I knew it not until I had taken my seat among the people, having yielded the *stand* to their preacher, who was, as I heard afterward, what was called here an *Ironside*, a phrase which I did not understand, and took an early opportunity to be informed by brother Peck. I was not invited to commune with them. I had been invited to spread before them the *Bread of Life*. My step-father generally was for open communion; but he was not the officiating minister. So were my uncle and brother, who were the deacons and principal men in the Church. I shall never forget the impression of that day. There was no separation made of the congregation—whether it was to save the visible impression which would have been made against them, if so many of their stranger relatives turned away to other seats, I can not tell—but as my officiating relatives passed by us and around, with the sacred elements common to all the children of God, as if they were hunting for, or avoiding something, I could not help thinking they were a little ashamed.

“Little did I think,” said my mother, “ever to realize such a day as this. I never want to see another like it.” Some years before, seeing that

there was no Presbyterian Church in these parts, or likely to be, she had written to ask what I thought of her, with other members of the family, joining the Baptist Church, which was principally composed of our relatives from Kentucky? To which I responded, "that sooner than remain out of communion with the Church, I would submit to immersion, to satisfy the conscience of others—but, mother, were I to be present with you all at a communion season, would I be invited to the table?" Coincidence, if not strange! yet marked with pain and exclusiveness—where should be pleasure and fellowship as in the family of the Savior of sinners—the Prince of Peace! I was asked, as a minister of Jesus Christ, to preach the Gospel—to break to them the *Bread of Life*, which came down from heaven; they had sat with apparent delight and fed on it; but when they spread a table with only the elements symbolizing that bread, they passed by the man from whom, at their own request, they had received the spiritual bread.

Not many months after this, there was a Methodist quarterly-meeting at Springfield, at which *Peter Cartwright*, as every body then called him, and call him yet—confessedly a man of mark, of a vehement vein of preaching, which is often eccentric—sometimes humorous—always in the end, of evangelical tendency, presided. It was communion Sabbath, and the meeting was held in the large school-house, the common and only place of public worship in Springfield, in those days. Having a desire early to extend my

acquaintance with Western Christians, and manners, I made it a point of duty to be present. And what should occur, but in that very assembly, was the presence of my late acquaintance, Rev. J. M. Peck, of Rock Spring, who sat immediately before Mr. Cartwright, and had long been well known to him. He preached, in the main, to the crowd, a rousing, pointed, catholic sermon, well spiced with his *own* eccentricities, which did not fully appear until he came to give the invitation to *all* who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, to *come to the table*—"to come whether they had much water or little—to come if they had been stricken down by the Spirit, like a deer wounded by the hunter on the prairies—whether they had been able to get to a creek or not. *Come along.* We are not like those who worship a water God! who think none contrite and fit to dwell in God's house, unless they have been able to get to some water course before they die; for it is a fact, and all hunters know it, that every wounded deer tries to get into a creek, to save him—poor silly thing—but the creeks are too muddy in this country, and too far apart. *Come,*" said he, "my Presbyterian brother—come along, my Baptist brother—never mind the water." And there was a shout in the house.

It was evident the whole drift of these remarks was aimed at brother Peck; and there he sat, in perfect good humor, resting both of his arms on the back of a chair, his chin on his hand, looking right in the speaker's face all the time, with a smile on his

his countenance. "Why," said the presiding elder "come along, you shall preach to-night. I don't believe in asking a man to labor for me without *feeding* him, as I hear some have done in this full country, if water is scarce." And there was a general smile in the assembly.

After meeting, I invited these two men to spend the night with me, which they did; and such a night!—of all Western anecdotes and manners, flow of soul and out-spoken brotherhood—we had never seen, and never expect to enjoy again. These were, then, the two strongest men of mark in the ministry, in this State. The former still holds on his eccentric way with considerable vigor, while we drop a tear of grateful remembrance over the grave of the latter, resting from his labors.

## CHAPTER IV.

## CONTROVERSIAL LETTERS.

SOMEWHERE about 1805 or 1806, Mr. Cleland, a Presbyterian minister, wrote a pamphlet, the title of which was, "A Dialogue between Calvinists and Arminians," in which he advanced strong predestinarian sentiments, and sadly caricatured Methodist sentiments. About the same time, a Mr. Mack, another Presbyterian, published an answer to Lorenzo Dow's Chain, in which he advanced very strong predestinarian sentiments. Shortly after the attack of these two gentlemen on Methodism, there appeared a small anonymous pamphlet, the title of which was, "A Useful Discovery; or, I Never Saw the Like Before"—a complete satire on Calvinism.

About the same time, another anonymous pamphlet appeared, all in rhyme, the title of which was, "The Dagon of Calvinism"—very satirical.

I had both of these pamphlets republished, and threw them broadcast over Kentucky; and as these pamphlets were republished and distributed by me, there were three Calvinistic clergymen in the south of Kentucky who charged me with being the author of them. They met together, and held a council, the

result of which consultation was, they agreed to write me a complimentary letter in the name of the devil, and sent it off some distance and mailed it to me, in order to escape detection. As soon as I received it I understood it, and determined to answer it. I did so, and published their letter to me, and my answer in pamphlet form. I have often been requested to publish the pamphlet, but never consented till lately. One object I have in view, is to show the present generation our mode of discussing subjects of divinity in olden times. I reproduce these in this memorial volume of my fiftieth year as a presiding elder, feeling confident that they will be of interest to my readers who have never read them before.

## COMPLIMENTARY LETTER.

*Tum Praenustinus, salso multum fluenti,  
Expressia arbusto regerit convicia.*

TO THE NOBLE AND RIGHT REV. MR. ANONYMOUS, *Author of the Famous Letter to Messrs. Cleland and Mack.*

DEARLY BELOVED,—Never did malice feel more gratification in the destruction of its most inveterate enemy, nor ambition in obtaining what is most ardently wished, than we, on the reception of the news of your most excellent letter. In a moment the news spread through all our gloomy mansions. Every heart throbbed, every eye sparkled with pleasure. Old Cerberus made all the Stygian groves resound with his hoarse and tremendous voice. Tisiphone with her cruel sisters bristled up her serpentine hair. Tartarus to its bottom yawned, as if to make room for more souls, and even Diabolus himself grinned horribly a ghastly smile at your noble letter, and the success it was likely to have in the destruction of man. No sooner were the first emotions past, than all the noble lords and high peers of the pit assembled on purpose to express their joy, and devise means proper for carrying on your glorious scheme. The lords being assembled, King Diabolus arose, and from his lofty throne thus addressed the lords and

surrounding crowd, who stood *arrectis auribus—et ore expenso*:

“ Noble and illustrious peers, my feelings on this occasion are not to be expressed, nor my joy described. How sweet, how delightful it is to gratify our malice in the destruction of man! I need give you no proof of this, nor require any from you on your part; your indefatigable zeal in every age has always been sufficient evidence. But although we have in every age used our unwearied exertions, yet now an opportunity offers in which we must exert ourselves to the utmost. You are not, my lords, to be informed of the contents of the present letter, and how much it is calculated to carry on our favorite schemes; this you have learned by experience, and it would be needless for me to dwell upon the subject if it did not give us a pleasure to recount the many trophies we have gained by it. And you may rest assured, my *brethren*, there is no doctrine *more* calculated to *carry* our plan, than that which blows man up with a self-conceit of himself, fills him with pride and vainglory. For, so long as he thinks he has power in his own hands, so long will he refuse offered assistance, or should he be convinced he can not merit heaven by his good, yet, at least he must do something meritorious, and if he lacks, he will borrow. This is the doctrine of human nature. This principle is born with every one, and has been the leading doctrine in the world since that day on which by pride I hurled Adam and Eve from the blissful

seats of Paradise. Don't you recollect old Cain, when he and his brother came to offer sacrifice, how he came depending on works without exercising faith in the great atonement which was to be made for sin; this is plainly evinced by that book called the Bible—if it is lawful for me to quote Scripture—which says, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.' Here we see that Abel by faith in the blood of Christ was justified, but Cain coming with a proud dependence on his own works was rejected. Again, my friends, as this is the doctrine of human nature, there can be none more calculated to carrying on our plans than it. Unitarianism suits our purpose to a notch, so does Infidelity, Deism, Shakerism, etc. And it is little difference to me by which our plans are carried on. But the above-mentioned sects attack too openly to be very useful. But Arminianism comes in more subtly, has much of zeal, so much of apparent goodness, and besides, it is so congenial to human nature that the consequences are not easily discovered, and consequently better suited to our purpose, as I shall make it appear. In the first place, that it is more suited to our plan than Unitarianism is plain, for this reason: the Unitarians deny the Trinity, and boldly assert that Jesus Christ is not a divine person, represent him as some superangelic being, the first and most excellent of God's creatures. But this attack on the truth is rather too bold and barefaced to be well received by the world in general—I mean the

Christian world—because they have, for the most part, been taught to look on the divinity of Christ as a fundamental doctrine, and consequently the prejudice of education will not suffer them to receive this doctrine. Then the best plan for us to pursue, is to encourage the world to a professional belief of his divinity, while by their works they deny it. And here Arminianism is to our hand, because that doctrine teaches that Christ died positively for every individual of Adam's race; that he bore their sins in his body on the tree; that he brought in an everlasting righteousness for their justification; purchased the influence of the Holy Spirit for their sanctification, and heaven for their eternal inheritance. But notwithstanding Christ has done all this, we see thousands of those very souls for whom Christ died flock to our gloomy cells every day. Consequently, then, Christ did not die for all men, or else he has failed in his undertaking, was not able to finish the work his Father gave him to do, and has not made that atonement he is represented to have done, and at the best is but a half Savior, which is the soul of Unitarianism. The Unitarians represent him as dying a witness of the truth he taught, and as it were to set God and man at one, but bearing no more wrath for the sins of man than of us devils. But Arminians say he did bear the wrath due to all men on account of sin. But the daily punishment of those who are sent hither is a plain proof that either Christ when he died did not make a satisfaction for sin, as the

Unitarians say, or else God is horribly unjust in punishing those with everlasting torments, for whom Christ had already made complete atonement. In fine, the whole may be summed up in this short argument, and the consequence will be plain to you all: Christ died for all men, one as well as another. But all men are not saved. Consequently, Christ was not able to make a complete satisfaction, or else God is unjust to inflict punishment twice for the same thing. But, if there is a God, that God must be just. But there is a God, then he is just. So the consequence of the whole argument is that Christ was not able, which at once undeifies him, and plainly shows that Arminianism and Unitarianism are one and the same, only one comes out boldly and denies the divinity of Christ, the other does it under covert. Again, in the second place, Arminianism, in the effect of doctrine, borders on Atheism. Are you startled at what I say? No! You are not ignorant of those things. But yet, for your present satisfaction, I will explain this a little. The Atheist denies the being of a God. But the Arminian says, there is a God who made all things, yet virtually denies that God had an end in view in the creation of those things which he made; he positively denies that God decrees whatsoever comes to pass. The question is, then, what are the decrees of God? Are they his will, his purpose for the creation and management of his creatures? If they be his will, as they most certainly are, 'who worketh all things according to the

counsel of his will,' he doth according to his will in the armies of heaven, etc. Now, to say God does not will effectively nor permissively whatsoever comes to pass, would be to say God made a world, but did not will to make it; he made a man, and that man fell into sin, but he neither willed his creation nor permitted him to fall—*credat Judæus Apella, non ego\**—which are impossibilities. Nay, further, if God has no will, he is a nonentity, for every living and thinking substance has a will, even to the brutal creation; but if God has no will, he is a non-existence, which is Atheism. My friends, I need discourse no further on the decrees, nor on election, nor reprobation; we know election to our sorrow; yes, we believe and tremble at the awful consequences, for verily, he took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham; but if it be partiality in God to pass by one man and choose another, certainly it is much more so to pass by us, a more able, noble, and exalted kind of beings, and choose man. But I am forbid to proceed any further. Upon the whole, you see how pertinent Arminianism is to our purpose; and you know that it was by this we gained our trophies in every age. Witness the man of sin; was it not on this principle he reigned so long over the hearts and consciences of men? And I hope, in a short time—nor is it a vain hope—to have the world in the same

\* Sir, excuse our inserting of Latin; for perhaps you know no more of Latin than a Goose knows of Grammar. But, if you don't understand it, guess at it, as you do at many texts of your Bible.

situation as it was before; it may be somewhat hard to get the Bible laid aside as formerly, as the people have got in a mighty way of spreading it these times. But I don't care a fig how much they have the Bible if they don't *believe* it, but, under the pretense of truth, go on to work out their own *damnation with greediness*. It is *sweet* to go to hell in a delusion.

“I shall add nothing more, but recommend to you to carry on your plans with that unceasing zeal which has ever characterized you in all your undertakings, and I hope you will turn your attention to that *worthy gentleman* who deserves so well at your hands, and give him some instruction proper for carrying on his plan.”

Saying these words, he resumed his seat. Apollyon next arose and spoke:

“*My Lords*,—Diabolus has indeed given you a lengthy dissertation; he has shown you how much Arminianism is calculated to carry on our plan, which I highly approve, and hope we will put in practice with every exertion. For this reason, I second the motion made by my Lord, to give the gentleman some instructions for his plan, and that a committee be appointed to draft a report of the proceedings of this day, and send it to him for his encouragement.” Accordingly, a committee was appointed.

Next Lord Lucifer arose and made a motion that thanks should be given to you for your ardent zeal and indefatigable industry in our service. Also, that dead-man's bell should be rung for joy, and that it

should be made to say, "We have got Calvin down! We have got Calvin down!" "For," added he, "I have a peculiar hatred at the man and his party ever since that time in which he and Luther threw us into such consternation, and so terribly deranged our plans. For I remember well then was our hour and power of darkness, and we thought we had all the world at our command, and under our dominion, until he arose, before whom the joy of superstition trembled, at whose touch it dissipated and fled as clouds before the wind. But why should I relate the cause of our calamities? I hope now to get revenge on him."

*Dear Sir*,—Having now given you a short relation of the proceedings of this day, we proceed to give you a few directions, as we were instructed.

We would recommend you, above all doctrine, to preach up good works and their twin sister, falling from grace; but particularly good works. Tell your hearers if they will repent that repentance will work faith, and that faith, if attended to, will work regeneration, and then, if they persevere, they shall obtain eternal life. But here tell them that after they have obtained regeneration, there is great danger of their falling away, and of their returning, like the sow, to their wallowing in the mire, and perhaps never leave it any more. Tell them they must paddle their own canoe; that they are like a man drowning, to whom one casts a plank or board on which he may swim to shore if he will; but should the current prove too rapid, or his will take a sudden turn, he

may go to the bottom and be finally lost. We would also recommend to you, whenever you find a man or woman who is sure of heaven, to kill him out of hand; as that would be the best way to secure his happiness for him, as it is likely should he live fifteen minutes afterward, he might fall away and be eternally miserable. Again, try to keep such texts of Scripture as these as much out of sight as possible; for instance, "Because I live ye shall live also. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, etc. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord;" with thousands of others that you will find by reading your Bible. But yet should any of those texts unavoidably occur to you, be sure you instruct your hearers that, although these promises appear to be of a positive nature, yet they include a condition to be performed; that although God says, my grace is sufficient for you, yet something must be done by you to entitle you to this grace; thus most of these knotty and difficult places may be resolved; for instance, Christ says, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" that is, secretly meaning in himself, if you will; and thus the sentence will read: "Because I live, ye may live also, if you will;" thus by supply-

ing what is understood, you may resolve every sentence in the Bible; that is, every positive promise. As, all the Father hath given me shall come unto me, if they will, etc.

Again, should you be curious to know why we urge these things, we answer—because these things lead the creature from depending on the promises of God and Christ, and to depend entirely on itself. But the life of a Christian is a life of faith. For, says Paul, the life I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God; his life is hid with Christ in God; he is bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; one spirit with the Lord. Therefore, being bone of his bone, he depends entirely on him for his support, for all his nourishment. The promises are yea and amen to him in Christ Jesus; because being one with Christ, they are all his; here he anchors his soul; here is rest; here will he stay because he likes it well. And should any adversity arise, or should we attack him with any temptation, the name of the Lord is to him a strong tower, into which he runneth by faith and is safe; having fled to the refuge set before him he has strong consolation, because he has God's word and his oath that he will never leave nor forsake him. God's promise in Christ is his stay, is his support; nor does he hang by his feeble arm alone, but underneath are the everlasting arms to hold him up.

On the other hand, he whose dependence is in himself pays no regard to the promise; his strength is in himself; heaven must be taken by storm; he can

not bear the idea of appearing before God in borrowed robes, but he must weave one for himself. Thus, all the promises are of no more advantage to him than piles of riches would be to a man that never used them. This is one particular reason why we wish you to preach this doctrine; because it makes men misers amidst millions of durable riches. Nay, further, it is an evidence to those who practice this doctrine, that they are not Christ's; because the soul who is born from above desires none but Christ; Christ is his all, his refuge and portion in the land of the living; he is made of God unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; he will wear no robe but what his Lord has wrought for him, because his own and all others are as filthy rags. Without his Christ he can do nothing; he is his nourishment; on him he lives and feeds; yea, even Christ himself is his life. When Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall ye appear with him in glory. But they whose dependence is in themselves have not Christ for their life; they do not live on him, and are dead, agreeably to his words.

*Noble Sir,—*Excuse our officiousness in being so forward to suggest those things to you, for we know that you are a man of a rare genius; but still you must admit that our skill in those things is more profound than yours, as we have had the practice of near six thousand years, and taken many a sly peep into the human heart. Therefore, we would advise you, if you can by any means, to ruin Cushman's char-

acter in Hopkinsville, for he has played *hob* with our friend Smith, and torn his schemes in such a manner, we fear it will do us little good. Also, there is one stiff-necked Brown, who is always hammering on the doctrine of election; he never preaches a sermon but what he must have it in one end or the other, we would be very glad if you could ruin his popularity; tell some lie which will tend to affect his character; let some Methodist say again he saw him drunk at his father's \_\_\_\_\_. Sir, you will do us a favor to publish this letter, as many of our friends would like to peruse it, as well as yourself. We hope you will attend to our mandates, and mark yourself our faithful servant.

Given under our hands, this 7th day of December,  
**ANNO DIABOLI, 5826.**

### **INCREDULITY, *In behalf of Committee.***

N. B.—Sir, we would pay the postage of this letter if we could, but we have got terribly poor since you, and preachers like you, have quit taking salary, and have turned your attention altogether to the flock, and never think to shear them.

"He roared a horrid murder-shout,  
In dreadful desperation,  
An' young an' auld came running out  
To hear the sad narration.  
He swore 't was hilchin Jean M'Craw,  
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,  
Till stop! she trotted through them a',  
And what was it but grumpie,  
Asteer that night."

## REPLY TO THE LETTER.

## TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE DEVIL.

INCREDOULITY, D. D.\* *Chairman of a Committee said to have set in Hell, Anno Diaboli, 5826. Serebus Serio an ineptis?* I ask this question, because *Stultus est captus est mente et Sapiens est compos mentis.*

IF I am to answer a fool according to his folly, permit me to answer a devil according to his malice; therefore, expect plain language. The world we live in is a very strange world, or, in other words, very strange people are in it; not satisfied with being wise according to what is written, they seek information from other sources. Not, indeed, like Saul, resorting to witches, they must needs descend into the infernal regions, and associate themselves with lying devils, to obtain a knowledge of the truth. Some years past, a Calvinist minister wrote a book entitled the Dialogue of Devils. Another wrote a History of the Devil. Both these grave gentlemen, according to their own telling, possessed very extensive knowledge of his Satanic Majesty, and of the nature, construction, and interest of his dominions. One of them wrote when Methodism was in its infancy, and by a strange, devilish kind of knowledge he discovered that "*Pope John at the foundery*"† stood high in the estimation of Beelzebub, and was furnished with a cargo of

\* Double dunce, or doctor of devilish doctrines. † Mr. John Wesley

doctrines to promote his interest, which the author calls Arminianism. But those doctrines which he supposed to be of devilish origin have since that day proved to be mighty in pulling down the strongholds of Satan, and have been the means of bringing thousands from darkness to light; many hundreds of whom are now in glory, and hundreds more are on their way to Zion. Now, sir, I conclude that this author thought the devil to be as great a fool as himself—a much greater fool than he really is—for Satan, in this way, never did nor never will injure the interests of his own kingdom. See Mark iii, 26. Indeed, events prove that the author was very much like one whom you know~~not~~ either filled with unjustifiable bigotry, or a downright liar. However, the author and his work have sunk into their original contemptible nothingness many years past; while what he called Arminianism shines brighter and brighter to the glory of God, the terror of devils, and the joy and comfort of all professors who are not lazy Antinomians, at ease in Zion. As the author above alluded to had so completely disgraced himself, and brought his cause into contempt with both saint and sinner, and so effectually injured his own principles—that is, Calvinism, which he intended to support; as his defeat was so entire, complete, and perfect, we would have supposed the devil would have broken up the post-road from hence to hell, burned the post-offices, and have dismissed all the mail contractors, and turned all the post-officers and mail-car-

riers out of office, under the impression that, as his character was well known to be not only a liar, but also the father of lies, men would not believe any thing that proceeded from hell. The devil is too wise a politician to let the secrets of his cabinets be known on earth; he well knew that men would take news from hell as old women say dreams are to be interpreted—that is, BACKWARD. If, therefore, a doctrine is said to be hated in hell, men would think devils love it; and if a doctrine is said to be loved in hell, men would think the devils hate it. Again, if news should come from hell that any faithful minister of the Gospel, like John Wesley, was very popular in Satan's empire, Satan well knows that men would understand the devils detested him; and, if it should be said that he was detested among the devilish fraternity, men would believe he is by the devils beloved; and in so doing men act correctly. What! expect truth from the regions of hell? As well may you expect to find blood in a turnip, or truth at the bar.

But, sir, it seems the devil has forgotten the smart of the old wound, and, according to your telling, has again opened and paved the way to hell, established new post-offices, postmasters, post-riders, and, lest the intelligence should not be correctly understood, it seems he has appointed secretaries as interpreters. Whether it will be any advantage to the people of Hopkinsville to have such an office among them, and that you—what shall I call you? are you a divine, a

lawyer, a merchant, a doctor, or are you all these together? then we may say, the Rev. Mr. . . . M. D., Esq.; or will it suit you better thus: Mr. . . . D. D., and LL. D., and M. D., Merchant—should be postmaster, and that you, the Rev. Mr. . . . whose name seems—according to your own telling—to be well known in hell, should act in the triple capacity of post-rider, secretary, and interpreter, *time* alone will manifest. It seems I am the first that has been honored, through your agency, of receiving the first direct communication from hell. Whether the postage I paid was too much or too little, or whether I should have paid any at all, I leave your superiors in office to determine; but as you seem to be agents for *Diabolus*, I will thank you to inform his Majesty that kings on earth have the right or privilege of franking their letters; and as you assert that I am a particular friend of his Satanic Majesty, if he is disposed to favor me with further communications, and as he knows—according to your telling—that I am *poor, taking no salary*, he will give you orders to take no postage in the future. And, by the by, I would be glad to know what has become of the eighteen and three-fourth cents I paid for the letter I received. In the post laws of the United States, I find the rates of postage regulated for all distances not exceeding 500 miles. I also find laws respecting ship letters, but none respecting Satanic letters from hell. Pray, then, tell me how you knew how to charge the postage, and who keeps it, and to what purpose it is to

be appropriated. And I do think, gentlemen, if you do not intend to act the part of swindlers, that you will honestly inform the postmaster-general, at Washington, that a new line is open from the lower regions to Hopkinsville, by which letters are conveyed, that the price of postage after the mail enters our earth may be fixed on by law, to prevent imposition. I will thank you, Rev. Sir, if you should receive another letter from his Majesty, directed to me, not to transcribe or translate it; let me have it just as it came from his Brimstone Majesty; it will gratify my curiosity, if it answers no other purpose.

Thus far I have answered fools according to their folly. Permit me now to express my surprise that a man who calls himself a minister of the Gospel, or a professor of the Christian religion, should thus coolly and deliberately acknowledge himself to be a devil. Are you not afraid, sir, that men will take you at your word and believe you to be a devil? And, what is more to be dreaded, are you not fearful that God will take you at your word and make you a devil? "*Fools mock at sin,*" and it is not becoming professing Christians to mock at, or sport about hell. But I forgot; you believe in the unconditional perseverance of the saints, and the absolute unconditional imputations of the righteousness of Christ. Therefore, your blasphemies, profaneness, and lying are covered. Such are the fruits of your doctrine, and such the method you take to injure the cause of Satan; *let us do evil that good may come of it.* I

believe, sirs, the letter is a production of a heart filled with hatred, malice, and uncharitableness ; or, in other words, the production of a wicked heart. But I do not believe it originated or was composed in hell, for the following reasons :

1. I suppose the devil had too much to do with the old Romans not to understand Latin better than you seem to do. But, as you profess to know Latin, I will give you a passage to reflect on : *Insanus eget custodis.* With all the politeness of a devil—such you profess yourself to be—you apologize for using Latin. Why, indeed, Mr. Incredulity, I think your conduct needs an apology, for you can not effect your diabolical purpose unless you can be understood. Christian politeness compels us on earth not to speak in an unknown tongue—1 Cor. xiv, 28 ; but as you have assumed the name and office of a devil—perhaps by reason of Calvinistic principles—know better than Paul, as you are of the opinion I know no more of Latin than a goose does of grammar, why did you attempt to use it ? Was it to give me employ without profit ? This, indeed, is Satan like, but not MAN like or CHRISTIAN like. Or was it for the malevolent pleasure you would enjoy in telling me that I guess at many texts in the Bible ? Pray, sir, how did you obtain this knowledge ; did you obtain it from hell ? It is true, if the Bible was written in the unmeaning jargon of your Latin, I might be reduced to the necessity of guessing. But suppose I do not understand Latin ; is it my misfortune, or my crime ? Tell me

which is the more criminal—to be as ignorant of Latin as a goose is of grammar, or to make high pretensions to a knowledge of Latin, yea, to have learned it in hell, and yet to pen such stuff as you have done? But, Rev. Sir, you had a motive in perfect conformity to the character you have assumed. Pride, we are told, is a characteristic of the devil, and as you took no pains to hide your cloven foot, you manifested the disposition of your heart; in so doing, you proved you never learned your Latin in hell; and also that the devils have me not in the high estimation you imagine, for devils themselves have more sense than to abuse their friends; so that you have completely united pride with gross departures from truth, and how near you approximate to a devil, I leave you to determine.

2. I do not believe the letter was fabricated in hell, because you do not understand the government of that warm country; for I am told, on better authority than your letter, that the name of the King, or Prince of hell, or devils, is Beelzebub. Matt. xii, 24.

3. You do not know the names of the devils, or rather you miscall them; you say there is a devil named Lucifer; this, sir, needs better proof than your bare *ipse dixit*. I know the king of Babylon was by Isaiah called Lucifer, but no sacred writer tells us of a devil named Lucifer. Here, then, I again accuse you of a departure from the truth when you say the devil Lucifer made a motion that thanks from the devils

should be given me for my ardent zeal and indefatigable industry in their service, when no such devil exists. And yet you think the devils are as silly as yourself, by trying to provoke me by telling me of my ignorance of Latin.

4. Another reason why I believe the letter to be a forgery on the devil is, it contains too much truth. Not that the devils are unacquainted with the truth; sir, they are more orthodox in their religious principles than you or John Calvin; but it is not consistent with the interest of devils that truth should be divulged; and, laying aside all artifice, truth never did or will proceed from the devil, or Mr. . . . and the Rev. Mr. . . . his agents, in their present situation. And, if truth may at any time promote their interests, it must or ought to be received cautiously; for, "*persons who are in the habit of making false statements, are not to be believed, although they speak the truth.*"

(1.) The first truth I shall notice is: "*And you may rest assured, my brethren, there is no doctrine more calculated to carry on our plan than that which blows man up with a self-conceit of himself, fills him with pride and vainglory; for so long as he thinks he has power in his own hands, so long will he REFUSE offered assistance; or, should he be convinced he can not merit heaven by his good works, yet, at least, he must do something meritorious, and if he lacks he will borrow.*" Thus you say the devil Diabolus spoke; and he spoke the truth, and confirmed it in the case

of Cain and Abel. But of whom do you suppose the devil spoke? What man was it? was it the Arminian man? No! surely he as firmly believes as you or any other lost spirit, that without Christ *he can do nothing*. The word borrowing is not found in his creed; he believes "*not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.*" What man, then? The unconditionally elected, eternally justified man, if such there be? No! surely; for the devil is not such a horn-book politician as to attempt to break an eternal decree. He may smile at the folly of such stupid Latin D. D.'s as your majesty, who preach, labor, tug, and toil to break an eternal decree by exhorting the unconditional reprobate to flee the wrath to come. But give me leave to tell you, sir, that Satan has more real understanding than the whole Calvin tribe that ever did or ever will exist. He has more sense than to labor when there is no possibility of his receiving any other reward than the having *his labors for his pains*. What! Satan carry on a plan with the elect that will not effectually promote the interest of his kingdom? And what injury would Satan or the eternally elect sustain, if the elect were puffed up with a momentary blast of pride and vainglory, if, in the end, his salvation is secured by an eternal, immutable decree? And, sir, you represent the devil to be as ignorant of logic as he is of Latin; or, I rather should have said that *you* are as ignorant of

logic as of Latin; for, what do you mean by the phrase, *offered assistance* on Calvinistic principles? Do, sir, when you dictate, write, transcribe, or translate again for the devil, use language that has the appearance of common sense. If you meant to inform me that the eternally justified had *offered assistance*, I would inquire what idea you or your employer, the enemy of souls, attaches to the word *assistance*? I have always been taught to believe that it presupposes a partial ability to effect an object; which, when inadequate to insure success, will receive aid from another. Now, on this ground, *Diabolus*, in his magisterial harangue, could not possibly mean the eternally justified; for, there is no *assistance* about them, and you represent the devil as a heterodox divine, and as stupid as yourself, when you put such miserable logic in his mouth. No, sir, the devil well knows—that is, if the doctrines of Calvin are true—that the phrase *assistance* is absurd. As well might he say the clay had offered assistance when God made Adam; as well might you gravely represent the devil as saying his interest would have been promoted had the clay out of which Adam was made refused the offered assistance. Such bombastic, unmeaning, silly logic, as applicable to the elect, would be beneath the scholarship of his learned majesty, the devil. Equally unmeaning is the word *refused*, when applied to the eternally justified. What! the clay to rebel against the potter? The elect not willing in the day of God's power? Strange indeed!

No, no, the devil well knows that the eternally justified—if such persons there be—should they, like children, *refuse* at present, will at some future period be made willing irresistibly; and, therefore, he has other business, and business of more importance to attend to than to pester his brains about those who are hedged about with an absolute, unconditional, irresistible decree. Neither can the devil, or you as his agent, mean the reprobate man; for, on the principles of Calvinism, this man was, from all eternity, by an absolute, *irrevocable* decree, made a vessel of wrath, fitted for destruction; of his damnation the devil is certain, without giving himself any trouble. Therefore, if he *blows up* like Æsop's frog, and *swells with a self-conceit of himself, if he is filled with pride and vainglory*, or, if, like Cornelius, he should fast and pray, etc., it matters not; this or that will never injure Satan's interest in him; the decree has made him a sinner, and the decree will sink him to hell, without any exertion on the part of Satan. Therefore, when the devil, or you for him, talks about “*refusing offered assistance*,” you surely do not mean, savage-like, to sport with the wretch's doom, or blasphemously scandalize the character of God, by saying his silent decree denounced his eternal damnation, and yet mocked at his misery by *offering assistance* to his wretched creature. What man, then, can it be? It must—to preserve truth—be the Pharisee. Let him be called infidel, Deist, Unitarian, Shaker, Socinian, or any thing else. But

is there not reason to fear that these characters will not credit the doctrine, though true, because you say it was announced by the devil, who is the father of lies? If a man's "*being blown up with pride and vainglory*," is an evidence that the devil is at work with him to decoy him into hell, there are other means besides *self-conceit* to effect this purpose, although I admit the *self-conceited* Pharisee is in a dangerous situation; yet the licentious Antinomian Calvinist is not far behind him. I have, indeed, admitted the passage above quoted to be true when applied to Pharisees of every name. But when the devil says, or you represent him as saying, *there is no doctrine MORE calculated to carry on our plan*, I have some objections to make to the word *MORE*, when used thus in the superlative degree, as you will discover in the sequel.

(2.) The second truth that I shall notice is: "*Arminianism teaches that Christ died positively for every individual of Adam's race; that he bore their sins in his own body on the tree; that he brought in an everlasting righteousness for their justification; purchased the influence of the Holy Spirit for their sanctification, and heaven for their eternal inheritance.*" Well done, devil! Devil as you are, it seems you are capable of telling the truth on certain occasions. My only fear is, that because you are a devil, men will not believe you. Yes, Arminianism, indeed teaches that Christ died positively for every individual, and in so doing, it teaches correctly; for its teaching is in unison with

the teachings of the Scripture, which says, "*Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man; that Christ gave himself a ransom for all.*"

(3.) The next truth I shall notice is: "It may be somewhat hard to get the Bible laid aside as formerly, as the people have got in a mighty way of spreading it in these times; but I do n't care a fig how much they have the Bible if they do n't believe it, but under the pretense of truth, go on to work out their own damnation with greediness." This is true, very true. People have found out that it is folly to rely on what some folks call the decrees; they have, therefore, like consistent Arminians, gone to work by translating, printing, and scattering copies of the Bible, in different languages, and among different nations.

It is also true that the devil little regards the Bible, if he can only induce men to disregard what is in it; particularly such passages as these: "The Lord is loving to every man, and his tender mercies are over all his works. If thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted, and if thou doest not well sin lieth at the door. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner. Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near. God is no respecter of persons. I have called but ye have refused. I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, etc. O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often *would* I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her

wings, but *you would* not! God so loved the world," etc. Can the devil only throw a Calvinistic mist over their eyes, and induce people to disbelieve such Scriptures as these, and embrace the principles of Calvin: "If I am to be saved, I shall be saved; and if I am to be damned, I shall be damned. Or, if I am to be one of the elect, the devil can not get me; and if I am one of the reprobate, God will not save me;" then, indeed, his dominions would be peopled with millions of poor, deluded victims. And with these sentiments, Satan would be at ease, though their pockets, cases, yea, houses, were crowded with Bibles. And he will quietly permit people to pay you, Rev. Sir, and such Calvin gentry, some hundreds of dollars yearly for propagating and preserving such detestable trash, which stands in direct opposition to the whole tenor of God's word, and basely slanders the character of the Holy One of Israel.

Yes, sir, the devil would rejoice could such blasphemous trash spread far and wide, that men might hold the decrees, and thus, under the pretense of truth, work out their own damnation with greediness. He knows very well that where he can get such principles established, the people will be stupid enough to believe that those who are reprobates can not work out their own damnation, because that is fixed and unalterably sure, by an irrevocable decree. Therefore a fig for the Bible; the decrees will do all things. Yes, sir, by preaching and propagating such horrid, such abominable heresy, as an agent of the

devil, you do much to the satisfaction of your employer, and assist to people the regions of eternal woe. Therefore, that you may from your sooty masters hear the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," go on to recommend the Bible, but take special care to handle the Word of God deceitfully, by recommending Calvinism as pure Gospel or evangelical truth.

Perhaps the Antinomians will have out a subscription paper to raise your salary on earth, and you will receive a plentiful compensation from your master hereafter. Can the devil only persuade people to become Calvinists, he knows, well knows, that if they do not now believe they will suppose their unbelief is no fault of their own, but that it is ordained, appointed, and fixed, by a decree from God; therefore, "whatever is, is right," and that if they are not one of the reprobate, God will, in his own good time, in the day of his power, irresistibly make them a willing people, and, in consequence of their eternal justification, make them happy in time and glorious in eternity; and thus they will go on in sin that grace may abound, they will do evil that good may come of it, and, although he well knows their damnation will be just, yet he cares not a *fig* for it. His only object is by Calvinism to delude, and by his artifices to destroy. The Bible may, indeed, direct to the true and safe port, but if he can by metal of Calvinism attract the needle, he will guide the deluded Antinomian through the cold, wintery, frozen latitudes

of licentiousness, and safely land him in the heaven of *Tartarus*, and then at their folly “*grin horribly a ghastly smile*,” when he thinks how artfully, by Calvinistic heresy, he induced them to believe Calvin rather than the sacred pages, and thus secured their eternal damnation.

(4.) The next truth I shall notice is the directions given that dead-man’s bell should be rung, and made to say, “We have got Calvin down! We have got Calvin down!” This is true whether you mean Calvin or his doctrine. Calvin manifested that he was down when he persecuted Castello, and burned Servetus. The devil, however notorious for departures from truth, does not say Calvin was ever up. Perhaps he thought men could be as easily persuaded to believe that sheep could eat wolf as to be persuaded that this horrid, blood-thirsty, furious persecutor could be a real disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. Yes, sir, Calvin is down low enough: the heart that can devise persecution, and hands stained with a brother’s blood, are as low as the devil himself would desire. The blood of Servetus this day, like the blood of Abel, crieth from the ground against this French Cain of Geneva. Think you not angels wept when they saw the hands of this furious bigot raised up in prayer in the pulpit? What! hands stained with innocent blood raised up in adoration to the Supreme Being, praising him for his special, particular, elective, sovereign, free, unmerited grace, by which he was induced, according to a decree from heaven, to plunge

a more righteous brother into the flaming fire! O, downright mockery! O, horrible blasphemy! What! shall a wretch whose hands are polluted with his brother's blood, bow before the throne of that God, who is a God of mercy, and say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" Would not this virtually be to pray for his own damnation? Would such a wretch dare to say "The mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me?" For this would again be praying for his own destruction.

Believe me, sir, that if the all-atoning blood of Jesus never purified the heart of Calvin from persecution, and cleansed his worthless hands from the innocent blood of Servetus, just as sure as that declaration is true, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," Matt. vii, 2, "and all murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone," Rev. xxi, 8, and "no murderer hath eternal life," 1 John iv, 15, you may rest assured that Calvin is indeed "down, down," low enough; low as the rich man—Luke xvi—even low in hell, where the smoke of his torment—with all other unrenewed persecutors—will ascend up forever and ever.

You see, sir, that on this subject I speak plain; I do so because I desire to be understood. I am aware, sir, that gentlemen of your cloth and kidney will accuse me of uncharitableness; be it so; I dare not extend my charity beyond the limits of Scripture,

and I can as charitably hope for the salvation of Pilate, Herod, Nero, or Diocletian, as I can for the blood-thirsty, blood-stained persecutor, John Calvin. I know that such gentlemen as you, who receive many hundred—and some many thousand—dollars yearly for telling people God fore-ordains whatever comes to pass, or, if they are to be saved, they will be saved, and if they are to be damned, they will be damned, try hard to excuse your father, Calvin. His crime is palliated by urging the darkness and ignorance of the times, the then ferocious manners of the people, the practice of the Papists, the conduct of Servetus, etc. All this is perfect smoke. Calvin had the Gospel in his hand, and to which part would he turn to justify persecution, or murder? but hold! he found persecution and murder in the Gospels, as you find predestination. Believe me, sir, when I hear a politician justifying the cruelties of Robespierre and Marat, I awfully fear, if he had power, he would be guilty of the like tragedies; and when I hear divines justify the barbarous conduct of Calvin, or represent him as a Christian, I am induced to believe that if those grave D. D.'s had the power, they would torture and burn their opposers as they did in England during the Commonwealth, and in New England previous to the Revolution.

No doubt you, sir, have read how those meek, mild, and humble Calvinistic D. D.'s treated the Baptists and Quakers, whom they styled heretics. Calvinism is Calvinism all the world over, and they who

defend John Calvin's persecution are no better than John Calvin, because they show what they would do if they could. Yes, sir, it is true, Calvin is down in the estimation of every man on whose heart the benign principles of the Gospel have taken effect—detached from Calvinism. Such men can not, dare not, call white black; neither can they call a bloody persecutor a saint or a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. Well, then, as his Satanic majesty asserts that Calvin is "down," I will—though he is the father of lies—give him credit; and, therefore, let Calvin stay down. But, sir, perhaps your devil did not mean the man Calvin, but the predestinarian principles Calvin invented or propagated.

Well, to ascertain the truth of this, let us inquire what those principles are. "God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass. By the decrees of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death." (Westminster Confession of Faith, Chapter 3.) But, Calvinism may be known from Calvin's own words: "God, in predestinating from all eternity one part of mankind to everlasting happiness and another to endless misery, was led to make this distinction by no other motive than his own good pleasure and free will. I confess it is a horrible decree, yet none can deny that God foreknew Adam's fall, and, therefore, foreknew it because he had fore-

ordained it so by his decree." (See Calvin's Inst., Chap. iii, 23.) Again: "God, of his own good pleasure, ordains that many should be born, who are, from the womb, doomed to inevitable damnation. If any man pretend that God's foreknowledge lays them under no necessity of being damned, but rather he decreed their damnation because he foreknew their wickedness, I grant that God's foreknowledge, alone, lays no necessity on the creature, but eternal life and death depend on the will rather than the foreknowledge of God. If God only foreknew all things that relate to men, and did not decree and order them also, then it might be inquired whether or no his foreknowledge necessitates the thing foreknown; but seeing, he therefore foreknows all things that will come to pass, because he has decreed they will come to pass; it is in vain to contend about foreknowledge, since it is plain all things come to pass by God's positive decree." (Inst., Chap. xxiii, Sec. 6.) Again: "As God has effectual calls whereby he gives the elect the salvation to which he ordained them, so he has his judgments toward the reprobates, whereby he executes his decrees concerning them. As many, therefore, as he created to live miserable, and thus perish everlasting, these, that they may be brought to the end for which they were created, he sometimes deprives of the possibility of hearing the word, and, at other times, by the preaching thereof, blinds and stupefies them the more." (Inst., III, Chap. xxiv, Sec. 12.) Again: "He calls them that they may be more

deaf; he kindles a light that they may be more blind; he brings his doctrine to them that they may be more ignorant, and applies the remedy to them that they might not be healed." (Inst., III, Chap. xxiv, Sec. 13.) Again: "Thieves, murderers, and other malefactors are God's instruments, which he uses to execute what he hath decreed in himself." (Inst., I, Chap. xvii, Sec. 5.) Again: "The devil and wicked men are so held in on every side with the hand of God, that they can not conceive, or contrive, or execute any mischief any further than God himself does not permit, BUT COMMAND. Nor are they only held in fetters, but compelled, also, as with a bridle, to perform obedience to those commands." (Inst., I, Chap. xvii, Sec. 11.) Again: "God hath, once for all, appointed, by an eternal, unchangeable decree, to whom he would give salvation, and whom he would devote to destruction." (Inst., Chap. iii, Sec. 17.) Again: "Many, as it were, to excuse God, own election, and deny reprobation; but this is quite silly and childish, for election can not stand without reprobation; whom God passes by, he reprobates." (Inst., III, Chap. xxiii, Sec. 1.) Again: "All men are not created for the same end, but some are fore-ordained to eternal life and others to eternal damnation; so, according as every man was created for one end or the other, we say he was elected (that is, predestined) to life, or reprobated (that is, predestined, to damnation)." (Inst., Chap. xxi, Sec. 1.) Again: "I say that by the ordination and will of God, Adam fell; God would have man to fall; man is blinded

by the commandment of God. We refer the causes of hardening us to God. The highest or the remote causes of hardening is the will of God." (Inst., Chap. xviii, Sec. 1.) Again: "Every action and motion of every creature is governed by the hidden counsels of God, that nothing can come to pass but what was ordained by him." (Chap. xv, Sec. 3.) Again: "The wills of men are so governed by the will of God, that they are carried on straight to the mark which he has fore-ordained." (Chap. xv, Sec. 8.) Again: "I will not scruple to own that the will of God lays a necessity on all things, and that every thing he wills necessarily comes to pass." (Chap. xxiv, Sec. 8.) Again: "Lastly, nothing is more absurd than to think any thing at all is done, but by the ordination of God." (Chap. xvi, Sec. 8.)

Enough! enough! Here, sir, is Calvinism in full bloom; here, sir, is Turkish divinity and heathen fatality, with a witness, which makes God the author of all sin. This justified Piscator in exclaiming, "We neither can do more good than we do, nor less evil than we do, because God, from eternity, has precisely decreed that both the good and the evil should be so done." (Page 176.) The sum of all this is, the elect shall be saved, do what they will; the reprobate shall be damned, do what they can; or, in other words, let me do what I will, I am none the worse; let me do what I can, I am none the better. Now, sir, if your devil meant to say this doctrine is down, I say, comparatively it is down. In England, and other parts of

Europe, as well as in America, it once spread far and wide, and seemed to be rooted and firmly established: but God was pleased to raise up such men as Arminius, Barclay, Wesley, and Fletcher, who have given the monster a wound from which he will never recover. Light shines, men see it, and walk after it. Calvinism in the United States is only kept alive in its expiring agonies by a few silly mortals who have long purses, and are influenced by the prejudice of education. I call them silly, for such they truly would be, should they pay a doctor for saying to them, "Sirs, if you are to live, you will live; and if you die, you will die." Equally silly, then, are they for paying a college fop, who has spent much time and money to learn Latin and Greek, for no other purpose than to tell the people in plain English, "If you are to be saved, you will be saved; and if you are to be damned, you will be damned." If, sir, the rich fools and their money were not so easily parted, you, and many of your clerical brethren would be compelled to find a more honorable and useful employment than propagating Calvinism.

Indeed, sir, if I am correctly informed Calvinism is indeed down among some of you; for I am told you dare not, for the sake of your salaries you dare not, your pay-masters, silly as some of them are, will not permit you to preach such doctrines as John Calvin maintained. Their intelligence is such that they abhor to hear such detestable stuff preached as the pure doctrines of the Gospel. Therefore, for the sake of the fleece, and that you may retain the

priest's office, to get a piece of bread, you are compelled to handle the Word of God deceitfully, and disguise or pervert the doctrine of Calvin in your public ministrations; and, as proof that Calvinism is really down, look around among your velvet-mouthing, or downy doctors of divinity, and see how many of them cover Calvinism with Hopkins and Fuller, who virtually deny the depravity of man by saying, that man has much power to do good naturally, though he is morally dead; or in other words, notwithstanding human depravity, man has natural powers to perform moral actions. If this be orthodox, Calvinism is indeed down; and Calvinism is not only dead and buried, but it is sent to the devil long ago, without the benefit of clergy; for, to call the unmeaning jargon of Hopkins and Fuller Calvinism, is as absurd as to call the epistles of St. John Deism. Therefore, it is not only Calvin but Calvinism that is "down," as is clearly to be proved by the numerous sermons of those who call themselves Calvinistic divines; for, although they have subscribed to the Confession of Faith, which contains the very quintessence of Calvinism, yet, for popularity's sake, they contrive somehow, like a wild-fire Methodist, to invite all, especially toward the close of their ministration, or when they want money for some pretended mission, thereby verifying the assertion of your devil, "We have got Calvin down."

Permit me, sir, here to submit a remark or two more on the subject of missions; and I would ask,

in the first place, if Calvinism is true, what is the use of all these theological seminaries? Is it to manufacture five hundred or more of those little, ruffle-shirted missionaries, who go prowling over the country from town to town, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, where they can beg the most money, preaching to the poor heathen? No, sir, if Calvinism is true, the devil can't get any of Christ's, and Christ will not have any of the devil's share; of course, we would not do a great deal of wrong to set the mastiffs on those missionaries. Indeed I think it would be well to do so anyhow; for I really do believe that it is a grand imposition on the public; and, in many cases, it is not the love of souls that induces them to make those missionary tours, but it is to get money. Before I take my leave of this part of the subject, I will notice your beautiful allusion to "dead-man's bell." As I can not suppose there are any bells in the volcano of hell—because the fire would melt the metal of which bells are composed—I imagine your devil alludes to the bell in Newgate, London, which always tolls as criminals step out to execution. I think, sir, as many are executed in London, for murder, arson, rape, and robbery—which crimes they were tempted to commit through the influence of Calvinism, which teaches, let me do what I will, I am none the worse—it would have been proper to have represented your devils as ringing this bell for joy—if joy can exist in hell—that Calvinism has been so successful, and that it has been the dread-

ful means of destroying multiplied thousands of Adam's degenerate children, and sending them to the dark abodes of wretchedness and woe.

(5.) The next truth I shall notice is: "You must admit that our skill in those things is more profound than yours." If by things your devil means Calvinism, I readily admit the assertion to be true. In ancient days he perverted Scripture with considerable dexterity; see Matt. iv, 5; the same course is pursued by you, Rev. Sir, his acknowledged agent, and your predestinarian brethren, when you handle the Word of God deceitfully, by perverting and twisting it to make it support Calvinism. Such "profound skill," I thank God I am ignorant of, and despise. I leave it to be practiced by devils and their Calvinistic agents.

(6.) The next truth I shall notice is: When the devil is represented as saying, when addressing himself to me, "Since you have quit taking salaries, you have turned your attention altogether to the flock, and never think to shear them." This truth would have been placed in a clearer point of light had you said, since preachers like you take no salary, and not have inserted the word "quit," as though there was a time in which we did take salaries, but do not now. Sir, we never did take money to buy our salt, or, as you term it, salary. Our local preachers freely give because they have freely received. They live not as drones, upon the hive. They do not scandalize the Sabbath by making it a high mar-

ket day, and spend the rest of the week in street lounging and indolence; neither do they procure gain from their schools, salaries, offices, farms, trades, or merchandise, and then take salary for their Sabbath services; although they point out to the people the Scriptural way to heaven, without telling them, let them do what they will, they are none the worse, etc. Our traveling preachers labor every day, and sometimes every night, and are allowed to take no more than \$100 if single men, and \$200 if married. For these sums they have no obligation on the Church further than their charitable dispositions move them to give; and, in nine cases out of ten, our traveling preachers do not get half of this small pittance. This you will admit is scarcely sufficient to procure food and raiment; true, but having food and raiment they are therewith content. Thus every month a traveling preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church rides from three hundred to five hundred miles, for which he receives little more than four dollars—although they are allowed a little more than eight dollars if the people with whom they labor are willing to give it—while you know ~~those~~ who ~~those~~ saunters about the whole week, travels none, and receives many hundred dollars from a silly people, for telling them about unconditional election and reprobation. Or, should they ride thirty, or forty, or a hundred miles on a missionary tour, for which they receive forty dollars per month, and as much more as they can beg out of the people, they will make the little

party presses groan with the wonderful success they have had in evangelizing us poor heathens.

Now, it does appear to me that they ought to do something very handsome indeed, seeing they are paid so well for the little services they render; and yet, such lazy, indolent, fine-feathered parsons—whose principal concerns are the loaves and fishes—you take to be persons dreadfully detested by the devil, while the others are his warmest friends, and are high in favor at court in hell. “*O tempora! O mores!*” The last reason I shall assign for looking on the letter as a forgery on the devil is, that I am admonished in it to preach such doctrines as experience proves to be injurious to his interest, and this is to make the devil act against himself. The passages I have noticed are true, although you say they proceeded from a devil; but devils sometimes can speak truth—Luke viii, 28—yea, believe the truth—James ii, 19—yet I am doubtful men will not credit them in consequence of the authority on which you advance them; but I believe them in consequence of other testimony, and not because of the devil’s assertion only. But, sir, although you have somewhat deviated from the general character of the devil, who employed you in the particulars I have noticed, yet in others you have acted in perfect character; for instance, in dissimulation, lying, and prevaricating.

1. In dissimulation: when the devil designed to seduce Eve, he knew it would ruin his cause if Eve saw the cloven foot, and knew him to be the

devil; he therefore assumed the form of a serpent, and hoped, by his dissimulation, to effect his purpose. This was mean; it was cowardly and base; it was Satan-like. Your conduct, Reverend Sir, was shaped after this illustrious example. You well knew my sentiments respecting Calvinism. Perhaps you thought the loaves and fishes in danger, and premeditated an attack on me, but for very obvious reasons you thought proper not to come out boldly and honorably as a man, a gentleman, a Christian, or minister. You chose rather, meanly, and Satan-like, to act the part of the devil by assuming a foreign character, as he did the form of a serpent. What! a Gospel minister or Christian assuming the character of a devil, take the office of chairman, secretary, interpreter, and post-rider for the devil! "*Hoc est mirabile dictu.*" Not satisfied with this, instead of teaching one of his flock "to resist the devil," he induces him to receive and forward the document as though he was postmaster for the devil; and more effectually to cover the deception, the letter is marked "Princeton, Ky.," and charged eighteen and three-quarter cents. Now, all this, Reverend Sir, may appear to you as a very cunning trick, a very artful stratagem to let me know your enmity to me and my principles, and the pride and malice of your heart. But, cunning as you are, I know, or think I know, you, and I will not take the trouble to inquire after the post-road to hell, to find out my correspondent. You know, as well as I do, that he is not fifty miles

from Hopkinsville; however, in this respect, by assuming a foreign appellation, you have, Satan-like, acted in character.

2. You have acted the part of the devil tolerably well by lying; but as this is no more than might be expected from Satan, it is not with me a matter of any considerable astonishment. I will notice a few of your departures from truth.

(1.) You represent the devil as saying, "Never did malice feel more gratification in the destruction of its most inveterate enemy, nor ambition in obtaining what is most ardently wished, than we, on the reception of your most excellent letter." The letter alluded to is addressed by an Arminian to Messrs. Cleland and Mack, two Calvinistic parsons. Now, sir, to say that any attempt to root out Calvinism, which is ruinous to souls and degrading to the character of God, any attempt, however feeble, to support the truths of the Gospel, would cause joy in hell, is a positive, downright slip. I expect, Reverend Sir, that the black fraternity felt, on this occasion, much as you did, and you know you were very far from feeling the passion of joy, though he scorned to attack it in the garb of a Gospel minister, as you did in the garb of one of the dark brotherhood. Satan left such mean, pitiful work to be performed by his imps—just such clownish divines as you are.

(2.) The second untruth which you represent his Satanic Majesty as uttering is: that "Diabolus grinned horribly a ghastly smile, as pleased with the

success that the letter to the Reverend Messrs. Cleland and Mack was likely to have in the destruction of man." Pray, sir, did this smile originate from Calvinistic or Arminian principles? Not from Calvinistic principles surely, for on those principles the destruction of reprobate men is, from all eternity, irrevocably fixed by a decree from God, "to the praise of his glorious justice"—Con. of Faith, Chapter II—without any aid from the letter. On Calvinistic principles, let a man do what he will, he is none the worse; how, then, could the letter be successful "in the destruction of man?" You say the destruction of man. I ask, what man? Not the elect man, surely, for his eternal justification and unconditional election will forever preserve him from destruction, let him do what he will. Not the reprobate man, for he, by a decree, is already fitted, as a vessel of wrath, for "*destruction;*" therefore, if your devil be a Calvinistic D., he is a foolish one. "*Est stultum videre sine causa.*" Now, sir, if the destruction of men can be effected on no other plan than what you call Arminian principles—see Matt. xxiii, 37; John v, 40—why then should devils laugh when an attempt is made, in an ironical manner, to overthrow Calvinism by showing its pernicious effects upon men? I fancy if Diabolus did laugh, it was as you sometimes laugh, that is, as vulgar folks say, "*on the wrong side of the mouth.*" No, sir, the devil has more sense; he well knows, "*esse argumentum stultitia cum quis ridet et nescit causam videndi.*" The letter to Cle-

land and Mack may, with propriety, be compared to the conduct of Elijah toward the prophets of Baal; for as Elijah mocked these idolaters—1 Kings xviii, 27—so the author of the letter mocked the full-blooded Calvinists—Revs. Cleland and Mack. Therefore, you may as well suppose that the mockery of Elijah created mirth in hell, as “likely to promote the destruction of man,” as the irony of the author of the letter to Cleland and Mack.

(3.) You represent the devil as saying: “You are not, my friends, to be informed of the contents of the present letter, and how much it is calculated to carry on our favorite scheme.” What is the devil’s favorite scheme? The apostle answers, to devour—1 Peter v, 8—that is, to destroy. Now, I ask who it is the devil can devour, provided his favorite scheme proves successful? Not the eternally justified or fore-ordained elect. And as for the unconditionally reprobate, their damnation, by a decree, is certain without any trouble of his to plan favorite schemes and letters to Cleland and Mack “to carry them on.” Sir, you may charge the devil with lying, but do save the character of his Brimstone Majesty from the imputation of folly. You ought to be a little cautious, as you know not whose hands you may fall into hereafter. Great beings do not love to be represented as fools, and when they get such audacious beings in their clutches, they are apt to pay them severely for their impertinence; therefore, as a sailor would say, I advise you to “keep a good look-out.”

I once heard a Deist say that Christ called the apostles fools for believing what the Jewish prophet had spoken, and when his proof was required, he produced Luke xxiv, 25. Now, if you really think that mankind are such fools as to believe all irony, such as Ecclesiastes xi, 9, and that the text is to be seriously and literally understood, then may you indeed suppose that the Calvinistic doctrines of the Revs. Cleland and Mack will obtain, and Diabolus rejoice in the prospect of having his favorite schemes carried on, and his dominions peopled with victims, deluded by Calvinistic heresy. But, sir, how can Arminian principles prove destructive to mankind, or how are they calculated to carry on the favorite schemes of the devil? I should like to hear you reply to this question in language and in logic somewhat more intelligible than that you learned in the lower regions. If, by a decree, the God of mercy says of the reprobate,

"I by my dire decree did seal,  
And fixed unalterable his doom,  
Consigned his unborn soul to hell,  
And damned him from his mother's womb,"

what can the Arminian, or even the Pharisee lose by his prayers, fasting, or works of any kind? How can he by his own self-righteousness, though blown up with self-conceit of himself, and full of pride and vainglory, carry on the schemes of the devil? Nay, he carries on the favorite schemes of God, as laid down in his eternal decree; and, as the means to

effect the end are as positively decreed as the end itself, so all this “blowing up, self-conceit, pride, and vainglory” of the Pharisee are, by the decrees of God, to effect the damnation of the reprobate. I fancy, sir, people who are not insane, will readily see that, on Calvinistic principles, the favorite scheme of the devil is no more or less than the favorite scheme of God, or that the favorite scheme of God is the favorite scheme of the devil; and that God and the devil must, on these principles, necessarily act in unison, or Calvinism is a detestable heresy, for the schemes of the devil must be either carried on in opposition to the decrees, or in unison with them; in opposition is impossible, and in unison is improbable; therefore, the devil, from whom you received your information, deals chiefly in falsehood.

(4.) You make the devil say: “It would be needless for me to dwell on the subject, if it did not give us a pleasure to recount the many trophies we have gained by it.” I suppose the relative “it” has the letter to Cleland and Mack for an antecedent. Now, sir, tell me where these many trophies are; point only to one; you dare not, you can not among all the ignoramuses of Kentucky, you can not point out one so stupid as to be induced to carry on the favorite schemes of the devil by reading the letter addressed to Cleland and Mack, and if you fail to produce one single trophy, permit me to remind you once more, that this is another departure from truth.

(5.) I accuse you of palming another dreadful

untruth on the devil when you represent him as saying: "And you may rest assured, my brethren, there is no doctrine **MORE** calculated to carry on our plan." Now, sir, I admit among Pharisees no doctrine is more calculated to carry on the plan of the devil, than self-righteousness; but remember, the mass of mankind are not Pharisees, and there are other plans devised by the devil, equally as well calculated to carry on the plans of the devil, particularly in Kentucky. I say Kentucky, for of all the countries I ever was in, there is, among the great mass of the people in this State, the least righteousness, of any kind, in existence. The reason is obvious: in other countries, as in Scotland and New England, they may have the form, but are destitute of the power of godliness; but thousands in Kentucky have neither the form nor power. The reason is this: At the first settlement of this State, Calvinistic principles—the sum of which is, let a man do what he will, he is none the worse, and let a man do what he can he is none the better—were sounded from pulpit to pulpit, till the mass of people acted in perfect conformity to those principles, and the externals of religion were almost entirely neglected, or very loosely attended to; both the form and power were disregarded, under a belief that "God fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass." But the Kentuckians possessed too much good sense to be long hoodwinked with a doctrine so detestable, so abominable, and so derogatory to the character of God; and as a filthy snail will always

leave slime behind, so has it happened to the filthy reptile, Calvinism. Men became provoked that they had been so long charmed with the heresy; that they had, like silly people, parted with their money to support a nest of Calvinistic drones, whose constant cry in plain English was: "We can do nothing; all that is, is right; God fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass," etc. The consequence was, many became Deists, Arians, Unitarians, Socinians, and Universalists, etc. And such slime as this always did and always will, in every country and in every age, be found more or less, where the nasty, filthy reptile, Calvinism, has crawled. The Calvinist priesthood, seeing their craft in danger, anticipating the loss of the loaves and fishes, have taken the alarm; they see with astonishment the progress of Arminianism; but instead of learning doctrines from the Gospel, to check the growing evil, they take these doctrines—calling them Arminianism—and blend them with Phariseeism, whether of infidel, Arian, or Unitarian production; and to keep alive their expiring cause, one of their clergy represents the devil, in a transport of foolish joy, exclaiming to a set of graceless sinners, who have neither the form nor power of godliness, "There is no doctrine more calculated than Arminianism to carry our plan." Now, sir, his old majesty knows better; an assertion so stupid and more false never dropped from his or your lips. Silly as some men are, you know they have more sense than to believe this; you know that where

Phariseeism has slain its tens, Calvinism has slain its millions, and the devil, devil as he is, would not venture his reputation by asserting a falsehood so brazen, so notorious, so audacious. No, this assertion was a forgery palmed on the devil by one of his unblushing imps, a clerical champion for Calvinism.

(6.) You represent the devil as saying Arminianism is "congenial to human nature." This mistake I shall notice when I come to your prevarication.

(7.) You say Arminianism is better suited to effect the devil's purpose than Unitarianism, Infidelity, Deism, Shakerism, etc. Now, sir, you tell a lengthy tale for the devil, indeed. "Unitarianism suits our plan to a notch." How elegant! how sublime! Pray, sir, what notch? Was it the notch in the stake to which Calvin bound poor Servetus when he had him burned, or was it the notch in the gallows, to which the Calvinists hung the innocent Quakers in New England? NOTCH, say you? Your diabolical logic is as mysterious as your diabolical Latin; perhaps, by NOTCH, you mean degree. Do inform me by next mail whether notch is in the positive, comparative, or superlative degree, that is, if degree be in the language used in the lower regions, as with us on earth. But let "notch" mean what it may, we may suppose that in the language you palm on Diabolus, it means something excellent, or something just as it ought to be, to answer a certain purpose. But in the language of hell, this can hardly be the meaning of "notch," for the Unitarians, it seems, are, in your imagina-

tion, what you are in reality, that is, bungling workmen for the devil. You say they, as well as Deists, infidels, and Shakers, are not very useful. I think you, Mr. Incredulity, who are honored with being chairman of a committee in hell, the devil's secretary, and interpreter, and post-rider, should advise his Satanic Majesty to dismiss such sorry workmen and employ more useful agents. I do not know, sir, what you may think of the business, but as it is my opinion that there is no good but what the devil may pervert to evil, you have passed high encomiums on the Unitarians, etc. I wonder, then, why the Calvinists make such a fuss in writing of pamphlets, and preaching of sermons, etc., against them, if, according to the devil's own telling, they are not very useful to him. But why are the Unitarians not very useful to him? You answer: "This attack of the truth is rather too bold and barefaced to be well received by the world in general—I mean the religious world." You silly old devil, have you lived so many thousand years, and had such extensive transactions in the affairs of mankind, and yet make such a stupid assertion? We all know you to be the father of lies, but thought you to be an excellent historian. Know you not that this principle once overran the whole Christian world? Was there not a time when the saying was proverbial, "Athanasius against the world?" You may, like Goliah, smile at your Unitarian antagonist, because he is at present small; but, sir, if you will reflect on the progress it is making in

Europe and New England, as well as in our own State, this enemy of the truth, in point of number, is not as contemptible as you may imagine; it is tearing up Calvinist Churches, not in the retail, but in the wholesale way. For my part, I try to feel easy in this business. God's ways are mysterious; it is not improbable that he will use this heresy to the destruction of Calvinism, as he did Assyria; the same effects will result. Isaiah x, 5, and xiii, 12. Politicians tell us what has been, may be again. And, as Unitarianism once prevailed in the Christian world in general, yea, almost universally, and as it is now making rapid strides in our country, it is high time for you classical, clerical Calvinists to ponder in your minds whether you will dig or beg when the loaves and fishes are gone. But you think the "prejudice of education" will be an insurmountable barrier to the progress of Unitarianism. Why did you not say the decrees? or do you think the "prejudice of education" more effectual than the decrees? or will you take the prejudice of education and the decrees together? Pray, then, who "borrows," you or the Arminian? The "prejudice of education" quotha! How handsomely may the Unitarian retort on you! If the prejudice of education proves a doctrine to be true, the Unitarians, Jews, and Mohammedans have you fast enough, and all your Calvinistic logic can not extricate you out of the dilemma into which you are plunged. I shall not, in this place, take notice of other false statements in the

order you retail them. As they seem rather to be what I shall call sentimental falsehoods, I shall notice them when I come to consider your perversions.

(8.) But that uncouth and abominable departure from the truth, expressed in these words, "Arminianism, in the effect of its doctrines, borders on Atheism," I must notice as a masterpiece of his Satanic Majesty himself; a falsehood more bold, more brazen, and more daring, was never before uttered by man or devil. Most of those who are fond of slanting the truth, when called to an account for their conduct, will generally add other falsehoods to justify the first. This is the conduct pursued by you, Reverend Sir, for you say, "Arminianism, in the effect of its doctrines, borders on Atheism," and then impudently ask, "Are you startled at what I say?" Yes, I am; for depraved as human nature is, I did not think any one would be so like his old black majesty as unblushingly to utter such an untruth. But how do you defend this statement? You answer, "The Arminian says there is a God who made all things, yet virtually denies that God had an end in view in the creation of those things which he made." A Quaker once said to a Popish priest, "Bellarmine, thou liest;" and I am solemnly afraid you have done the same, for the Arminian denies no such thing, either directly or indirectly; but you wish to infer this because he denies that "God decrees whatsoever comes to pass." Hark ye, sir! The Arminian believes that God created all things, and for his please-

ure they are and were created. Rev. iv, 11. He then inquires what the pleasure of God is. God answers him, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Ezekiel xxxiii, 11; xviii, 32. Therefore, he can not believe with Calvin that God foreordained certain men as reprobates, and, by a decree, sentenced them to wrath and dishonor, to the praise of his glorious justice. Again, sir, you would have us think you a learned D. Perhaps you understand Greek a little better than you do Latin, and, therefore, well know that the word "thelema," in Rev. iv, 11, signifies will, as it does in Matt. vi, 10. Therefore, the Arminian inquires, "What is the will of God concerning man?" The apostle answers, "God will have all men to be saved." 1 Tim. ii, 4. From this, you see, the Arminian believes that God had an end in view in the creation of man; namely, his will and pleasure; which, from Ezekiel and Paul, appears to be as different from Calvinism as light is from darkness, and as far from Atheism as east is from west; and yet you have the unparalleled assurance to tell the pious Arminian, with brazen effrontery, that "Arminianism, in the effect of its doctrines, borders on Atheism;" and, to patch up this monstrous falsehood, you frame another equally as vile.

(9.) The next false statement I shall notice is this: "It was by this [Arminianism] we gained our trophies in every age: witness the man of sin; was it not on this principle he reigned so long over the hearts and consciences of men?" No, sir, you know

better than this; the man of sin, the Pope, did not obtain his dominion on account of this doctrine, for you know, as well as I do, that many monkish orders, as the Dominicans, were predestinarians. He obtained his power by effecting a union between Church and State, and avowing his supremacy. But do tell me, Mr. Incredulity, on what principle his Satanic Majesty gained that noted trophy in Geneva, when poor Servetus was burnt; and that other trophy, the reducing Castello, a man of learning and piety, to beggary? Had the black fraternity no dominion then over the hearts and consciences of men? Tell me again on what principle those bloody trophies were gained during the Commonwealth in England, when Calvinism imprisoned, burnt, hung, beheaded, and gibbeted Episcopalians, Arminians, Baptists, etc.? Once more, tell me on what principle those noted trophies were gained in New England, when Calvinists imprisoned, banished, and hung harmless Quakers and Baptists? Ah! sir, methinks I see you hang your head; you are convinced that Calvinists can and have, reigned over the hearts and consciences, liberty, persons, property, and lives of men. Dort, the Synod of Dort, remember, and acknowledge that, in "every age, and in every nation where Calvinists have had power, they have reigned like tyrants."

(10.) You say there is joy in hell. Till this is proved, I shall continue to believe that in that doleful region there is nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

(11.) You represent the devil as saying: "I have a particular hatred at the man [Calvin] ever since that time he and Luther threw us into such consternation, and so terribly deranged our plans. . . . He [Calvin] arose, before whom the fog of superstition trembled, and at whose touch it dissipated and fled, as clouds before the wind." Why, you have become quite an elegant, eloquent, sublime speaker; quite a Cicero of an orator. We hear of devils' hearts throbbing, their eyes sparkling, Cerberus barking, Tisiphone bristling, Tartarus yawning, joy, pleasure-bells ringing, trophies in hell, to a notch, Arminianism is to our hand, soul of Unitarianism; but, if there is a God, then he is just; but there is a God, then he is just; the consequence of the whole argument, sweet to go to hell in a delusion. And here we have the elegant figure of a fog trembling! Bravo! But do you think, sir, the devil had this hatred to Calvin at the time he was devising, and with "indefatigable zeal," using all the means in his power to have Servetus burnt, or was it when he, by his persecution, reduced the pious Castello to poverty? The devil hate Calvin? Yes, about as much as he hated Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Gregory, or Bloody Bonner, and Mary. But Calvin was of great service in the Reformation; so was Henry VIII; and I judge the motive of the one was just as pure as the motive of the other. Therefore, to associate Luther with Calvin in the Reformation, is as absurd as to associate the pious Latimer or Hooker with Henry. From

this bombastic, towering rant, a person would be induced to believe that Calvin was all and all to the Reformation, the life, soul, body, flesh, nerves, skin, blood, and bones, when, indeed, he was a real disadvantage to it during his day, and his pernicious doctrines have ever since been a curse to the cause and Church of God, and have been one grand cause of preventing the Protestant religion from obtaining in Catholic countries. What! the devil hate the bloody persecutor, the base murderer of Servetus? Tell it not in Gath! Well may the apologist of Calvin say: "If the religion of Protestants depended on the doctrine and conduct of the Reformers, [he should have said Calvin,] he should take care how he published his life of Servetus." If Calvin should be lost, which, by the by, is neither impossible nor yet improbable, how must he have been chagrined at this, your bombastic rant! But while you were daubing up Calvin, why did you not go the full length, and say the fog of "persecution" at his touch dissipated and fled as clouds before the wind? Would such an untruth as this have choked his Satanic Majesty, or was the truth too notorious?

(12.) Another untruth is: "But why should I relate the causes of our calamities? I hope now to get revenge." Was the raising up of Calvin and his doctrine a calamity to the devil? No, sir; John Calvin did more toward promoting the interest of the devil, and peopling the regions of woe, than any Protestant parson that ever mounted a Protestant

pulpit; he was a perfect disgrace to the mild religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. But how do you now expect to get revenge on Calvin, your pretended enemy? Is it by the preaching of Arminian doctrines? If this is what you mean, you know, Mr. Incredulity, that this is again slipping by the truth; and to prove this, look at the dark, awful, Calvinistic state England and this country were in before the Lord raised up John Wesley. Look at the state of the two countries now, and the many thousands who, by the instrumentality of Arminian preaching, have gone to glory—what did Calvinists do for missions, Bible societies, tract societies, and Sunday-schools, before Wesley's day?—and then unblushingly say, “You hope to get revenge by Arminian preaching; that Arminianism is to the devil's purpose!” The truth is Calvinism is admirably suited or calculated to answer the devil's purpose, and in the hands of God, Arminianism has been mighty to the pulling down the strongholds of Calvinism. It has pulled Calvinism down from his establishment on the continent of Europe. At the restoration in England, it hurled Calvinism from its lofty throne, where it tyrannized most abominably over the hearts and consciences of men. The American Revolution capsized it in these United States, and since that period the expiring groans of the monster have been heard in New England. Arminianism prevented it—notwithstanding its violent exertions to effect that object during the reign of terror—from being the established, or national religion

in America. Yes, sir, that detestable thing called Calvinism, has, through the prevalence of Arminian principles, to the happiness of man and the glory of God, been brought down, and its last groan would be heard in Scotland, if the Scots, as a nation, had that proportion of intelligence which is common to men. In this country, you very well know, it makes but a shabby appearance, and, like the departing flame of a candle, is only continued by the purses of a few who think it is *sweet* to rely on the decrees for salvation.

(13.) The next untruth I shall notice is when you represent the devil as giving me certain instructions, thanking me for such doctrines as I preach, and then saying we "wish you to preach this doctrine." This I take to be a downright forgery on the devil, a miserable departure from truth, which the devil himself would blush to utter. No, sir, the devil well knows that the doctrines which you call Arminianism have been the means of turning millions from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God—Arminianism, not as you have perverted it, but as it stands in the Scriptures of truth.

3. Your perversion of truth is the next point I promised to notice. In this you have acted the part of his Satanic Majesty tolerably well, for he will mix truth with error to carry a point. (See Gen. iii, 1, and iv, 5.) So you have stated some truths, but to these truths you have attached a great many false appendages, and from the whole drawn false conclu-

sions; and this phantom of your own imagination, this creature of your own production, you hold up to public view as Arminianism in order to support Calvinism. What does the Arminian believe? Ans. He believes that in the moment Adam fell he had no freedom of will left; but that God, when of his own free grace he gave the promise of a Savior to him and his posterity, graciously restored to mankind a liberty and power to accept of proffered salvation, and in all this man's boasting is excluded; the whole of that which is good in him, even from the first moment of his fall, being of grace and not of nature—as the Pelagians do say—and this perfectly agrees with the Scriptures. The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men. Tit. ii, 11. This is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. John i, 9. And that this talent of grace or free will, if improved, will increase, and man will receive grace because [anti] of grace. John i, 16. That the believer, without Christ, can do nothing; that he may, like other righteous men, turn away from his righteousness; make shipwreck of faith; like David, fall foully, and like Judas finally.

Let us now see how you pervert this doctrine. Although there is as great a difference between a Pharisee and an Arminian as there is between the color of an African and a European, yet, you blend them together; you represent the proud Pharisee, who is bloated with self-conceit, and puffed up with pride and vainglory, as the humble, pious Arminian.

You represent him as believing he has power in his own hand, and, contrary to his own principles, refusing ~~the~~ offered assistance ~~that~~ that he must do something meritorious, or at least borrow. You illustrate the case of Cain and Abel to prove that the Arminians deny the doctrine of justification by faith. You attempt to represent him as believing that Christ failed in his undertaking, and was not able to finish the work his Father gave him to do, and has not made that atonement he is represented to have done, and is at best but a half Savior; that the Arminian represents God as horribly unjust in punishing finally impenitent sinners with everlasting punishment; or that Christ did not, was not able to make satisfaction for sin, and thus you equal him with the Unitarian, as one who denies the divinity of Christ under covert. You represent him as denying that God had an end in view in the creation of man, and then pronounce him Atheist. You say the Arminian believes God to be partial. You say the Pope in every age gained his trophies by Arminian principles. You intimate that the Arminian receives the Bible, but that he denies the truths it contains. You represent the Arminian as believing in good works, as meritorious of salvation; that repentance will work faith; that faith will work regeneration; that notwithstanding his reliance on Christ, the current may prove too rapid—for him. You intimate that murder is consistent with Arminian principles—will you give them another Servetus?—that they keep

certain passages of Scripture out of sight, because of a positive nature; that Arminianism leads the creature from depending on the promises of God and Christ, and to depend entirely on itself; that the Arminian weaves a robe for himself; that all the promises of God are of no advantage to him; that the Arminian desires something besides Christ; Christ is not his refuge and portion.

Such, sir, is the gross perversion you have been guilty of; such the misrepresentations you have made of the Arminian and his doctrines; and after holding up this frightful scarecrow, no marvel you should unblushingly conclude that Arminianism is congenial to human nature, and that it is a great favorite in hell, and is well calculated to promote the designs of the devil. No wonder you call Arminians misers, deluded people—they are not Christ's—hypocrites; it comes in subtly, and has so much more of zeal and apparent goodness. Worse than Unitarians! Atheists! Why, sir, did you stop here? Why did you not go the full length and rank the Arminian with the society or fraternity with whom you have associated yourself, and at once call him a devil! The perversions you have been guilty of have so many thousands times been reiterated, and as often confuted, that it would seem a waste of precious time to give any one who acknowledges himself a devil, any other reply than: “*O pleres pantos dolou kai pases rhadiourgias huie Diabolou echthre pases dikaiosunes ou pause diastrephon tas hodous Kuriou tas eutheias.*” But, lest you

should suppose the objections you have started can not be removed, I will give them a slight notice, and in the sequel will not regard you as a devil, but as a human being who only acts the part of the devil, and is not ashamed thus to acknowledge himself. The appellation is truly ridiculous; the Rev. Mr. Devil; but,

(1.) How do you obtain the knowledge that the Arminian believes "he has power in his own hands?" All seemed agreed that before the fall, "man had freedom and power to will and to do that which was good and well-pleasing to God." But how is the situation of man since the fall! Modern Calvinists say: "God hath endowed the will of man with that natural liberty that is neither forced, nor by any absolute necessity determined to do good or evil." (Con. of Faith, Chap. ix.) Is not this denying the doctrine of human depravity, so far as it affects the will of man? Is it not saying the will of man sustained injury by the fall, and that Adam had the freedom of will left when he fell? How near this borders on Pelagianism, I leave you to determine. Now, the Arminian believes no such thing; he believes that Adam had no freedom of will left; that man had no natural powers to perform moral acts—1 Cor. ii, 14; Rom. vii, 18—but that when God, of his own free grace, gave the promise of a Savior to him and his posterity, he graciously restored man to a liberty and power to accept of or refuse offered salvation—Rom. v, 18—and that the whole of what is good in man, even from the first moment of his fall, being of grace and

not of nature, he believes that God has graciously given to every man, during the day of his visitation, a measure of saving sufficient light and grace. (See John i, 9.) See the parable of the sower, Matt. xiii, of the talents, Matt. xxv, and the assertion of Paul that all men have a measure of saving grace. Tit. ii, 11; 1 Cor. xii, 7. Therefore he exhorts men not to receive the grace of God in vain—2 Cor. vi, 1—and not to quench the spirit. 1 Thess. v, 19. Light has come into the world; we ask for what purpose? We are told in John i, 7, “The same came for a witness to bear witness of the light that all men [*dia autou*] through it might believe.” Our Calvin translators, indeed, to suit their doctrine, have in this, as in many other places, handled the Word of God deceitfully, by changing the words *dia autou, through it*, to *through him*, as if all men were to believe through John; for which, as there is nothing in the text, so it is contrary to the whole strain of the context; for, seeing Christ hath lighted every man with this light, is it not that they may come to believe through it? Now, sir, you see that Arminians believe that man has neither natural nor moral powers. Calvinists believe that men have natural powers to perform moral acts, or that man is “endued with a natural liberty.” Now, which of the two believes “man has power in his own hand?”

(2.) But you indicate that the Arminian may possibly discover that he can not do all himself, or merit heaven by his own good works, yet he fancies

he must do something meritoriously, "and if he lacks he will borrow." Of whom do you imagine he will borrow? Will it be of the Calvinists, who, like wise virgins, have plenty of oil? I fancy not. There is something vastly curious in this borrowing. Calvinists say man has natural powers; I ask for what purpose? If they be not to perform moral acts, I ask, what are those natural powers good for? Nothing. Well, what must man do with those natural powers? Why, exert them. Will they procure him eternal salvation? No. What must be done? Go to Christ. What will Christ do? Save him. Must he not, then, exert his natural powers? Yes. Will his salvation be effected by Christ without the exertion of his natural powers? No. Now, sir, who borrows? Is it the Calvinist, with his hotch-pot divinity of natural powers, or the humble Arminian, who feels, who knows that he has no powers whatever, natural or moral; who well knows that his sufficiency is of God, and that on the grace given, God commands him to "occupy till I come?"

(3.) But you say Arminianism is the doctrine "of human nature." What do you mean by the expression, "human nature?" Do you mean the nature Adam had before his fall, or after he apostatized? As you admit man has natural powers, perhaps this is not a fair question. If by human nature you mean what most of men love, I'll tell you what may be called the doctrines of human nature: Laziness, by which the sluggard folds his hands together, and

stands all the day idle; the wretch who refuses to "occupy," and hides his Lord's talent in a napkin; or, what is worse, he who goes on in sin that grace may abound. This doctrine, to a notch, suits some clerical characters, who squander away every day in the week, except Sunday, which is their high market day. But how is Arminianism the doctrine of human nature? Whatever has a tendency to procure or promote pride, I should take to be the doctrine of human nature; but the Arminian knows that he is by nature—so far from having natural powers—a child of wrath. Eph. ii, 3. Does this fill him with pride? Divine light shines into his mind. John i, 9. He comes like the humble beggar, Bartimeus, and at the footstool of sovereign mercy, begs for a crumb that falls from the children's table. Does this fill him with pride? Think you that Bartimeus was proud because he had strength or grace to come to the wayside; the publican, because he had power to open his mouth in prayer; and all penitents, that they have power, through grace, to come? Rev. xxii, 17. Which, sir, do you think is the most humble man—the man who believes he is elected in Christ through sanctification of the Spirit, or the man who fancies himself eternally justified by a decree of sovereign grace, and that he is to be saved by a proxy; and though he is a drunkard like Mr. ——, yet the sobriety of Christ is to be imputed to him, and the filthy wretch is, in the sight of God, a sober man, a man of righteousness?

When these points are adjusted, we will be better able to determine who has the doctrine of human nature on their side, the Calvinists or Arminians.

(4.) You next insinuate that the Arminian rejects the apostolic doctrine of justification by faith. You certainly must know better than this; this was the very doctrine that drove Mr. Wesley out of the Churches in England, and is universally preached by the Methodist preachers to this day. But let us examine this point. Calvinists virtually say, let the elect do what they will, the righteousness of Christ is imputed to them, and, although filthy sinners in themselves, they are God's dear, pure children, because the robes of Christ's righteousness are thrown around and over them. Ask them how this is, they will tell you, because Christ fulfilled the law for them. Very well, then, this fulfilling was a work in Christ, was it not? Certainly! Then the Calvinist is justified by works, only their works were done by proxy. Who, then, excludes justification by faith? Do not, sir, dare to utter one word about justification by faith any more, for this would cause your own slander of "borrowing," to recoil on yourself. Now, the Arminian nowhere in the Scripture reads the phrase "imputed righteousness of Christ," but he reads of the faith of Abraham, and that it was imputed to him for righteousness. Rom. iv, 3. See also verse fifth. Now, sir, justification must come either by the imputed righteousness of Christ, or by faith, or by both united; and which of the three

positions will you make choice of? Will you say the imputed righteousness of Christ? Then you exclude faith, and are saved by the works of a proxy. Will you say by faith alone? Then you exclude the imputed righteousness of Christ, and what becomes of your eternal justification? Will you unite both? Then, alas! you "borrow." Here you are; "never knave looked more silly when the cheat is found out." Now, sir, from this disagreeable dilemma the Arminian is delivered. He knows nothing about the imputed righteousness of Christ, only as the Lamb of God who took away the sin of the world; but when, by an act of faith, he receives Christ as a prophet, priest, and king, lays hold or ventures on him as a sufficient mediator or advocate, that moment, and not till then, his faith, like the faith of Abraham, is imputed to him for righteousness. Who, now, honors the doctrine of justification by faith without works—either with or without proxy—you Calvinists, or we Arminians?

(5.) You introduce the old, hackneyed, threadbare objection against Arminianism, which has been as often refuted as introduced, but perhaps not to your satisfaction. You say the Arminian believes that Christ died for all men; but as all men are not saved, you think that, according to Arminian doctrine, "Christ has failed in his undertaking, was not able to finish the work his Father gave him to do, and has not made that atonement he is represented to have done; and, at the best, is but a half Savior."

Again: "Christ did not make a satisfaction for sin, or God is horribly unjust in punishing those with everlasting torments for whom Christ has already made complete atonement." Therefore, Christ was not able to make a complete satisfaction, or else God is unjust to inflict punishment twice for the same thing. And, finally: "So the consequence of the whole argument is that Christ was not able, which at once undifies him, and plainly shows that Arminianism and Unitarianism are one and the same." All the Universalist Churches I ever heard of—and I have made particular inquiry—were formed out of Calvinistic congregations. The reason is obvious; when they read in the sacred pages the repeated and positive declarations that Christ died for "all men," for every man, their Calvinistic principles of predestination and reprobation were shaken, and being surrounded with a fog as thick as the smoke that surrounds you, they concluded that if all were not saved, "Christ had failed in his undertaking; was not able to finish the work his Father gave him to do, and was but a half Savior;" and, therefore, plunged into Universalism; and thus Calvinism has furnished the world with thousands of Universalists, and while they hear you sneeringly deride the Arminians for reflecting on the power of Christ, they accuse you of blasphemy in denying his goodness and veracity. How indignant does a Universalist feel, when he hears your favorite Owens say that it was the purpose and intention of God that his Son should offer a sacrifice of infinite

worth, value, and dignity, sufficient in itself for the redemption of all and every man, if it had pleased the Lord to employ it to that purpose! With disgust he lays down such Calvinistic trash, and opens his Bible, where he reads: "The Lord is loving to every man, and his tender mercies are over all his works. God is no respecter of persons. Christ gave himself a ransom for all. Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man." He is satisfied, and abhors Calvinism as derogatory to the character of God. Calvinists, says he, assert that God could but would not save man, and thus give God the lie. Matt. xxiii, 27; 2 Peter iii, 9. He is, indeed, a little puzzled to find out how a soul can get to heaven through the flames of hell; but this he will believe rather than Calvinism, and will agree with you only on this point: that all for whom Christ died will be saved.

Now, sir, I am of opinion that Christ is as much undeified by asserting that he lacks goodness, as to assert that he lacks power. Your error consists in not considering for what it was Christ made complete satisfaction. Had you read and considered John ii, 29, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin [not sins] of the world," you would have understood the doctrines of the Gospel better. The sin of the world is, then, original sin. Did Christ make satisfaction for this sin? Yes; as Paul proves in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. Will any man, then, have to give an account of, or

be punished for this sin? No. Rom. xiv, 12; Ezek. xviii, 20; Jer. xxxi, 30. If, then, no man will have to give an account of or answer for original sin, then "Christ has not failed" in his undertaking; he was able to finish the work his Father gave him to do; he did make that atonement he is represented to have done; he is more than a half, he is a complete Savior; he did make satisfaction for sin. Thus your favorite bubble bursts, and the cobwebs spun to make ropes for the overthrow of Arminian doctrine are by one dash swept away. Truth remains, and thou art found to be an accuser, yea, a slanderer of the brethren. Having thus disposed of your foundation, will you look about for the shingles? Will you still inquire how man can be punished? Will you still, with a stupid stare, inquire, "Is God horribly unjust in punishing those with everlasting torments for whom Christ has already made complete atonement?" No, sir, original sin God did not pardon; for it he demanded satisfaction, and satisfaction he obtained in the death of his dear Son, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Our actual sins God will pardon in and through the Mediator. Reject this doctrine if you dare, and the Unitarian has you fast. The Bible is full of declarations of pardon—for whom? the reprobate? Surely not. The elect? What! satisfaction received and then pardoned? You make pardon nothing, and must necessarily banish it from your Calvinistic creed. You, on the principles of eternal justification, can not, posi-

tively can not find any more use for pardon than a mole can for a pair of spectacles.

If, sir, you will still maintain that all for whom Christ died will certainly be saved because some men will be damned, and in your opinion Christ did not die in vain, I will seriously ask you what St. Paul meant when he said, "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." Rom. xiv, 15. And what think you St. John meant when he said, "He is the propitiation, not for our sins only, but also the sins of the whole world?" 1 John ii, 2.

(6.) But, in your opinion, "Arminianism, in the effects of its doctrine, borders on Atheism." This, sir, is heavy thumping; a bold assertion. Well, how do you prove this? By falsely charging the Arminian with sentiments which he abhors, that is, "that God had no end in view in the creation of those things which he made." God's will, or rather his end in the creation of man, is declared by St. Paul. 1 Tim. ii, 1-6. And you know the answer to the well-known question, "What is the chief end of man?" Well, all this does not prove the Arminian an Atheist. No. Ah! but he "positively denies that God decrees whatsoever comes to pass." O, the wretch! what an Atheist! That is, he is an Atheist because he will not believe God to be the horrible, merciless monster John Calvin represents him to be. Well, does this denial in the effects of its doctrine border on Atheism? Yes. How? You answer, "The decrees, the will, the purpose of God

are all synonymous; all mean the same thing." This is Geneva logic with a witness. Let us try it by the Scriptures. Rev. iv, 11: "Thou hast created all things, [and man is a thing,] and for thy [thel-ema] will, [decree,] they are and were created." Now, some will go to hell. Luke xvi, 28; Rev. xx, 8. Why? Because God fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass; then God decrees or wills they should go to hell. Why, then, does Paul say "it is his will," or decree, that all men should be saved? I ask who breaks the decree? How do men get to hell? Ah! sir, if you possessed only half as much sense as you do impudence and vanity, you would soon discover that the whole tenor of God's Word goes to show that the decrees of God are one thing, and his will another. He wills, according to you, that all men should be saved; therefore, decrees it, and yet not one, perhaps, in a hundred, is saved. Yet you ridicule the Arminian for believing Christ only "half" a Savior, while you do not permit him to be the one-hundredth part of a Savior by your Calvinistic trash, and that in opposition to a will or decree; but it is futile, altogether futile, to notice your flimsy argument to palm Atheism on Arminianism—you know yourself better; and prove it by saying, "Now to say God does not will effectively nor permissively," etc. Ah! permissively! But who denies this? Not the Arminian. Therefore, with your own rope, you have completely hanged yourself, and puffed out the contemptible spark of your own officious kindling. You

say God has a will. True, but why? Because "every living, thinking substance has a will, even to the brutal creation." All this is true; but what is the inference you draw from this correct position? It stands thus: Position: every living and thinking substance has a will, even the brutal creation. Position: therefore, God has a will, and because God has a will, he fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass. Wonderful logic! admirable reasoning! Let us reverse this logic. Position: God has a will, by which he wills the salvation of all men, or rather decrees their salvation. Inference: therefore, all men must be saved, but as all men are not saved, and God fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass, God has fore-ordained the damnation of some men, though he wills or decrees their salvation. Away, away with such miserable logic; it may suit the meridian of Geneva, but not of Kentucky. I would inquire, on this principle, how certain persons might have been saved had they received and loved the truth, who were, notwithstanding, damned?

2. Thess. ii, 10. Your attempt to pervert the Arminian principles is completely detected by your introducing the word "permissively," and clearly shows that Arminians differ widely from your Calvinistic brother, Dr. Twiss, who says: "All things come to pass by the efficacious and irresistible will of God."

(7.) You represent the devil as complaining, and in the complaint giving the Arminians a rap. "If it be partiality in God to pass by one man and choose another, certainly it is much more so to pass by us,

a more noble and exalted race of beings, and choose man." So, then, it seems the Arminian's God is partial. Why? Because he passed over devils in the plan of salvation. Now, I admit, if devils were permitted to propagate their species, by which millions of unborn, unoffending beings were consigned over to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, there would, indeed, be some appearance of partiality; but this is not the case; the very devils who sinned are now suffering; and as the devils were a superior race of beings to man, the greater their offense in sinning; and when we know more about devils than we possibly can know on earth, we shall then perceive the propriety of their being passed over; till then, let us content ourselves with believing "that the Judge of all the earth will do right."

(8.) You intimate that Arminians believe that repentance will work faith. Stupid man! did you not know that faith goes before repentance? Heb. xi, 6. You seem to know little about repentance, or you would have known that it is the production of godly sorrow. It is true, repentance goes before that degree of faith which justifies the soul, and this degree of faith goes before regeneration, yet no one produces the other; faith produces justification, an act which God does for us; regeneration is an act which God does in us.

(9.) You intimate that on Arminian principles "the current may prove too rapid; he [the Arminian] may go to the bottom." You have not, indeed,

given this current a name, but we understand you. True the current has been and may again be rapid, but we do not fear; He who commands the winds and the seas, who rules the waves and the storm, has said: "Toward thee goodness, [yea, safety,] if thou continue in his goodness," etc. Rom. xi, 22. As for the will of man on this point, I refer you to Heb. x, 38; 2 Chron. xv, 2.

(10.) You suppose that it is in unison with Arminian principles to commit murder. You advise or reason thus: *We!* Hold! Pray, who are *We*? Why, devils. Ah! we then know how to appreciate the advice, knowing the source from whence it originates: but proceed: "We would also recommend to you, whenever you find a man or woman who is sure of heaven, to kill him ~~out of hand~~ [why not out of foot?] as that would be the best way to secure his happiness for him, as it is likely, should he live but fifteen minutes afterward, he might fall away and be eternally miserable." Such advice we might expect from devils. It was by such advice that poor Servetus was by Calvin roasted at the stake to accomplish a decree, or the will of God. But, sir, you are rather too hasty in your advice. You must remember that Arminians have not the gift of discerning spirits; they might blunder upon a poor, deluded wretch, whose head is crammed full of Calvinism, who implicitly relies on the decrees, and his eternal justification, and, therefore, is "sure of heaven." Suppose an Arminian should cut the throat of such a de-

luded Calvinist, would not the consequences be greater than if the blind should attempt to lead the blind? Instead of falling into the ditch, would not the murderer and the murdered both fall into hell, although the murdered was sure of heaven? But, sir, we understand the character of those persons whose throats you advise the Arminian to cut. Permit me to show you how this diabolical advice may, and actually did work on another occasion or subject. Your Confession of Faith, Chap. xxviii, speaking of baptism, says: "It is a sign and seal of the covenant of grace, of his ingrafting into Christ, of regeneration, of remission of sins." . . . . By the right use of this ordinance, the grace promised is not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred by the Holy Ghost to such, whether of age or infants. All this several women in Denmark believed; and to secure the salvation of their infants they were instigated by Diabolus, or some such imp as you, to drown their children immediately after baptism. Will you to this cry out bravo, and say to the Arminian, "Go thou and do likewise?" I admit the salvation of the infants was secured in the one case; so may the salvation of the murdered Arminian be in the other. But what is to become of the Arminian murderer? He has not learned his creed from John Calvin; he believes that the damnation of such is just, who do evil that good may come of it, and, therefore, leaves the horrid practice of shedding human blood for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, to such

blood-thirsty wretches as John Calvin and the Calvinistic human butchers of New England. But, sir, will you relinquish the practice of infant baptism because of the conduct of the women in Denmark? Will you deny the divine authority of the Scriptures because some have wrested them unto their own destruction? 2 Peter iii, 16. The answer is obvious, and the application is easy.

(11.) You intimate that Arminian principles "lead the creature from depending on the promises of God and Christ, and to depend entirely on itself." According to Arminian principles, which have been delineated, the Arminian can truly say with the apostle, "I have no confidence in the flesh." Phil. iii, 3. But you, who believe you have natural powers by which you can perform a great many good and moral acts, may have confidence in yourselves. You who deny that you, like Ezekiel's bones, are dry, yea, very dry in consequence of your natural powers, are very improper persons to accuse the Arminians of self-confidence.

(12.) But you say the Arminian believes "heaven must be taken by storm"—or force—and if you deny this, you deny the Word of God. Matt. xi, 12.

(13.) You intimate that the Arminian "can not bear the idea of appearing before God in borrowed robes, but he must weave one for himself." Pray, sir, in what robes will the righteous appear? John answers, Rev. xix, 8, the righteousness of the saints. You say nay, the righteousness of Christ: but John

throws a difficulty in your way; he says, Rev. vii, 14, that these robes are “washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.” How will you manage this business? Does the robe of Christ need washing? But hark ye! You say men have natural powers, and these natural powers they must exert, or they can not be saved; yet these natural powers will not procure salvation. What must the man do? You say go to Christ. For what? For righteousness. Ah! and pray, then, does he not borrow? Strange that men will demolish their own principles in order to destroy the principles of others against whom they have a hatred.

(14.) You think the “promises of God are of no more use to the Arminian than piles of riches are to the miser that never uses them; and makes them misers amidst millions of durable riches.” It is really a difficult matter to understand this uncouth, awkward sentence. The miser fixes his heart on gold, and with ineffable delight gazes on his treasure. The Arminian fixes his heart on the promises of God, considers them as a treasure, and with delight gazes on them. Is this what you mean? If so, the Arminian is a miser, indeed, for he can not, he will not on any terms part with one single promise, any more than a miser will with a single cent. If, then, the promises of God be to the Arminian what gold is to the miser, is not this as it should be? Of what do you complain? At what do you scold so terribly? We will try again; as the miser believes he can with his

money or wealth procure all the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life, so the Arminian believes he by the promises can procure many, if not all the comforts of religion. Is this your meaning? and is this a dreadful heresy in the Arminian? We will try again: the miser would regard his gold no more than dirt, or straw, if he did not know it was valuable; so the Arminian would regard the promises of God no more than he does the doctrines of John Calvin, if he did not experimentally know them to be valuable. Is this your meaning? But perhaps we understand you at last, that is, that as the miser hoards up his gold and will not, though in his power, procure the comforts of life, so the Arminian hoards up the promises, and will not procure those comforts which he might obtain. Well, if this be your meaning, I ask you if this is not a thing common to Calvinists, as well as to Arminians? True, there is some little difference in them; when they read the promises—or perhaps they read different promises—the Calvinists think all these promises are of a positive or absolute nature. The Arminian, when he reads a promise, takes notice of all the words with which the promise stands connected, as, "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life. He that endureth to the end shall be saved," Exod. xix, 3; Lev. xxvi, 3; John viii, 31; Jer. iv, 7; Deut. vii, 12; xii, 26, etc.; xxx, 15; Matt. vii, 21; Rev. xxii, 14; Heb. v, 9. One question more: Were the promises of God of no advantage to those

who washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? Rev. vii.

(15.) In your opinion, all Arminians are either deceived or are hypocrites, for you say, "Nay, further, it is an evidence to those who practice this doctrine that they are not Christ's, because the soul who is born from above desires no more but Christ. They whose dependence is in themselves, [ah! well said, but this is the Pharisee, not the Arminian,] have not Christ for their life, they do not live on him, and are dead." Had you have said this of the Pharisee, your assertion would have passed without contradiction, but when you thus pervert Arminian principles, you deserve no better a reply than to be referred to the 10th verse of the 13th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Before I close this letter I will notice the zealous manner in which you have represented his Satanic Majesty in defining the doctrine of the infallible, unconditional perseverance of the saints. This I have partially done already, in noticing your perversions of Arminian principles, but I think proper to notice the subject in a different manner.

I suppose the case of David, as well as many others recorded in the Scripture, clearly proves that saints may fall foully. To deny this, would be to deny a great part of Scripture. Hence many passages of the Scripture brought forward to support Calvin's opinion, must be explained by a different logic than that which originated in or proceeded from

Geneva. For an instance, the passage you have cited from Rom. viii, 38, 39. Now, we know that saints may fall foully, and that their sin will separate them from God. (Read Isa. lix, 2.) Behold, "your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." Scripture must be understood and explained so as to make the whole agree, as you say, or rather intimate, that all the promises are of a positive nature. If you will be consistent, you must admit that the threatenings of God are equally positive as his promises. I will notice a few out of many: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God; the soul that sinneth shall die; he that believeth not, shall be damned." Now, sir, make your doctrine harmonize the next time you preach; yea, every time you preach tell your congregation that God has an elect number who are eternally justified, and must be irresistibly saved, let them do what they will; that they never were, in the judgment of God, either wicked sinners or unbelievers, but that the far greater part of mankind are reprobate, wicked, unbelieving sinners, who, by the irreversible decrees of God, are consigned over to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire. Tell them that these reprobates may be known by their wickedness; that all who ever were, or now are wicked, unbelieving sinners, must be inevitably damned, for the threatenings of God are positive; this will be fair dealing, and acting like an honest man. Say like Zanchius,

“It is certain that God is the first cause of obduracy. Reprobates are held so fast under God’s almighty decree, that they can not but sin and perish.” Say with Martyr, “God doth incline and force the wills of wicked men into great sins.” Say with Zuinglius, “God moveth the robber to kill, God forceth him thereto.” Say with Piscator, “Reprobate persons are absolutely ordained to this twofold end, to undergo everlasting punishment, and necessarily to sin, and, therefore, to sin that they may be justly punished.” Say with your father and master, (Calvin,) that, “By the ordination and will of God Adam fell; God would have man to fall; man is blinded by the commandment and will of God; we refer the cause of hardening us to God; the highest or remote cause of hardening is the will of God.” Say with Beza, “God hath predestined whatsoever he saw meet, not only unto damnation, but also the causes of it.” This, sir, is plain sailing, honest, candid, and consistent work. Away, then, with your gabble or prattle about man’s natural powers. This is only a catchpenny to put fine coats on your back. Come out boldly and say the threatenings of God are positive; therefore, the wicked, without any ifs or ands, “shall be turned into hell.” Sir, you look somewhat pale; what is the matter? Why, say you, if I were to preach such doctrines in Kentucky, I should have the naked walls to preach to. Little do you care for that if. \* \* \* \* \* Here is a consequence more dreaded by you than this: you fear, sir, that

the loaves would give out, and all the fishes would swim away, and thus leave you too poor to pay the postage of letters you receive, to say nothing about the postage of such letters as you may write, as secretary for the devil, or chairman to a committee in the lower regions.

Most of people will believe that the promises of God are, like the threatenings of God, not positive, or absolute, but conditional; that is, if the wicked man turn away from the error of his ways, he shall save his soul alive. But, as you and a few others are of a different opinion, I will give you a few passages of Scripture to reflect on. Exod. iii, 17: "I have said I will bring you up out of the afflictions of Egypt, unto the land of the Canaanites," etc. And this promise, we are told in Numbers xiv, 30, was confirmed by an oath. Now, sir, was this promise, this oath, positive, absolute, unconditional? Certainly not, for God determinedly says to those very people to whom he made the promise: "Doubtless ye shall not come into the land, concerning which I sware to make you dwell therein," Num. xiv, 30; and to cut off all Calvinistic perversions and equivocations, to make the promise absolute or positive, God says, in the 34th verse, "And ye shall know my breach of promise." Now, sir, God's promise appeared to be of a positive nature, yet, if a condition was not implied or included, I should like very much to know how you will rescue this passage of Scripture from the fangs of the infidel. Num. xxv, 12; of Phinehas, God said,

“Behold, I give unto him my covenant of peace; and he shall have it, and his seed after him, even the covenant of an everlasting priesthood.” Now, sir, was this promise positive, absolute, because no conditions are expressed? You may see how the Jews understood this promise, Eccles. xlv, 24; 1 Mac. ii, 54. But how did God understand it? See 1 Sam. ii, 30. “Wherefore, the Lord God of Israel saith, I said, indeed, that thy house, and the house of thy father, should walk before me forever; but now, the Lord saith, be it far from me,” etc. What was the result? Hophni and Phinehas, the two sons of Eli, were slain in the battle. 1 Sam. iv, 10; Eli broke his neck; and here was an end—according to your doctrine—of the positive promise of God, and the everlasting, absolute priesthood. Will you, after this, unblushingly assist the infidel in ridiculing the Scriptures for impeaching the immutability of God, or will you admit that the promise was not absolute, positive, but that a condition was implied, though not expressed? 1 Sam. xxiii, 11: “Will the men of Keilah deliver me up into his hands? Will Saul come down as thy servant hath heard? O, Lord God of Israel, I beseech thee tell thy servant. And the Lord said, he will come down. Then said David, will the men of Keilah deliver me and my men into the hands of Saul? And the Lord said, They will deliver thee up.” Now, sir, here, as in the former instances, no condition was expressed. Was the declaration, therefore, positive, absolute? No! for in the next verse

we read, "Then David . . . departed out of Keilah. . . . And it was told Saul that David was escaped from Keilah; and he forbore to go forth." Do, sir, if you can on your principles, make the event and the immutability of God harmonize.

In order to support your doctrine, that all the promises and threatenings of God are positive, are absolute, I recommend for your consideration, 1 Kings xx, 42: "Thus saith the Lord, because thou hast let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, therefore, thy life shall go for his life, etc." Now, sir, what is the plain, obvious meaning of this passage? Did Ahab break a positive, absolute decree, or was the appointment of God absolute, unconditional? I will also recommend you to notice the case of Hezekiah: "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." Isa. xxxviii, 1. Now, sir, laying aside all Calvinistic evasions, what is the plain, obvious signification of this message? Common sense can easily make a reply. Was the positive declaration accomplished? No! for we are told in the fifth verse that God added fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah. Now, sir, the word added, entirely destroys every equivocation you can possibly devise, and every perversion Calvinists can invent. I will also submit to your consideration, Jonah iii, 4: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Here is a threatening with no condition expressed; was there none, therefore, implied? Was it positive, was it absolute?

Was Nineveh overthrown in forty days? No. How will you work this matter so as to silence infidels? I am aware that certain Calvinist historians say that Nineveh was destroyed in forty years, and would have us believe that the threatening was positive, and positively fulfilled. Not to urge that it is a doubtful matter whether Nineveh was overthrown precisely in forty years, I would remark that the prophecy, the threatening, says forty days, not forty years, and that God so understood it is evident from the tenth verse: "And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil, that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not." All of which is false, if God meant forty years, and in forty years Nineveh was destroyed; and if in forty years Nineveh was destroyed, according to their construction of the prophecy, how could God, according to chapter iv, 11, spare the city?

Permit me also to call your attention to Matt. xix, 28: "Verily I say unto you, [who? the twelve apostles truly—see verse 25—his disciples—verse 28; then, consequently, Judas was among them,] that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Now, sir, was this promise positive, absolute? Will Judas, who was one of the twelve apostles, sit on one of the twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel? Once more,

Psalm lxxxix, 30: "But if his children [David's] forsake my law and walk not in my judgments, . . . nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my truth to fail; my covenant will I not break; I will not lie unto David; his seed shall endure forever, and his throne as the sun before me." Now, sir, was this promise positive, absolute? If so, how will you understand these passages: "Thou hast cast off and abhorred; he forsook his anointed. . . . Thou hast made void the covenant of thy servant. Thou hast made his glory to cease, and cast his throne down to the ground?"

Psalm lxxxix, 38-40. I imagine, sir, that these passages are sufficient to convince you, or at least to convince any impartial, rational lover of truth, that neither the promises nor threatenings of God are to be considered as positive, as absolute, because no condition is expressed. There is no difficulty in understanding the passages you have quoted on Arminian principles, that is, John xiv, 19; x, 27, 28; Rom. viii, 38, 39; 2 Cor. xii, 9; John xiv, 19; vi, 37; Gal. ii, 29; Heb. xiii, 5.\* But there are many passages of Scripture which never have been and never will be understood on the principles of John Calvin, for the Scriptures clearly teach,

1. That a saint who is holy and righteous in the judgment of God himself, may, nevertheless, so fall as to perish everlasting. Ezek. xviii, 24, 33; xiii, 18.

\* Compare this text with Deut. xxxi, 17; 1 Chron. xxviii, 9; 2 Chron. xv, 2.

2. One that is endued with the faith that purifies the heart, that produces a good conscience, may, nevertheless, so fall as to perish everlastingily. 1 Tim. i, 18.

3. Those who are grafted into the good olive-tree, the spiritual, invisible Church, may, nevertheless, so fall as to perish everlastingily. Rom. xi, 17-22.

4. Those who are branches of Christ, the true vine, may, nevertheless, so fall as to perish everlastingily. St. John xv, 1, etc.

5. Those who so effectually knew Christ, as by that knowledge to have escaped the pollution of the world, may fall. 2 Peter ii, 20, 21.

6. Also those who see the light of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, and have been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, of the witness and fruits of the Spirit, may be lost. Heb. vi, 4, 6. Observe, learned sir, the apostle makes no supposition *if*, as our Calvinistic translators do. His words are, "*Adunaton gar tous apax photisthentas: Kai parape-sontas.*" In plain English, it is impossible to renew again to repentance those who were once enlightened, and have fallen away. Here, then, is no if, no supposition. In the original, the words are in the indefinite, not in the present tense.

7. Also those who live by faith—Heb. x, 38—may fall away. Had this text been fairly translated, the usual Calvinistic cavil would have been excluded. The original runs thus: *Ho de dikaios ek pisteos zesetai kai ean hupostieiltai.* If [Ho dikaios] the

just man that lives by faith [so the expression necessarily implies, there being no other nominative to the verb] draws back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. Therefore, the words *any man* are not in the original.

8. Those who are sanctified by the blood of the covenant, may be lost. Heb. x, 29, etc. Some of your Calvinist brethren say the word *he*, in this passage, refers to, or has for its antecedent the Son of God—as though he was sanctified by his own blood—and the apostle. But you as a learned \* \* \* \* \* know better; you know the Son of God is not the immediate antecedent to the relative *he*. The words run thus: “Of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God. *Kai to aima tes diathekes koinon hegesamenos en ho hegastihe.*” You see *hegastihe*, not *Huion*, is the immediate antecedent to the relative *ho*. Consequently it is the apostle, not the Son of God, who is here said to be sanctified.

Please, sir, to notice the following Scriptures: Matt. v, 13; xii, 45; xxiv, 10, 45; Luke xxiv; John viii, 31, 32; 1 Cor. ix, 27; x, 3, etc.; 2 Cor. vi, 1; Gal, v, 4; vi, 9; Heb. iii, 3, 4; 2 Peter iii, 17; John v, 8; Rev. iii, 11.

If I should guess at your Latin sentences and miss the meaning, the consequence is not of importance, but I hope you will not guess at the meaning of those passages, as you are such an enemy to Arminian principles. Pray, tell me “what you would

have the Christian do should any adversity arise, or should devils [we] attack him with any temptation?" You answer, "he is to run to the strong tower." So he is to run, is he? people are said to run in different ways, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in coaches, sometimes in boats, and sometimes in ~~the~~ canoes ~~the~~. Which way would you recommend he should run? If by water may he not take his own ~~the~~ canoe ~~the~~ as well as his own legs, or own horse? And if he has to make his escape by water, would not a canoe be more suitable than either legs or horses? And would you censure a person who would advise one thus fleeing to the stronghold, to paddle his canoe briskly? But, sir, perhaps you would throw out a Calvinistic plank to the man thus fleeing. Pray what would a running man do with a plank? Would it impede, or accelerate, his progress either on land or water? I do not know, sir, if you have not fallen into a small mistake, inadvertently. You say the Christian's support and stay is God's promise in Christ. On Arminian principles I understand this, but on Calvinistic it is perfect, unintelligible jargon. The Christian's support and stay is God's promise in Christ! and yet this Christian is to run, is to flee! I really thought, on Calvinistic principles, that the decrees of God were his support and stay, and no necessity for running and fleeing, etc.

It seems, sir, we differ widely in our sentiments. You think Arminianism proceeded from, and is a great

favorite in hell. I will give you my reasons for believing why this may be the case with Calvinism :

1. It scandalizes the character of God, by making him the author of sin.
2. It makes the preaching of the Gospel vain, useless, and absurd.
3. It makes void all the ordinances of God.
4. It tends to destroy several particular branches of holiness ; as meekness, love, etc.
5. It tends to destroy the comforts of religion, the happiness of Christianity.
6. It saps the very foundations of morality ; it tends to destroy all zeal for good works.
7. It has a tendency to overthrow the whole Christian revelation.
8. It makes revelation contradictory.
9. It is a doctrine full of blasphemy, for it represents our Lord Jesus Christ as a hypocrite, a deceiver, a liar, and void of common sense.
10. It destroys the attributes of God ; his mercy, his justice, his truth.
11. It impeaches the sincerity of the Spirit.
12. It is highly injurious to mankind.

And now, sir, as I have in a very plain manner given you my views on Calvinism, there are a few questions I wish to ask you, arising from certain expressions in your letter :

1. You represent the devil as saying Arminianism is calculated to carry on his plans. Pray, sir, tell me, is it thus calculated by a decree ?

2. You say pride hurled Adam and Eve from Paradise. Did their pride originate in a decree, or elsewhere?

3. You say it is the best policy the devil can pursue to encourage the world to a belief of the divinity of Christ, while by their works they deny him. Would this be in conformity to, or in opposition of a decree?

4. You who accuse the Arminian of imputing a secret will to Christ, pray tell me if Calvinists do not talk of God's secret will: which, by the by, you Calvinists pretend to know all about?

5. You say devils know election to their sorrow. Ought you not to have said reprobation, not without, but by a decree? Is their punishment a consequence of their own sin, or a decree? And, while on the subject of consequences, tell us whether all the consequences you speak of in your letter are consequences of a decree, or consequences of what?

6. You tell me I deserve well of devils. Do I act with or against a decree?

7. You say the Arminians work out their own damnation with greediness. Do they do this with or without a decree?

If, sir, you imagine that all these actings and doings were, or are regulated by a divine decree, it is presumable you will take no offense at my doctrine or conduct; neither censure me for the freedom I have taken with your conduct or doctrine in this letter, seeing I act, according to your principles, by a de-

cree, "For God fore-ordains whatsoever comes to pass." I suppose, sir, you take it for granted, for certain, that you are one of the elect. What evidence do you give the world of this? Is it by assuming the name and character of a devil? of being chairman to a committee in hell? by writing a letter in the devil's name, full of falsehoods, perversions, and slander? If, sir, the elect shall, in the day of judgment, give an account for every idle word, how do you think you will appear with your diabolical letter in your hand? Pardon me; your eternal justification and imputed righteousness will, by the decrees—in your opinion—secure you. In my hurry I omitted to give you credit for a few truths.

1. "That it is sweet to go to hell in a delusion." Ah! sir, were you better acquainted with the regions of hell than you pretend to be, you would know that Calvinistic principles, not Arminian, were the sweet delusions that people the regions of woe. Mistake me not, although I have expressed my sentiments very candidly, honestly, and freely, respecting John Calvin, because he was a bloody persecutor, yet I do not mean to say that all Calvinists go to hell. No! God forbid! for there are many of the Calvinistic people I love, dearly love, and hope to meet in heaven. I only mean to say that the doctrines taught by Calvin have a tendency to sin, and sin leads men to destruction. Neither will I say that God never blessed the preaching of Calvinistic ministers; but I mean to say God never did and never will

bless the preaching of Calvinistic doctrines, to the awakening, conversion, and sanctification of souls. I believe he blessed, most eminently blessed the preaching of pious Bunyan, but it was when he preached such doctrines as are contained in his sermon, known by the title of "The Heavenly Footman." God also blessed the labors of George Whitefield, but it was those parts of his sermons which Whitefield called the "Glittering Tinsel," or the "Shining Nonsense." One reason why Calvinism has obtained in the Christian world, was the aversion some of the Reformers had to the Pharisaic doctrine of the Catholics. Hence, to avoid one extreme they plunged into the other, notwithstanding they might be good and gracious men, with honest hearts, but corrupt doctrines; and that doctrines are not infallible proof of real piety, the charity inculcated by Christianity and taught by Paul, 1 Cor. iii, 15, teaches us to believe. Therefore, for the future, mind how you throw out your filth, slander, and mean reflections on those who differ in opinion from you, lest, little as you know about hell and the interests of the devil's kingdom, he may, notwithstanding your reliance on the decrees, take you to himself, and teach you the way of devils more perfectly.

2. You represent the devil as saying, "It is a matter of indifference to him by what schemes his plans are carried on." True, Calvinism is equal to, if not better than any other that has been devised.

3. You say the devil hopes shortly to see the time

when the world shall be in the same condition as formerly. What! in the same situation as it was in England and in New England when Calvinists had the government of Church and State in their own hands, as it was in Geneva, when Calvin burned poor Servetus and starved the pious Castello? Had you said the devil wished, you would have said correctly. But when you say he *hopes*, you are rather mistaken; the world is too much enlightened with Arminian doctrines, for the devil to hope any such thing. You Calvinists hoped for it under the administration of John Adams in this country, but you missed your aim.

You make other assertions, which I will just touch. You say the devils voted that thanks should be given me for my zeal in the propagation of Arminian principles; that in hell I am reputed a worthy gentleman, and deserve well at the hands of devils. If Calvin had not, according to your telling, been so severely denounced in hell, I might take this as flattery; but as all news from hell is to be taken as old women say dreams are to be interpreted, and because devils are Scripturally charged with lying, I pretty well know the standing of my reputation in the lower country, as well as among Calvinists. What you say about Unitarianism, infidelity, Deism, Shakerism, etc., acting too boldly to be useful to the devil, is certainly a bold assertion, and needs strong proof; yea, stronger, much stronger than you can produce. But perhaps you rely on the decrees; here is your refuge in every

critical case; those may bear you out in every thing you say, true or false. If you so firmly believe in the decrees, why are you afraid of fire, guns, of being drowned, etc.? The truth is, there may be theoretical Calvinists, but there never was nor ever will be a practical one; they are all as fearful of dying as any Arminian on earth. Why fear? Can they die before their time comes? Rev. Sir, I bring my letter to a close, and in the close, permit me to address you in your assumed character as a devil. You advise me. Mr. Incredulity, to ruin, by any means, the character of Mr. Cushman, of Hopkinsville. Pray, sir, how came you to know any thing about Mr. Cushman? I suppose it is possible that he may desire to be popular on earth, but would hardly have supposed he was so notorious in your warm country as to merit attention in your letter. If you had given me the information, may it please the committee of whom you are chairman, to give my compliments to your coadjutors, and inform them that I well know how to appreciate Mr. Cushman's reputation in your regions, by the character they have given of John Calvin; and, although my mind very sentimentally revolts from the Calvinistic principles of Mr. Cushman, as derogatory to the character of God, the bane of holiness, and a poison to morality, yet, with Mr. Cushman's moral character I have nothing to do, nor will I have. To his own Master he stands or falls; yet it very much surprises me, Mr. Incredulity, that you should thus openly mention Mr. Cushman; for this

reason: It is a strange thing on earth to receive letters from hell, and you must have known—if you had only half as much sense as you have malice—that this letter would make no small stir on our globe; many inquisitive people would be anxious to see it; it would, it must become notorious. Now, by mentioning Mr. Cushman, you either meant good or evil to the man; if you meant good, why did you class him with John Calvin, and urge me, whether by truth or lies, to ruin his reputation? If you meant good why did you mention his name at all? You know, and all the world knows, that every member of the black fraternity will lie; therefore, all you could say in his favor would only be taken backward, and all you could say against him would, like what you have said of Calvin, operate to his injury among men. I do not pretend, Mr. Incredulity, to dictate to you; I only mean to say I was a little astonished at your naming Mr. Cushman at all. But they say “consent of parties does away error.” But why do you wish to make Mr. Cushman as popular on earth as he is notorious beneath? You answer, “He has played hob with our friend Smith, and torn his schemes in such a manner, we fear it will do us little good.” Surely, Mr. Incredulity, you intended to provoke a smile from Mr. Smith; will he really believe that he is your friend, if John Calvin is your enemy? If he is your friend, why did you not prevent the *hob*? Ah! that thing you so elegantly call *hob*, pray, tell me what it is? I am so destitute of a knowledge of

Latin—yea, as ignorant of Latin as a goose is of grammar—that I can not see into or feel the beauties of your eloquence. And he ~~not~~ played ~~not~~ what a Scotch Calvinist played? Well, no matter what played; hob has been the consequence. Well, but what is hob? I do not, Mr. Incredulity, understand such diabolical flourishes, such high, lofty figures, metaphors, similes; what shall I call it? Indeed, sir, I have a very curious conception of this strange, awful word hob. But, Mr. Incredulity, how has this hob operated on Smith? Do people shun him as a monster? Has he been drummed out of Hopkinsville? Have the people tarred and feathered him? or what mighty evil has befallen your friend by the exertions of Cushman? Ah! nothing, only his Unitarian principles have been played hob with. Is that all? Why, this remains to be proved, and if proved, it still remains to be proved that Mr. Cushman played the hob. Has nobody written and preached against Unitarian principles but the Rev. Cushman? I smell vanity somewhere about this mighty hob. It may be in Diabolus, or the chairman of the committee, or in the post-rider. But, perhaps, Mr. Incredulity, you think Mr. Cushman as mighty against Mr. Smith, as Calvin was against Servetus. Cushman has played hob, quotha! Was it when he said Jesus Christ was the Son of God because he was the Mediator, when he should have said that he was the Mediator because he was the Son of God? Enough of this. I only mention it to let you know I smell vanity, a usual con-

comitant of Calvinism; and when I find out the secretary or post-rider that brings the mail from the lower regions to Hopkinsville, I mean to play hob with him, because he might have waited to carry the news back again. I wanted to have informed his Satanic Majesty and the black brotherhood in general, that all communications from the lower regions, directed to me, must hereafter come post-paid, or they will not be attended to; and I would thank you, Mr. Incredulity, now, to give the whole black fraternity this information, because, if I am such a favorite with their majesties, and am so high in the court held below, it is a grand imposition to make me pay postage on his Satanic letters; for the devil, and all lords, secretaries, etc., know very well that I am poor, and have to work very hard for what little support I get; moreover, they know that I have nobody to carry round a subscription paper to raise me a salary of \$500 or \$1,000 per annum for preaching. That the principles of Unitarianism may suit the interests of the devil, as well as Calvinism, I will not deny; but that Mr. Cushman, the Rev. Mr. Cushman, has *solus* played hob with them, remains to be proved. It seems there is also a Mr. Brown as notorious in or at the court below as Calvin or any body else. You say this man preaches election. I will not deny it. But why do you wish to ruin his popularity, and how am I to do this? You say *tell some lie on him*; let some Methodist say he saw him drunk. Now, Mr. Incredulity, do not all that are acquainted with Mr.

Brown, know that this would not be a lie? The popularity of Mr. Brown, I assure you, where he is known, is not very great. I believe it is generally known that he is a poor, contracted bigot; so much so, that we doubt whether he would like to go to heaven, if he thought an Arminian would get there. But what most surprises us is this: That—according to Mr. Brown's creed—we poor, silly Methodists are just such creatures as God decreed we should be, and believe just such doctrines as God decreed we should believe. We are driving Calvinism as furiously as Satan drove the swine down into the lake, and yet Mr. Brown and his coadjutors are dreadfully vexed. Shame on a set of professed Christian ministers, that have no more resignation to the decrees of God! And the whole Calvinistic hosts are up in arms against the Methodists for fulfilling God's glorious decrees; for, says their incomparable creed, "God fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass."

I now close by saying, if any friends of his Satanic Majesty think that any thing I have said is not correct, and if they feel any disposition to set me right, they are at perfect liberty to do so, provided they will sign their proper name; and thus, perhaps, they may once more hear from a friend to equal rights.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

## CHAPTER V.

## JUBILEE IN HONOR OF DR. CARTWRIGHT'S FIFTIETH YEAR AS A PRESIDING ELDER.

AT the Conference held in Quincy, Ill., September, 1868, the Illinois Annual Conference resolved to honor Dr. Cartwright with a jubilee, at its next session in Lincoln, Ill., in honor of his fiftieth year as a presiding elder.

We deem the action of the Conference and the circular of the committee, the most fitting introduction to that jubilee that we can produce. The following is the Conference resolution in this matter:

*“Whereas, Rev. P. Cartwright, D. D., will, if he should live, at the end of next year, have been a presiding elder for fifty years, and as he is the only man that has ever occupied that position for so great a length of time, and in view of his age, experience, and great labors among us; therefore,*

*“Resolved, That Revs. H. Buck, J. H. Moore, and W. E. Johnson, be a committee to arrange a jubilee, to be held by the preachers during the Conference session of 1869, in honor of Dr. Cartwright’s long service of fifty years as a presiding elder.”*

The committee into whose hands this matter was

placed, addressed the following circular to the people, which was responded to in a very noble manner:

"At the last session of the Illinois Annual Conference, Rev. Peter Cartwright, D. D., received his fiftieth appointment as a presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Conference resolved to make the close of this, the fiftieth year of the Doctor's labors as a presiding elder, the occasion of a grand demonstration, a sort of jubilee in honor of the oldest effective itinerant now living in connection with the Methodist Church.

"The career of Dr. Cartwright has been one of the most remarkable and eventful known in the Great West. No man, west of the mountains, has secured such a wide-spread fame. There is scarcely a town, village, or city, within the borders of this great Republic, where the name of Peter Cartwright is not familiar; and indeed his fame has reached other lands besides his own. He is now eighty-four years of age, with a mind still active and vigorous. He has been for more than sixty years an effective itinerant Methodist preacher, not having lost a single year's labor within that long period of time. He has been a man of wonderful powers of oratory and of great logical strength of mind—a most profound theologian, a wise counselor, standing in all times of peculiar interest not a whit below the greatest minds of the Church. His devotion to the varied interests of the Church of his early choice, has never abated for an hour, and though his life has been an active one, and numerous

heavy responsibilities have fallen upon him, yet now, after so long a period of unexampled public service, not a single stain rests upon his character.

“As a patriot his devotion to his country has been no less conspicuous than his fidelity to the Church. The Conference, honored by having among its members a man so eminently distinguished, both at home and abroad, felt that it was due to this venerable pioneer of Western civilization, while he yet lingers among us, to give, in a most imposing manner, this public demonstration in his honor. You are most respectfully requested to be present on the occasion. It will be held at Lincoln, Illinois, the seat of the next Illinois Annual Conference, on Friday, September 24th, 1869. A very interesting programme of exercises has been arranged, and the occasion will be one of peculiar interest. If you can not be present in person, a note from you, *and any token of regard* for the old veteran pioneer, sent to the committee, in care of Rev. W. R. Goodwin, Lincoln, Ill., will be thankfully received.”

On the day appointed by the committee an immense concourse of people assembled in Gillett’s hall, in the city of Lincoln, Ill., to witness, and partake of the festivities of the day.

Dr Cartwright sat on the platform, the target of all eyes and tongues. About him sat preachers nearly as veteran, ministers in their prime, ministers in their youth, and others in their very novitiate. Every corner and projection to the very caps of the doors was

occupied. Scores of faces peered through the windows, while without was the surging mass of the many disappointed ones.

Order being secured, Rev. H. Buck nominated Rev Newton Cloud as Chairman, and Revs. B. C. Wood, L. Anderson, B. Randle, J. S. Barger, J. H. Dickens, C. D. Janes, and W. H. Taylor, as Vice-Presidents. The President in turn called upon George Rutledge and John S. Barger to conduct religious services. As a fitting background for following speeches and letters to paint the picture of the pioneer's life, Rev. W. S. Hooper, Secretary of the Illinois Conference, read the following

#### BIOGRAPHICAL BRIEF.

It is impossible to present, in any very short space of time, the voluminous record of Father Cartwright. I have endeavored to condense it. He entered the ministry in 1804, and since that time has filled the following charges: 1804, on Salt River and Shelby circuit, with William M'Kendree as presiding elder; 1805, Scioto circuit; 1806, Muskingum. He was this year ordained deacon, and admitted into full connection; 1807, Barren; 1808, ordained elder and appointed to Salt River circuit; 1809 and 1810, Livingston, Ky.; 1811, Christian. The Tennessee Conference was organized by the General Conference of 1812, and held its first session in the Fall of that year, and Peter Cartwright became a member thereof. In November of 1812 he was first appointed pre-

siding elder, which office he has held as follows: 1812, Wabash district; 1813 to 1816, on the Green River district, Kentucky; 1821 to 1824, on Cumberland district, Kentucky Conference; 1826 to 1829, on Illinois district; 1829 to 1832, on Sangamon district; 1832 to 1836, Quincy district, and President Pleasant Plains Academy in 1834; 1836 to 1839, Sangamon district, and Agent Springfield College in 1836; 1839, Springfield district; 1840 to 1844, Jacksonville district; 1844 to 1847, Bloomington district; 1847 to 1850, Springfield district; 1851 and 1852, Quincy district; 1853 to 1857, Pleasant Plains district; 1857 to 1861, Jacksonville district; 1861 to 1865, Springfield district; 1865 to 1869, Pleasant Plains district.

He has also served as pastor in addition to these, on the Christian circuit, Kentucky, in 1816, 1819, 1820. On Red River circuit, in 1817, 1818, and on the Sangamon circuit in 1824, and Superintendent of Pottawatomie mission, and again pastor on that circuit in 1825.

Upon the organization of the Illinois Conference, in 1824, he was transferred to it, and was at its first session, held at Wm. Padfield's, St. Clair county, Oct. 23, 1824. And in all that time, forty-five years elapsing since that session, he has been absent from the Conference but once. He has been present at the first roll-call forty-one times, and three times he came in after the roll was called. His character has been passed at every Conference. Was treasurer of Met-

ropolitan Church in 1853, and custodian of Centenary Funds 1840, '41, '45; Vice-President of Conference Tract Society in 1853, and now for many years President of the Conference Missionary Society. During these years he has served at various times on all of the disciplinary committees—two years on memoirs, five on public worship, one on periodicals, eight on examination of under-graduates, six as steward, nineteen years on missions, besides his former connection with the Western missionary work; visitor to all our literary institutions—six years to M'Kendree, aside from being trustee and agent, three years to Illinois Wesleyan University, one year to Garrett Biblical Institute; delegate to General Conference thirteen times, twice from Tennessee and once from Kentucky. In 1833 and 1838, during the absence of the Bishop, he was President of the Conference.

He has thus spent eight years in the old Western Conference; eight years in the Tennessee Conference; four years in the Kentucky Conference, and forty-five years in the Illinois Conference; and has had charge, in the Western Conference, of seven different pastorates, being returned to one of them the second year; in Tennessee Conference four years as presiding elder, and four as pastor, serving each charge two years. In Kentucky Conference he served three years as presiding elder on the Cumberland district, and one year on the Christian circuit, it being the third time he had served that people.

At the time he entered the Illinois Conference, it

embraced almost the entire State, reaching up near or into the present Rock River Conference, and far down into the Southern Illinois Conference. We have now eighteen Annual Conferences in the territory embraced by the old Western Conference, in which he first entered the Conference.

Thus he has lived to see the land from darkness and barrenness spring into great life and activity, and thrift and enterprise in every part of the country, and controlling a great and valuable commerce. He has seen the Church grow until it has become a great power in this mighty land.

In Illinois Conference he served two years as pastor on the Sangamon circuit, after which he was made presiding elder, which office he has filled ever since: on the Illinois district, three years; Sangamon, six years; Quincy, six years; Springfield, nine years; Jacksonville, eight years; Bloomington, three years; Pleasant Plains, eight years.

He has had to travel to his Conferences into Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, and sometimes almost entirely across the adjacent State, and the entire distance on horseback.

He was more intimately connected with the Pottawatomie Mission than any other man, being among the first to originate and among the most energetic in carrying it forward and supplying it with funds and missionaries. He served on its committees in the Conference in 1827-29 in regard to its general interests; in 1830, to examine papers connected there-

with, and to pay the debts incurred in carrying it on, and to estimate the amount necessary for its sustenance; and when the Indians had moved to a more distant land, it was left to him to arrange all of its financial interests. During a number of these years he had the exclusive management of them.

At the time when this Conference considered that the increasing interest of Western Methodism demanded a periodical of some importance, he not only was one of the Conference to consider the proposal of one in Jacksonville, which finally failed of incorporation, yet he was very active in the support of, and was advising editor of, one published in Mt. Carmel, which for a few years was successful. In the same good work, the Conference, through his and the energy of other of our fathers, endeavored to establish, in the city of Quincy, Ill., not only a religious paper, but also a branch depository of Methodist literature, and brought the matter to the consideration of the Book Committee. Failing in all these, they finally succeeded in obtaining a depository and paper in St. Louis, which to-day are vastly increasing our strength as a Church.

His large experience as a traveling preacher, and his keen foresight as an advancer of civilization and Christianity, brought to his mind the necessity of enlarging or decreasing territory of Conference, and he was often the first in general movements in the organization of new Conferences, and always served important parts on such committees. He was the author of

a resolution, adopted at the Conference of 1841, requesting the General Assembly of the State of Illinois to pass a law protecting worshiping assemblies from molestation. Whether the law we have to-day is the result of that Conference action or not we can not tell, but we are at least under many obligations to those of our fathers who thus created moral and religious opinions to greet us with joy upon our entrance upon the stage of action.

Not only have all the foregoing interests been under his care, but the missionary cause has been one of the most needy objects receiving his support. He has also been the author of resolutions concerning it, a deviser of ways and means for its financial advancement, a collector of moneys for its depleted treasury, a large and continuous donor to its funds, and by ways past memory has increased the missionary fervor and zeal for more than forty-five years in this State. Among the most notable and honorable of all Dr. Cartwright's doings in the Conference, was his action in regard to the Church difficulty of 1844, when he entered his entire disapproval of the Church division and the division of its property, doing all that he could to prevent the sad results that followed. When they did come, and the editor of the Christian Advocate at New York was maligned by his enemies, and charges preferred against him by Bishop Andrew, Dr. Cartwright and the Illinois Conference stood very firmly up for him and the Church by a very timely action. And when John Anderson, of the Missouri Conference,

was left without an appointment by Bishop Soule, merely because he sustained the Methodist Episcopal Church, he found a friend in our venerable Conference father, and a home in the Illinois Conference.

In 1863, during the progress of that most terrible war, he, with one citizen from Springfield, was made a committee to raise the National flag over the church during the session of the Conference.

What honor in such a time could have been greater, and who more deserving of it than the war-scarred veteran who had fought the battles of God, beneath that glittering flag and the banner of Christ, for so long! May the flag of his country and the banner of Immanuel be the monuments to his memory!

During all the sixty-five years of his ministry he has never been discontinued, located or superannuated, taken a supernumerary relation, nor been dismissed for a time for misdemeanors of any kind. What a blessed record, and how thankful should he be for this blessed health that has enabled him thus far to be effective so long! But now the old father in Israel totters upon the staff for support; the days of his decline have come. "The keepers of the house are trembling now; the strong men are bowing themselves; the grinders have ceased, because they are few, and the lookers out of the windows are darkened. The doors are shut in the streets, and the daughters of music are low. The almond-tree flourisheth, and ere long the silver cord will be loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, or

the wheel at the cistern ;" but deep within his heart he says, "The spirit shall return to God, who gave it."

Then the venerable Peter Akers, with ever-trembling voice, often-broken utterance, and overflowing eyes, arose and read his

#### ADDRESS TO DR. CARTWRIGHT.

DR. CARTWRIGHT,—I congratulate you in behalf of this audience, and the Church generally, in consequence of the announcement just made by the Secretary, that you have received, and filled annually, so many appointments in the service of God and his cause on the earth.

You have, it seems, served the Church *fifty years* in the truly responsible office of presiding elder. The fact affords no parallel. And it may be questioned whether the future, in all its length, will produce a second semi-centennial presiding elder. For when the days of God's people shall equal the days of a tree, there will then be no need of such long, complex, and rough labors as have been demanded in your days. It will rather be, as Isaiah saw it, a long day of enjoyment, than of building and planting as a pioneer Methodist minister. A highway made straight in the desert already appears—the valleys are being exalted—the mountains and hills are being made low—the crooked made straight and the rough places plain. It is the faithful ministration of the Word of God that pioneers all these improvements and facilities in the natural world. Hence, the voice of him

that crieth in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The past and the present cries on this subject have been chiefly preparatory to the future revelation of the glory of the Lord, which all flesh shall together see. You started on this great work, not in an old-settled country, abounding with splendid cities, institutions of science and literature, and such polished communities as substitute the wisdom of this world for the knowledge of God; but you were called to start with the settling throngs themselves, in the newly acquired regions of this great Valley of the Mississippi. You started when the settlements were few and far between—when there were no railways or telegraph-wires, for speedy and distant intercourse, either personal or mental. With your horse, saddle, or saddle-bags underneath, you often sat and inquired—before leaving the humble cabin in early morn—not for the *way*, which might not then be open, but for the *course* to the next place or settlement whither you would go. Then you and your steed had both to confront the dangers and difficulties of hills and dales, of unbridged streams and miry vales. And when through much tribulation you reached the waiting group of two or three families, in the humble cot of one of them, you took out of your saddle-bags two of your most needed field-pieces—the Holy Bible and hymn-book; and taking for your pulpit some old chair, puncheon-table, or sashless window, you proclaimed to weeping parents and children the great salvation, with the Holy Ghost

sent down from heaven, of which both prophets and angels had sung in days of old. And as many as received the word of this salvation, with submission to its terms, you daily added both them and all theirs to the Church of the living God—requiring the parents, according to the terms of the covenant into which they and theirs had come, to bring up their children in the discipline and instruction of the Lord. In this way you have ministered, in different and distant sections of this great valley, until you see the third, and even the fourth generation, crowding the wide-spread country, its villages, towns, and a number of cities, with hundreds of thousands in each. You now see Conferences, and ministers, and members of the Church of God, and houses of worship almost innumerable—all covering the land of your earliest and latest ministrations, in such a tide of increasing numbers, as might well call from you the exclamation, What hath God wrought! But, if I were permitted, I would conduct you to the top of Nebo, even the present stand-point of correct observation of the promised future, and I would ask you to tell us, if so much has been done in the last sixty-five years, what will be the state of the work in the next centenary of Methodism? Whatever your answer might be, I would exhort all your children in the ministry, and membership of the Church, and request them to exhort their children, etc., for the next ninety-seven years, to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; and I have no doubt, the state of

the work will then speak for itself. It will show itself to be the marvelous work of the Lord himself. Wars will have ceased to the ends of the earth—for their causes will have been removed. The whole complicated, Satanic liquor system, with its inveterate curses and impediments on the correct progress of all bodies, civil and religious, will have been forever demolished.

The Augean stables of the whole political, and of much of the so-called religious world will have been effectually cleansed. No more will be seen in legislative halls and governmental posts a set of heathen, godless, selfish demagogues, co-operating with similar constituents in delaying the coming of the kingdom of God. No more professors of the Christian religion will try to mock God *one day* by saying: *Thy kingdom come*; and the *next*, by voting to fill an office of government with a man whose spirit and life constantly promote the kingdom of Satan. And never again will professed ministers of the Gospel be found heading parties to suppress the publication of pleas for temperance and prohibition. Editors of both religious and secular papers will then be done chuckling over the bold and incipient steps of even “the common people,” in the only practicable way, to arrest and put down forever the alcoholic destroyer of both Church and State. I trust you will confidently look forward with ascending prayers for the consummation of such a state of things.

And now, having glanced at the past, the present,

and the future of the work you loved in this world, permit us, for a moment, to look at the future of yourself. You are about to avail yourself of the Scriptural privilege of a *jubilee*. According to this rule you should have gone out free at the end of the forty-ninth year of your presiding eldership. But by mutual consent, I suppose, you have been permitted, after the manner of good bakers making up a dozen, to serve the fiftieth year for good count. Again, according to the Scripture rule for a *jubilee*, the trumpet of your liberty should have sounded loud and long on the great day of atonement, the 10th of Tisri, the seventh month of the year, counted from the exodus of Israel. This would have given you emancipation from ecclesiastical servitude nine days since, the 15th of our present September. But the committee, disregarding your right to an earlier freedom, have held you in bondage to the present day. I hope they will not now add insult to this injury by sending you away into the wilderness empty; or, as their scape-goat, laden with the sins of all the people; but that they will see to it that the cup of your joy, as you leave your brethren behind, shall be filled up, and running over, with the blessings of those you have so long served in the Gospel of liberty.

But leaving the opening and hopeful prospect of your temporal future, whether it be short or long, we would, for a moment, contemplate you leaving the shores of time and entering the unbounded world of spirits. What an interesting period in the history of

man! In it, each must have his own experience. There can neither be substitute nor discharge in this war. And the day fast approaches when here you will have to take a more lasting leave than now of your sons in the Gospel. Nor can we now tell which of these sons, like Elisha watching the departing Elijah, shall then be present, crying, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" But those that remain, and those to whom you go, will, doubtless, then contemplate you, in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, as another victor, from the Lord's battle-field. But, however desirable it is that friends then left behind, and those gone before, should judge thus of you, it is infinitely more important that you should carry with you the conscious testimony of one who said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." May this be the lot of us all when going hence!

## SPEECH OF DR. CARTWRIGHT.

MR. PRESIDENT,—I have thought that I have been a man of some courage, but I must frankly confess I am fairly beat to-day, and if this audience would excuse me I would not utter five words. I am in very poor plight to speak, as I have lost my voice since I was sun-struck this Summer was a year, and it will be with difficulty that I can make this large audience hear.

But all these honors that these brethren have heaped upon me, and not grudgingly I presume, amount to very little in elevating my feelings. I am deeply humble before God, and candidly confess, and feel as I confess, that I have been an unprofitable servant to the Church of God. But I thank God this day that I have had a religion that has paid me as I went along. I have traveled as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church sixty-five years; fifty of those years I have been presiding elder, and although perhaps not the oldest man, or the oldest licensed preacher in the Church, I suppose to-day that I am the oldest regular traveling preacher in the Methodist connection. I may be mistaken, but I think I am. There are older men and older preachers, but they have been laid on the shelf for years. I have never lost six months in those sixty-five years, and with all my sickness, my family afflictions, and my wife's affliction—she is alive now, at least I left her alive the other day—I have raised eight children to maturity, though I never received what the Church said I ought to have but three times in sixty-five years. I can not carry you back over the frontier life that I have lived, for I am behind, but I will say this: I am thankful that I have been permitted to associate in the toils of my itinerant life a worthy companion that never hindered me from traveling or preaching, that never scolded me for leaving her destitute and lonesome, but always urged me on to do what I thought was my duty. We have lived to-

gether rising sixty years, and I suppose I have the oldest Methodist preacher's wife in the world (laughter), traveling preacher, I mean. I have seven children living, rising fifty grandchildren, thirty-seven great-grandchildren, and God only knows what is to come next. (Great laughter.)

I am worn out in the ministry, worn down, no account as a pulpit man, and I want to say a few things to you, my friends, for perhaps it is the last time you will hear my voice, indistinctly as you may to-day.

I was born of a Revolutionary soldier; my father fought two years and six months in the war of the Revolution. In early life, my early life I mean, I immigrated to the far West from old Virginia, and although born in Virginia, Amherst county, I have been a citizen of the far West from the time I was six years of age. I am now in my eighty-fifth year, from the first of this month. I have no language to describe to you the situation of this frontier country. I could tell you a thousand tales that you would not believe of the scenes through which I have traveled. I have suffered a good deal in body, in mind, and in circumstances. I have been caught five hundred miles from my father's house with but seventy-five cents in my pocket, in a strange land, on a blind horse, and not a garment on but what had come to the patch. I stood it three years and then I returned home. I thought three years was a pretty good lesson, a pretty good period to get a jubilee, but I rallied again.

I believe I was never officially complained of as a minister. I ought to have been, for I had many imperfections, but I never was officially complained of in a quarterly-meeting conference, on any pastoral charge I ever had but once. Now in an early day there are some of you that would never have traveled. We did not wear pantaloons, as we do now. Our early Bishops were old bachelors; they wore small clothes and buckles at the knee, and if they could get a long pair of stockings and top boots, and have their vests turned in, they felt very much like Methodist preachers, and young as I was they drilled me into it. M'Kendree was my presiding elder, and I was junior preacher the first time I ever traveled, and when we came to quarterly-meeting conference, he asked the questions that all presiding elders ask: Are there any complaints or appeals? There was a grave old class-leader, with straight coat, and broad-brimmed hat, who rose and said, "Yes, I have a complaint against the young brother." Says M'Kendree, "What is it, brother?" "Why," said he, "the young brother is corrupting the morals of the young people, for he is following the fashions." "What fashions?" "Why, he has got a pair of gallowses." (Laughter.) Well now, green as I was, I could not get over it. It scared me prodigiously; I did not know but I was going to be put back on trial, or sent home for wearing gallowses, but God always provides for the lazy, as they say in the backwoods, and so he provided for me. Now, Bishop M'Kendree was broad in his ro-

tundity, very full in front, and he was of necessity compelled to wear suspenders, or he could not keep his breeches on. (Laughter.) But I did not know it; I would have felt very happy if I had known it. And the Bishop put off the old brother by saying, "Never mind, brother, I will talk to the young man." Well, when we went to bed and the Bishop, as he afterward became, shucked off, I saw the gallowses. (Laughter.) I need not say that I was pretty well comforted over that anyhow; I thought I had achieved quite a victory. I only mention this to show how the fashions have changed; and they are changing now so fast that you can not hold them long enough to draw a bead on them. I see members of the Methodist Church now, who, had they lived then, would have been turned out of the connection. Well, I am not going to deliver a lecture on dress, but if you can afford it, I say, wear decent clothes. (Laughter.)

But, my brethren, I take no special honor to myself for doing my duty. I never would have been a Methodist preacher if I had not felt that God called me to that work. When I entered the traveling ministry in 1804 we had but one college-bred minister in the Methodist Church, and he was a half breed, as a good many of them are now. That was Valentine Cook, who was educated at Cokesbury College, the first Methodist college in the United States; and God set it on fire and burned it up. They said it was a negro, but I believe the Lord did it, for they got into a quarrel over it and He ended it in that way by fire.

And here let me say that some have accused me of being an enemy of education; well, now, I do n't mean to boast, but I have given more to educational institutions and colleges than any man in the State of Illinois, than any man that is called a Methodist preacher—I dare you to compare the figures—and I expect to do it while I live. I could have learned a great deal. Bishop M'Kendree selected my books and appointed me a course of reading and study, and every quarterly-meeting while he was my presiding elder he took me through a regular examination; but bear in mind, what is not known now, in that day it was very unpopular for a preacher to marry; all our first Bishops were old bachelors, for it was very hard to support married men; the people did not want them, and they would say, go to work; but Bishop M'Kendree said to me, I am not sorry that you have married, but I am sorry you will be under the necessity of locating. You will be starved into it in spite of all that you can do. And I really thought I would, as I thought he expected it, but it raised my ambition and I became pretty spunky, and I just said, Now, here goes; I can work for my living, I can split rails, plow, grub, mow, cradle, or reap. I was raised to it; but here was the difficulty. How could I take a regular course of study while I had to work for a living for my wife and myself? and I concluded at last that I would just try to live and preach the best I could and let the education go; and so I have done, though I have a good library,

and have been an habitual reader all my life. I started out at an age of the world of which the present generation can form but a very limited conception. I lived through the log-cabin dispensation, and I had been a preacher for several years before I saw a shingle-roofed house of any description. I attended Bishop Asbury twice across the Alleghany Mountains, and in company with other young men in his passage through the Western world to visit us poor lost sheep in the wilderness. It has been a strange thing to me that ever the Church bore with me as they have as a preacher, but then I attribute it to the state of society; and, permit me to say, I do not believe that any man God Almighty ever made could *now* enter the ministry, in the vastly improved state of society, that could be raised up and sustained as long as I have been.

Well, now I will tell you another little thing. Through the influence of my venerable friend, Dr. Akers, I got D. D. stuck to my name. I believe the Doctor labored hard to get it, more for his interest than my profit. (Laughter.) If I misjudge him, forgive me; but he was lonesome, for he was the only D. D. we had and he wanted company. The very day I was presented with it I was taken with a pain in my back, and I did not know what I would do. (The Doctor had been speaking rather feebly, and at this point several cried out, "Speak louder, Doctor, the reporters can not hear you.") Let the reporters go to Halifax. (Great laughter.) I am talking to the

people, not to the reporters, and I would not care if there was no reporter within ten miles of here. This reminds me of what some of the gentry did at Chicago. I could not preach a sermon or deliver a lecture—and they kept me at it pretty near every Sunday—but next day it would come out in print, and I found I had either to spread out or wear out, (continued laughter.) Now, do n't make too free with my remarks, gentlemen.

I was a poor soldier's boy, the only one he had in the world. There were no schools in Kentucky, especially in the southern part, where my father settled. There were no mills within forty miles of his habitation; there was not a paper published in all that region of country; we had no schools worth calling a school; but being the only son of an old fighting soldier, he determined, though he was poor, to make an educated man out of me, but he missed it tremendously. (Laughter.) I had a good mother, thank God for it, a religious mother, and when it pleased God to give me her religion, it was not one of your tippy, fashionable, silver-slipped kind of conversions, but it was a backwoods conversion. I struggled hard for it, and I know I obtained the pardon of my sins. And to-day I thank God that the chief thing that has borne me up is the comforts of religion. If I had been seeking for money I would not have traveled, for I know that I could have made more money splitting rails than I could traveling a circuit when I started. It was not honor, there was no honor about

it; it was to fulfill my own convictions of duty. There was an old Scotch doctor, who was an infidel, in the neighborhood where my father lived, and when I got under very deep conviction my father sent for him to come and see what was the matter with me. The old doctor told me to poke out my tongue, fumbled over my pulse, and pronounced the disease a determination of blood to the head, or brain, and advised me to shave my head, and have a large blister-plaster put on. Well, now, I got full satisfaction out of that old doctor. After God converted my soul I was appointed to preach, but I did not know any thing under the heavens about preaching, but they thought, because I could halloo a little, that I could preach, and when I came to open the services, there was a young lady just before me that fell as if a rifle ball had entered her body. Well, I had never seen the like before. I did not know any thing about it, and I frankly confess to you that I did not know what to do. The old Scotch doctor hustled up and felt her pulse, and if her teeth had not been clinched he would have examined her tongue. He had a vial of hartshorn with him, and he rammed it into her nose, as if she had been a blind horse; but that did not move her nerves. Well, I did not know what to do; the doctor was gray-headed, and I a poor ignorant boy, but I concluded that he must quit that, and I went up to him and said: "Now do n't do that again, the girl is crying for mercy, and I want you to get down on your knees and pray for her."

"I never prayed in my life," said he. "Well," said I, "it is time you were at it." I had never prayed in public in my life, but I got down and did the best I could, and just as I closed my prayer she sprang up like a deer and made for the doctor, and he ran like the devil was after him, when the idea struck me and I cried out, "Doctor, don't run, but just try the virtue of hartshorn to your nose." (Laughter.) He was like most other doctors, he could prescribe very freely, but he could not undertake his own prescriptions.

Through the blessing of God, I do not say it boastfully, but I reckon I have preached as many sermons as any man, but it might take a dozen of them to make one good one. I have had physical labor and mental labor. I have been blessed with many revivals of religion, and have given license to as many preachers, traveling and local, as any living man, and I hail them with delight when I see them succeeding in the ministry.

And now, my brethren, I know you are too warm in this sultry place, and I won't impose myself upon you further, but will draw my remarks to a close.

I have come up to this Conference (for I have never missed but one in my life, and one General Conference), and I feel that I no longer have the strength to labor as a regular traveling preacher. I feel that I must retire; I thought so last Conference, but you saw proper to bid me go to the district and work out the fiftieth year. And now I retire from the regular

work, not because I do not like it, for I say to you one and all, to the young preachers and to the old, that with all the losses and crosses, labors and sufferings peculiar to the life of a Methodist traveling preacher, I would take, if it was left to my choice, the same track over again with the same religion to bear me up, rather than be President of the United States. Glory to God, there is a religion that sustains a man and will bear him on, and up, and through. I have never tried to feel that pasteboard religion that will not allow a man to say amen or shout glory. I have no friendship at all for that kind of Christianity. A Christian still-born into the family of heaven is an anomaly. I love that religion that a man can feel and know for himself, that can support us under trials, that can bear any thing and every thing while God gives us his love in our hearts.

I feel very awkward now, at my advanced age of life, to cut loose from the regular traveling work. I do not want to stagnate. If I was a young man, if I was in mature manhood, I could have no fear, for by the blessing of God I would carve my way through the world; but in my advanced age, my wife only four years behind me, I really do not know where to strike out; I do not know where to find my beginning corner. But I will throw myself first upon the direction and protection of God Almighty, and next to that I throw myself upon the protection and friendship of the Church of God.

Now I wish to say to the brethren, I don't want

you to think that I originated this jubilee—I really do not think I am worthy of it. I have done nothing upon God's earth but what was my duty to do. I hope to meet you and all the children of God in a better clime. I ask your sympathies. I ask your indulgence. I ask your prayers that you will remember an old man who has spent a long life in the service of the Church, and would do it again. May the blessing of the eternal Trinity rest upon you all! Amen.

Next followed the letters of Bishop Morris, the longer entitled "Dr. Cartwright as I have known him:"

SPRINGFIELD, O., August 9, 1869.

*To Rev. A. Buck, J. H. Moore, and C. W. Johnson, Committee:.*

DEAR BRETHREN,—I see no prospect of my being at Dr. Cartwright's jubilee in person, but, if life and health be afforded, I will, in due time, respond by letter.

Yours fraternally,

T. A. MORRIS.

The following letter was accordingly contributed by Bishop Morris:

*To the Jubilee Conference at Lincoln, Logan county, Illinois:*

DEAR BRETHREN,—I should be happy, on many accounts, to meet you in person, if practicable, but this can not be. I respond by letter on the topic assigned me in the programme, namely, "Dr. Cartwright as I have known him."

I knew Rev. Peter Cartwright first from the minutes of the old Western Conference, which body received

him on trial as a traveling preacher in 1804, and by verbal report on Marietta circuit in 1816-1818, where he had preceded me, and left his mark many years previous. My personal acquaintance with him began at a session of the Kentucky Conference, held at Lexington in 1821, to which I had just been transferred from the Ohio Conference. At our first introduction, these words were interchanged: Cartwright—"You are not as old a man as I expected to see; your brother Edmund, of Christian county, is much older." Morris—"It is not usual for brothers to be of the same age." Cartwright—"They come pretty near it when they are twins."

At the close of the Conference, brother Cartwright was appointed presiding elder on Cumberland district, in the mountain region of South-Eastern Kentucky, distant from home; and I was sent to Christian circuit, where the brethren told me that Peter Cartwright had spent thirteen years among them as presiding elder and pastor, alternately, and that the longer he remained and preached among them, the more popular he became. His family residence was near the center of my circuit, and was one of the best homes I had in it.

Brother Cartwright and I were members together of the General Conference of 1824, when Revs. E. Hedding and J. Soule were elected and ordained Bishops. We returned together on horseback from Baltimore to our respective homes, a distance of about eight hundred miles. We were both members of each

successive General Conference until 1836, when it met in Cincinnati, where he was my guest for one month, when I was turned adrift on the "Big Circuit." I presided in Illinois Conference, at Bloomington, in 1839, Dr. Cartwright being a member of my council then and at all subsequent sessions where I was President. Indeed, to see a meeting of presiding elders in Illinois without Peter Cartwright, would be a novelty. If I should drop into council there, after your jubilee, and not see Peter Cartwright, I should feel like I was at a funeral. He was ever on hand in good time, unless confined to bed with severe sickness. He was always loyal to Methodism, and generally voted right, even when in a feeble minority. Years ago the Bishops adopted an administrative rule not to continue the same individual in district work more than eight consecutive years. It was, however, understood, that certain individuals could be better employed in district work than in any other, and, indeed, that some of them could scarcely be employed in any other, and that these should be exceptions to the rule. Among them were named—G. Baker, of Black River; G. Fillmore, of Genesee; and Peter Cartwright, of Illinois Conference.

I could fill a long chapter with incidents characteristic of his eccentricities, but these you know as well as I do. As a Conference debater, he was most successful when he made the least preparation; he could fire off-hand better than he could with dead rest. I wish we had many such in these days of sermon-

reading in the pulpit, but there never was but one Peter Cartwright.

Yours in the Gospel,

T. A. MORRIS.

Bishop Thomson, present in person, followed with remarks upon

"THE HEROES OF METHODISM IN THE WEST."

I am expected to speak of other Western worthies among us. I can speak only of such as I have known.

One of the first Methodist preachers I ever saw was Lorenzo Dow, who came to town without previous notice and put up at a tavern, where he gave annoyance by his reticence. The landlord, determined to find out who his guest was, called in an inquisitive gentleman, who soon began interrogating him. The stranger having answered some questions, discovered that they were but the precursors of an overwhelming shower, arose, and very solemnly approaching the man, hushed him into silence by putting his hands upon his head and uttering a loud prayer and benediction over him, at the close of which he gave him this commission: "Go forth, now, and tell one woman and three men that Lorenzo Dow will preach at the steps of the Court-House to-night." The boys who witnessed the scene reported that the inquisitor had been ordained. The news spread rapidly, and the Presbyterians having solicited the eccentric preacher to occupy their house of worship instead of the Court House, he acceded to their request. He was apparently in his prime, his beard was long, falling upon his breast, and

his whole appearance was patriarchal. The sermon was considered sober, sound, and useful, and but little marred by eccentricity. Perhaps the speaker was restrained by the consideration he received. One sentence only remains on my memory: "Atheists tell us how horses come, but who made the first horse?"

The next sermon I heard was on this wise: Our pastor asked consent of his office-bearers to dispense with service on the succeeding Sabbath, and have his congregation attend the Methodist Episcopal Church, relieving the shock which the proposal occasioned by the statement that it was a Methodist quarterly-meeting, and that the officiating elder, James M'Mahon, was of catholic spirit, and much above his associates, alike in intellect, education, and eloquence. The preacher delivered, in a calm manner, a discourse on charity, which was pronounced unexceptionable by the orthodox, and excellent by all. Mr. M'Mahon retained his reputation to his death. He retired too early from the work of the ministry, not willingly, but because the people, in their clamor for young ministers, fail to appreciate the old. This is one of the great mistakes of the times and the country. The reputation gained for Methodism by the sermon of Mr. M'Mahon was canceled by some discourses preached by Mr. Mitchell, local preacher, who traveled at large as did Lorenzo Dow. He preached on doctrinal topics not defensively only; for, Hannibal-like, he carried the war into the enemy's country. Having been trained under the opposition and scorn with

which Methodism in some parts of the country met in early days, he had mastered the Calvinistic controversy, and learned to cast his arguments without euphemism. It is not enough to say that he was bold, eager, defiant; his attack was terrific. He searched the enemy's garrison out and in, up and down, right and left, backward and forward. It was awful to think of the consequences he deduced from the system of absolute decrees, both in this world and the next. You might almost hear eternal justice, preceded by thunder and begirt by lightning, breaking through the heavens and descending to hell, while the bolts of damnation slip at his approach, and the doomed sufferers come forth at his call to receive the ministries of mercy and the sympathies of the universe. The impression upon my youthful mind was that Calvinists had better not re-open the controversy. I afterward heard of Mr. M. in Detroit. Mrs. A., hostess in that city, told me that in closing one of his sermons there, he said: "Yes, and you, Gov. Cass, and you, Gen. Macomb, [looking these gentlemen in the eye.] will burn like common sinners if you do n't repent." As he entered the dining-hall that day, Mrs. A. said: "Mr. M., you have done more harm than will cancel all the good you have done us." "Do n't be troubled, sister; the Lord will take care of his own cause." While the company were at dinner, a messenger from Gov. Cass was announced, bearing a note for Mitchell. On opening it, Mr. M. found, with the compliments of the Governor, a ten-dollar bill, which he was re-

quested to accept as a token of gratitude for his faithfulness. On visiting Detroit in later years, Mr. M. found a choir in the Methodist church. After he had read his first hymn, he heard the musician tuning his bass-viol, when, with violent gestures, he cried out, "Stop that *ungodly* big fiddle till we get done worship."

For some time after Mr. Mitchell's visit, I heard no Methodism until one Sabbath afternoon, when there was no service at our church; my father, who insisted on a strict observance of the Sabbath, sent his children to Methodist service, the only one held at that hour. As we were starting, my brother said: "Edward, even if the devil were to preach, I believe we should have to go to meeting." It was not he, however, who preached at that time, but a sensible, quiet man, whose name I have forgotten. His doctrine was new to me. Not that I had not read such things as he uttered, but I had never before considered them any thing but matters of speculation.

Now I was told that God does in these days hold intercourse with the soul; that every man may enjoy the intercourse as manifestly (though not in the same way) as Abraham; that he may know by direct assurance that his sins are forgiven, and that he is walking in the favor of God. It struck me, that if true, it is the most amazing truth ever uttered. My heart had always been susceptible to the beauties of nature, and even when a child, while contemplating the deep sea, or the clear sky, the earth wrapped in snow or clad

in verdure, I have bowed reverently before the awful Power that made, pervades, and sustains all things, and have said, "O, that He would speak to me just one word, only 'son,' to let me understand that He knows me, pities me, and will let me call him Father." Now, I was told that this dream of my early childhood could be substantially realized, and that for this doctrine there is Scripture warrant. Though I said nothing of this sermon, it occasioned me much thought.

The Methodist preacher with whom I first formed an acquaintance was Adam Poe, whom I met at a tavern. As we were both going to the same point, he proposed we should take an early start and breakfast on the way. On my remarking that there was no inn at a suitable distance, he said, "I know of a Methodist tavern at the right place." "Very well." Arriving at the house, I, in my simplicity, gave directions as to my horse and breakfast. On calling for my bill, my kind host answered, with a smile, "This is a private house." "Bless me," said I, "how I have been deceived!" and turning to Mr. P., I said, "Did you not tell me that this is a tavern?" "No, sir," replied he firmly, "I said this is a *Methodist* tavern; they do n't make *bills* at Methodist taverns." "And are there such taverns in other parts of the country?" "Yes, sir."

This was a new revelation, which reminded me of the saying of an old woman, "The Methodists are more friendly than any other nation." Nevertheless, could but feel as if I could crawl into a nutshell

when I recollect what a figure I had ent giving orders. After I became a minister, my acquaintance with Mr. P. was renewed, and it continued till his death. His manly form was symbolical of his more manly spirit, which blended meekness with majesty. His sermons—full, well-proportioned, always agreeable, sometimes charming, nowhere rugged, often sublime, and every-where breathing a sweet savor of Christ—corresponded with his own broad, vigorous, redeemed nature. His wisdom is embodied in his works, which still praise him, and will call forth from wiser and better ages the gratitude which contemporaries were too inconsiderate to yield. Shortly after I had formed Mr. Poe's acquaintance, I heard Bigelow. Between the two were remarkable contrasts. Poe's oratory was Ciceronian; Bigelow's, Demosthenean. Poe was over six feet high; Bigelow's person was in striking contrast to his power, as though God had tried into how small a cave he could compress a world of Divine breath.

Having become persuaded that Arminian doctrines best expressed my views of the Word of God, I made bold to visit the circuit preacher and ask for some books which would give me a view of Methodist doctrine. He gave me a Discipline, Watson's Life of Wesley, and the Watson's Institutes, and proposed that for the next six months, I should take the Church on trial, and the Church me, which seemed quite fair. My first pastor, with whom I became quite intimate, although of upright life, prayerful spirit, great indus

try and boldness in his Master's cause, was too transparent to be discreet, and too conscientious to be popular.

Many stories, more amusing than edifying, are told to illustrate his physical strength and patient, but persevering spirit. On one occasion he picked up and carried off a boastful disturber, known as a pugilist, who thenceforward received from his taunting foes the title of Sheldon's baby. On another, having been refused permission to pray in a tent, he kneeled down outside, and while in prayer quietly received from the hand of the owner the contents of a jug of molasses, which slowly flowed over his person like the precious ointment that ran over the beard of Aaron, and down to the skirts of his garment, though it was by no means indicative of brotherly love.

On Mr. S.'s circuit I made trial of the itinerancy, accompanying the preacher on one side of it, and the assistant on the other. It was in Spring-time, and never did the dew-drops seem so pure, or the dawn so holy.

Here I first learned to study my Bible by the rising sun, and to kneel alone in the solemn forest under his setting beams. Sweet counsel did we take by the road-side, and at the hearth-stone too, where a generous hospitality made every comfort free as the mountain spring. Going with moistened eyes from the thicket, our hearts were often cheered as, when we approached the cabin, or the school-house, or the barn, we heard the waiting congregation sing-

ing, "Jesus my all to heaven is gone." Entering, saddle-bags in hand, we often felt a new commission, as we drew forth the pocket Bible and preached the unsearchable riches of Christ on puncheon floors, or on the green grass, while the sinner cried as his heart was touched, the penitent rose happy as a bird when it follows the sunbeams over the hills after the morning shower, and the saints made the forest, as they retired to their homes, ring with halleluiahs. And now, after so many years, a log-cabin embosomed in the woods, a pleasant valley with a murmuring brook and the home of bees, a hill-side with cattle and sheep reposing under the Summer cloud, a crowd gathering in a grove, or a strain of familiar music, sometimes awakens remembrances long laid to sleep, but which the burdened heart would gladly revive. When I entered fully into the itinerancy in the Fall of 1833, I saw its shades as well as lights. Sometimes kindly received, sometimes bluntly; now shivering through the night, now nearly smothered between two feather-beds; now sinking to quiet slumbers in the rich man's down, now stung through the night by mosquitoes in the poor man's milk house; sometimes sweltering under a July sun, sometimes almost frozen, as I swept over the snowy prairies with the speed of the restless wind. I received \$75 for my first year's labor, and shortly after gave a subscription of \$50 to the first Methodist seminary of learning in Ohio; but I have nothing but thanks for the kindness of my first circuit. There was an academy in Norwalk which

had failed, and measures, in which my colleague was active, were taken, by which, on the following year, it was conveyed to the Methodist Episcopal Church; so that, in about a twelvemonth from the time I entered the itinerancy, I saw the Norwalk Seminary opened. Jonathan E. Chaplain, a descendant of Jonathan Edwards through the Dwight line, a graduate of Yale College, a lawyer of distinction, and a man of unfailing wit and humor, who, after having been ruined by intemperance, was strangely redeemed by the power of grace, was the head of the institution, under whose care it prospered for two or three years, when it was consumed by fire. Mr. C. was eminent as a preacher also. He was the head of an academy in Michigan when he died, advising the friends who wept at his bedside to be holy. My acquaintance with Methodist preachers now rapidly extended. One of my neighbors was stationed at Sandusky. We met one day in the woods, and recognized each other at first sight, since which we have been friends who have never for a moment suffered any thing to interrupt our friendship. He is one of the few of whom we may say, as the poet of the Thames,

"Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

In the Irish rebellion of 1798, his father had met the martyr's dangers and felt the martyr's grace. I first saw an Annual Conference in 1835. This was held in Springfield, Bishop Andrew presiding, Bishop Soule

supporting. It was remarkable both for the celebrity of its names and the number of its members, gathered from Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, and Virginia. Among them Bishops Morris and Hamline, the pathetic Collins, the gentle Wright, the excellent Marlay, the wonderful Christie, the noble Swormstedt, the generous and gifted Trimble. Among the strangers were Tomlinson and Baseom. The great attraction of the occasion was the preaching of the latter, to which I yielded myself up as to an elysian dream. A friend behind me every now and then exclaimed: "O, I am afraid he will quit!" Strange to say, while I remember that discourse as wonderful, I can not call to mind any of it. It was an intellectual Aurora Borealis. A friend who said, "He took my soul out of me, and after shaking it well, put it back, without giving a new idea," seems to have had a similar experience. As the preaching of Baseom was like the Aurora, that of Tomlinson was like the North Star.

Among my fellow candidates was one (Granville Moody) who made me think of the grace and power of the young war-horse ranging amid the tall grass and lustrous flowers of the boundless pampas. He has since led soldiers to battle as well as sinners to Christ. All these made a deep impression on mind and heart, and have ever since, with many more, been on my list of friends. But time would fail to tell of those with whom I have found acquaintance in the Conferences to which I have belonged. Many have

been laid in the grave; the greater part survive; but for us the mortal march is closing.

At this Conference, the question of abolition was just beginning to rise upon us. It was doomed to bring upon us some of the severest conflicts of life, and to redder the streams of the land with blood. We found, as early as 1844, that it was more than a dreadful shadow. Happily, the question is settled, and on the foundations of eternal justice! It was at the General Conference of 1844 that I first formed a general acquaintance with the leading men of Methodism. Although the East had some great minds, among whom was Dr. Olin, they, perhaps of set purpose and of good policy, took no leading part. The South and West furnished the master spirits. The Harding battle was fought by Baltimore on one side and by Virginia on the other—John A. Collins being the champion of the one, and Wm. A. Smith of the other, and nobly did they contend. In the Andrew case, the West took the lead against the South. Finley, Akers, Trimble, Ames, Simpson, Power, Cartwright, Elliott, Mitchell, Young, and others stood in solid column, and Durbin and Hamline were their champions, more particularly the latter, who on this occasion made the great speech of his life. It was carefully prepared before it was delivered, and I had the pleasure of hearing the outlines in the orator's private room.

The case of the Bishop being disposed of, when the defeated South approached us in the tene of entreaty,

the most of us yielded. A few, headed by Peter Cartwright, stood firm. A year or so after, while in the office of the Repository, Dr. Elliott, alluding to our action, said to me, "We made a great mistake. Peter Cartwright, John H. Power, and a few others in that Conference, were wise men, the rest of Israel were blinded." God has, in his own time and way, solved our problem, has made the wrath of men to praise him, and rolled the nation up to a nobler, more homogeneous, and more Christian civilization. During the General Conference, Dr. Cartwright was calm, and whenever I met him he had some good hit to make. Once Bascom was talking severely to me in the vestibule, when Peter came to my defense. On another occasion, coming up to a member who was anxious to speak before the vote was taken, Dr. Cartwright said the subject was exhausted, and was anxious to have it disposed of, and then added: "As to you who are loaded and primed, I feel sorry for you, and I intend to move for a committee to take you up to Brooklyn Heights, some afternoon, and fire you off."

Although the Doctor never lost his cheerfulness, I could see, very well, that, like all the rest of us, he felt the importance of the events, and the tremendous nature of the issues before us.

Methodism has changed within the last forty years. How, under losses and opposition, we have strengthened the stakes and stretched the cords of our pavilion I need not speak. With increase of wealth and

influence has come a change in the external form of ecclesiastical life.

Once you were as free in a Methodist Church as a child at home, though under the parental eye, subject to self-imposed restraint. The women were separated from the men, and the religious were as easily distinguishable from the irreligious as the Gulf-stream from the ocean through which it passes. The long rows of sisters, dressed in plain neat garments and Quaker bonnets, reminded you of a bed of lilies in the Spring-time, until, as you looked into their faces, meek, modest, saintly, and all aglow with divine fire, fitted at once to awaken the admiration of the good, and the terror of the wicked, they seemed transformed into a regiment from the armies of the skies. The music, beginning in the pulpit, or beneath it, was caught up by the nearest seats and swelled as it advanced, until all voices joined in a melody fitted to waft the soul to heaven. The prayer-meeting, though sometimes noisy and abrupt, was marked by faith and fervor, and the prayers, whether from strong-voiced men or sweet-voiced women, appeared to scale the skies.

The itinerant, wherever he had his saddle-bags, was at home. Amid changes of exterior life, there is more or less of interior. Christian character is modified by discipline and experience, as the fruit of a tree by the soil and climate in which it is rooted. The caged bird can not have the strong wing that is trained on the skirts of the storm.

The days of the fathers have passed. Their pictures will be preserved in that gallery of portraits drawn by the masterly pencil of Stevens; but the generations to come will not look upon their like. Like priest, like people; the supply will be as the demand, unless now and then one starts up as a prophet of God.

A clergyman in Vermont supplying, the other day, a pulpit of a Church in need of a pastor, thus in his opening prayer gave voice to the wants of the people: "O Lord, send them a pastor; not an old man in his dotage, nor a young one in his goslinghood, but a new-style man with all the modern improvements." Well, we declaim not against the improvements, we resist not the inevitable, but let us bear in mind that, although we put up a house with all the modern improvements, we are just as dependent for water as we were in the cabin. Nor is the water any better for having been drawn through leaden pipe and the silver spigot than it is in the mountain spring.

The minister, no matter how elegant his manners and masterly his speech, if he would cleanse or refresh his people, must give them the water of life, and if he would illuminate and warm them from his golden candlestick, must kindle in their midst the divine fire.

The Church will find, among the savages of the West, the Brahmins of the Ganges, the Mohammedans of the Levant, the Buddhists of China, and the barbarians of the islands of the sea, the need of heroes and martyrs. Even in this country, she will still

have occasion for noblest achievements. Satan is not dead; he has only changed his tactics among us. They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall still suffer persecutions, and though our conflict is transferred to the field of mind, and the weapons are spiritual, the wounds and sufferings are none the less severe, nor the battle the less dreadful. Many a man might face the blasts of the North, or the heat of the tropics, might cheerfully suffer hunger and nakedness, might lead a platoon to the cannon's mouth, or brave death in the pass of Thermopylæ, who, amid the lights, and the music, and the wines of the rich man's palace, would not have courage to be an honest man. There are conflicts upon us which demand the nerve of moral warriors.

Among the contributed letters none is more interesting than that from the President of the Wesleyan Conference in Canada :

LETTER FROM REV. W. M. PUNSHON.

TORONTO, Aug. 26, 1869.

DEAR SIR,—It will not be in my power to attend the celebration to be holden in honor of Dr. Cartwright at the next session of the Illinois Conference. There are many reasons which would have made it a great pleasure to me to have been present. We in England have long been familiar with Dr. Cartwright's name and labors—labors apostolic in their extent, and prosecuted with a bravery like that of chivalry, and with a fidelity to God and to the souls of men

which neither opposition nor discouragement could frighten. It rejoices me to think that these services, which God will reward in his own good time, are not to be forgotten by those on whose behalf they have been rendered. I am sometimes afraid lest we cherish so wholesome a horror of flattery as to impair, if not to destroy, our faculty of appreciation. I know that worldlings *have* their reward, while the good man is content to wait, knowing that his recompense is on high; but it is not seemly that gratitude should find no expression—and no man who is rightly constituted can feel utterly indifferent to the good opinion of his brethren. I rejoice, therefore, at your proposal to do honor to a venerable servant of the Church, and pray, it is all I can do, that there may gather round him the “honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” which the great past presents as the works of green and beautiful age.

I thank the committee for their invitation, and, regretting that I am not able to accept it, have the honor to be, dear sir, yours, faithfully,

W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A.,  
*President of Wesleyan Conference in Canada.*

A letter from Bishop Janes, self-explanatory and interesting, followed. It is entitled,

“DR. CARTWRIGHT AS A PRESIDING ELDER FOR FIFTY YEARS.”

On the 22d of September, 1868, as the presiding Bishop of the Illinois Conference, I performed an act that had no precedent, and will have no repetition.

The action took place in the regular routine of official service. It was unheralded, without display, and at the time did not attract much public attention. Though an official act, it gave me much personal pleasure. I refer to my appointment of Rev. Peter Cartwright, D. D., for the *fiftieth time*, as presiding elder of a district. This appointment finds its sublimity and interest in the fact of its being the half-hundredth appointment. In this particular, Dr. Cartwright as presiding elder, and myself as bishop stand "unrivaled and alone." There has been one remarkable event in each of our lives. Thank Dr. Cartwright for the honor derived from this association. We need have no fear that any one will take this crown from us. It is not reasonable to suppose the transaction will ever be duplicated.

The fact that Dr. Cartwright has filled this important and laborious office in the Church for half a century, illustrates the beneficence of God's providence to him. How constant that care must have been, and that divine supervision that protected and preserved him from casualties and diseases in his constant journeyings in a new country, exposed to all inconveniences and privations! The heat and malaria of Summer, and the prairie's bleak and chilling storms of Winter, the long and wearisome rides, the exhausting public services, and the daily care of all the Churches, have been sufficient to break down the physical health of any man unsustained by the special providence of God.

I know of no clearer proof of the maxim, "man is immortal until his work is done," than is furnished by this long, perilous, toilsome official life of Dr. Cartwright. It also exhibits strikingly the intellectual endowments and attainments of the man.

The office is one of many difficulties and great delicacy. The condition and interests of the Churches are to be comprehended, the special gifts, aptitudes of the preachers, are to be perceived and rightly estimated. The office requires him to be the loving, wakeful overseer of the Churches committed to his care, the special friend and judicious adviser of the pastors on his district, and the competent and faithful counselor of the bishop who presides at his conference. A failure in either of these respects renders a presiding elder unacceptable, and works his displacement from the office. Standing in this relation and position for half a century establishes abundantly the capacity of the man.

During Dr. Cartwright's administration as a presiding elder, there have been some violent agitations in the Church. But when the tempest was most violent, his bold heart, and steady purpose, and strong arm held the ship in her course.

A certain class of persons in speaking of successful men are accustomed to say, "circumstances make men." If this proposition were true, circumstances can not make the "raw material," can not create the elements of power, can only develop them.

But the reverse of this proposition is true. Men

make circumstances, and control them as they arise. None but a man of inherent power, of careful observation, of great sagacity, of comprehensive views, of sound judgment, and of practical wisdom, could have taken and held with honor and usefulness this high position in the Church for fifty years. This fact stamps him an eminent man. It also establishes his Christian integrity ; a man so prominent in the public eye, so constantly under the inspection of his brethren, undergoing fifty formal examinations by his Conference, could not have endured the scrutiny, and retained the confidence and affections of the Church and its administrative authorities, without being faithful to his trust and true to his God.

To have performed the critical duties of his office, and exercised the functions of his ministry for more than sixty years, with an unblemished reputation, shows him to be an honest man, and a true Christian.

Dear, venerable servant of Jesus Christ, God has wonderfully protected and preserved your life. He has enriched you with great physical and mental energies. He has endued you with the virtues and graces of the Holy Spirit. He has given you great favor with your brethren, and crowned your life with sublime results.

We magnify the grace of God in you, as you retire from the office you have so well filled for half a century. Our benedictions are upon you. We will continue to pray to your God and our God that his presence may go with you through all that remains of

the pilgrimage of earth, and that when we, too, have finished our course and the ministry we have received of the Lord Jesus Christ, we may share with you forever the glory of such as have turned many to righteousness.

Yours in Christ,

E. S. JANES.

The afternoon exercises were now encroaching upon the supper hour, and it was decided to have an evening session.

#### EVENING SESSION.

A hymn and a devout, moving prayer, by Rev. Wm. Butler, D. D., was followed by Rev. Dr. Crary's address, entitled,

#### DR. CARTWRIGHT, IN HIS RELATION TO THE BOOK CONCERN AND PRESS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Sixty-five years ago, one might have seen a "lone horseman," to use the language of romance, starting from Mt. Gerizim, Ky., if any one can tell where that is, mounted upon a noble steed, bound for a longer journey than any one has ever gone before on horseback. That lone horseman is among us to-day, but where, alas! are the old horses and the old saddle-bags? The saddle-bags were well filled with many things, among which were books for study and for sale, and this is the point where our place in this programme comes in. The old horse that bore our hero from Mt. Gerizim is gone, and after him, in regular succession, thirty or forty other horses have been

ridden down by this lone horseman, who, like the wandering Jew, never has stopped, and, it is fair to presume, never will, seeing he has resolved not to locate until the abdication and location of Beelzebub.

Lest we wander too much from our part, we will stop and look into the old saddle-bags of the Methodist itinerants. What they carried we need not tell, except that the books for sale were often of great weight, adding much to the labor of the good old itinerant horses. The hymn-book, the Discipline, and the Bible were all there, for they were the implements of war, the sources of victory. The lone horseman from the Kentucky mountains carried his sermons in his head, and so did not weigh down his horse with these. The new books were for sale, and when sold, helped to spread the knowledge of the truth. For aught we know the saddle-bags of a half-dozen itinerants might have contained the entire Book Concern in 1804. That is a period so long before we were born that we scarcely dare to look the fact in the face, but, nevertheless, it is true that an itinerant from Mt. Gerizim is among us, having wandered over-sixty-five years to reach this place. The books in the saddle-bags were sold, and are still doing their work on the mountains of the Cumberland, in the valleys of Kentucky, on the plains of Illinois. The life of Wesley, Fletcher, Carvosso, or Bramwell, sold long ago, moves the souls of the third or fourth generation of men. This was the origin of the Methodist Book Concern; it was born in Peter Cartwright's saddle-bags. Had

it not been for the itinerant saddle-bags the Book Concern might have been still in the Crosby-street shanty, not having stock enough to load a hand-cart. From the saddle-bags it rose to the shanty, from that through various gradations up to the magnificent quarters where we trust it may still grow a hundred-fold.

Dr. Cartwright rode from Mt. Gerizim a merchant and an evangelist, a clergyman in the regular succession, and a colporteur. From the first day of his itinerant life, sixty-five years ago, to this auspicious day, he has been a friend of the Book Concern. Notwithstanding our rapid advancement in civilization and in religion we look back with veneration upon the saddle-bag dispensation.

The phenomenon we contemplate is unique and wonderful, and carries our thoughts backward far beyond our time, and forward to the promised triumph of Christianity. Dr. Cartwright links the early pioneers to the coming millions, and presents to us striking lessons of practical philosophy in a life singularly varied and eventful.

One of the most honorable characteristics of our fathers was their devotion to learning, and their self-sacrificing efforts to spread knowledge. The Book Concern is one of the results of their interest in education. Men who had not, in early life, the advantage of a collegiate education, earnestly devoted themselves to the work of building colleges. Men who had a very meager supply of religious books

worked zealously to found a great religious publishing house, which sends forth annually many millions of pages of pure literature to enlighten and bless mankind. Dr. Cartwright became intimately associated with the leading men of the Church long before most of us were born. He has been in every General Conference from 1816 to this time, except those of 1832 and 1864. He was among the heroic founders and early patrons of the Book Concern, and saw it in its infancy and feebleness, and assisted in securing its prosperity and growth by drawing around it the affections of the people. Dr. Cartwright had a clear insight into the future when, long ago, he bravely advocated the employment of laymen as presidents of colleges, professors, editors, and book agents. Such a policy would release many ministers from secular labors, that they might devote themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, while it would throw a large share of the responsibility of our great material interests upon the laity of the Church. Dr. Cartwright also advocated the establishment of a branch book concern on the banks of the Mississippi. The first Methodist paper for the South-West was published at Mount Carmel, Ill. After this an effort was made to establish a paper at Quincy; and all these efforts culminated in the establishment of the Depository and the Central Christian Advocate at St. Louis, in 1852. Dr. Cartwright served many years as a member of the Book Committee, and always advocated the most liberal policy toward our South-Western Depos.

itory. The sagacity which led to the establishment of a paper and depository at St. Louis, will be more than justified in the stupendous growth of the Valley of the Mississippi, and in the removal of the nation's capital to the great center overlooking the bosom of the Father of Waters.

The Central Christian Advocate was the outgrowth of that prudent foresight which sees into the events of the future far enough to understand the tendency of the age and its necessities. Our Book Concern is a magnificent monument of the wisdom of our fathers, and in behalf of the young men of the Church we to-day render thanks to all the illustrious co-workers of our excellent friend who for sixty-five years has given his whole heart to works of charity, and to the Gospel of Christ. Bending over us there may be even now hosts of the mighty dead—Asbury, M'Ken-dree, Roberts, the heroes of the old Western Conference, the great company who have gained the goal, the brave horsemen who fought well and died well. The old saddle-bags are laid aside, the old books may be made into other books, friends of the olden times are gone; friends of the first three decades of the itinerant life of Dr. Cartwright are nearly all gone; converts on the Cumberland, on the Tennessee, on the Kentucky, Ohio, Mississippi, Illinois, are gone, yet the lone horseman is seen still, the sublimest feature of an autumnal scene, where Winter and Summer shake hands. Away in the dim distance behold the passing throngs; the bold horseman is among

them, but they melt away until he stands alone, and ever-moving multitudes still press around and disappear. The stately monuments of human ambition crumble to dust, but this man survives. Statesmen, orators, ministers, rise and fall, but one man witnesses the wrecks, and still moves on. Venerable man, noble horseman from the far-off Mt. Gerizim, we pay to thee the honors due to age, that we may stimulate in the hearts of our young men veneration for hoary hairs and heroic deeds! We hope to keep the heritage our fathers have given us. Our Book Concern has grown from nothing to a million, and is yet in its youth. Its presses will multiply as the ages roll on, until the knowledge of the Lord shall spread throughout the whole earth. By and by the gates, even now ajar, will be wide open, and we shall see into the celestial city. One by one our names shall be stricken from the Conference roll, and our friends, gathering at the river, shall welcome us. By and by, when the Secretary of the Conference shall, with subdued voice, call the name of Peter Cartwright, some friend on earth may whisper, "Absent from the body," but angels will answer, "Present with the Lord."

Have you ever heard the roll called after the battle? O, the silence! O, the heart-aching, as companion answers for companion! When the final roll-call of time is made, and our names are read for the last time on earth, may our record be—"Died on the field of battle!"

This paper was introductory to a letter received from Bishop Ames.

THE BISHOP'S LETTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., September 16, 1869.

REV. H. BUCK—*Dear Brother*,—Pardon my apparent neglect in not sooner replying to your letter. Not until last night did I abandon the hope of being at your Conference. I now give it up. Dr. J. P. Newman expects to be there. I have informed him of your plans, and I think, if desired, he will say something on the theme on which you desired me to speak. May God be with you, and bless you, and all the ministers of the Conference!

Yours truly,

E. R. AMES.

Loud calls from the audience compelled Dr. Newman to speak.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. NEWMAN.

Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, D. C., addressed the meeting as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT,—The grandeur of this occasion is sufficient to embarrass an ordinary man. To stand in the place of a Bishop is an increased embarrassment; and to appear upon this platform, surrounded by so many manuscripts, is the climax of my embarrassment. [Laughter and cheers.] Mental philosophers refer us to the law of association, and they assert that, while a man never disremembers any impression made upon the mind, he may not recall it at

the time being, but by the laws of association the impression is recalled; and so, while it is the province of the imagination to create new ideas, it is the province of that faculty of the mind to create new conceptions out of old; so the association, in obedience to the law which I have referred to, suggests to my mind the four Peters—Peter the Great, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Fisherman, and Peter the Cartwright. [Laughter and cheers.]

Strong in his muscular development, powerful in his physique, with dome-like forehead, with immense face, sometimes kindled with the smile of an angel, and when wrathy, with a face that looked like a demon—with long swinging gait, his arms swinging as he walked—Peter the Great laid the foundation of the great Russian Empire. Associating experience with theory, he learned the art of ship-building and the science of navigation, that he might give to Russia her first navy; and then, organizing the first Russian army, he prepared the way for the great glory, in wealth, in learning, in freedom, of the present Czar of all the Russias.

Of common form, of brilliant intellect, with the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn, Peter the Hermit visited the Holy Land, and there beholding the hateful Crescent in triumph over the Cross, he returned to Germany, and by the power of his eloquence he roused Pope Urhan; roused the counts and dukes of Germany and Italy; roused all Christians throughout that portion of the world, and led

on the grand crusade to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of infidels; and under his burning eloquence kings poured forth their treasures; queens consecrated their jewels, and the chivalry and gentry of civilized Europe hastened and rallied round the banners of the Crusaders and went forth, and were not content till the whole of Palestine, from ancient Antioch down to Gaza, was rescued from the hated and hateful Mussulman, and, Jerusalem opening its gates, the Crescent went down and the Cross went up in triumph.

Born on the shore of Gennesaret, his mind and his physique partaking of the natural features of his birthplace, Peter the Apostle was a man pre-eminently adapted for the age in which he lived, to accomplish the great purpose of the Divine Providence in promulgating the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Go to his native city of Bethsaida, stand on the pebbly shore of the little beach where he spread his fish-net, behold that sheet of water now smiling lovingly as a mountain lake, and anon, fretted by the winds coming down the neighboring gorges, beaten into a furious storm. Surrounded on the one hand by beautiful valleys, and on the other by bold and craggy mountains, Peter the Fisherman partook in mind and character of the natural features of his native place. He, indeed, was an impulsive man, and of all the apostles, of all the members of the apostolic college, from the very impulsiveness of his nature, he could respond to the question, if put, whether he was sanc-

tified, "I am sanctified in spots." [Laughter.] Going from his native town on his great mission, he paused at Joppa, and entered the hotel of one Simon, a tanner, and lodged in an upper room. We do not learn whether he roused all the waiters in the house, and asked for a hatchet to "blaze his way down," or not. [Laughter.] Mr. President, I confess to you that one of the profoundest problems within the range of Bible history, is the selection of men, of the twelve apostles, to preach the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. A general must exercise extraordinary skill in the selection of his staff-officers; but what wisdom it required—wisdom of human character—what adaptation of mental and physical characteristics, to select twelve men to be the preachers of a Gospel adapted to all mankind! Only the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily, in whom were all the treasures of wisdom, was capable of selecting these twelve men. And if you will analyze their characters—if you will trace out their history—if in this day you will ascertain more correctly the peculiar work assigned to each, whether in the sacred canon as writers, or in their several fields as preachers, you will discover a wonderful adaptation in the man for his work.

But taking the Apostle Peter, how wondrously he was qualified for his important post! When I consider the character of the populace of Palestine, and especially of Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost, it was a Western populace, with all the characteristics

displayed in days of yore, in the early manhood of our venerable father; but without detaching a single iota from the intellectual ability or the spiritual endowment of any of the other apostles, you will agree with me in the assertion that of the twelve apostles Peter only was qualified to grapple with that murderous mob which had just crucified the Lord of Glory, and which had gathered round him on the day of Pentecost. Has it ever occurred to you why it was that his sermon is reported and not the sermons of the others? It is stated that they preached, but he evidently was the pre-eminent speaker of the day. Having the robust courage of an angel in his soul, and with an eye beaming with celestial light, and a voice that thrilled the hearts of the most debased before him, it was he, Peter the rude, Peter the unlettered, who had never rubbed even so much as the back of his head against a college wall—it was Peter the Fisherman who was called to grapple with that polyglottic crowd. And this suggests to my mind the great conception of pioneering, and the populace of the West, unto whom this venerable man of God was sent years ago. Coming from the East, where social custom transformed the land into steady habits; where the Sabbath was a day of melancholy rather than of Christian joy; where the restrictions of a false morality were absolutely hateful, and in the great reaction of mind and morals had turned many to infidelity, or, at all events, to Unitarianism; from such a land they came; and coming to the West, it

was only in obedience to the laws of mind that, once free from these social, domestic, and religious restraints, they should develop a hardihood of character and an indifference of restraint, almost licentiousness of thought as well as licentiousness of action, which required a second Peter to grapple with them—a Peter who had an arm of flesh as well as a word of power, and who, at times, believed in a dispensation of muscular Christianity as well as a dispensation of the Holy Ghost. [Laughter.] If we may be permitted to run the parallel between Peter the Fisherman and Peter the Cartwright, if you examine the physical and mental characteristics of the one and the other, the parallel is quite perfect. In a sudden impulse, Peter the Fisherman smote off the ear of Malchus; and if our Peter did not smite off the ear, I have no doubt he has boxed the ears of many a Malchus. [Laughter and cheers.] Then there is another grand point of comparison. Notwithstanding all the Popes have come from Peter, yet it is a fact that Peter has a wife; for it is said that Peter's wife's mother was sick of the fever, and Jesus healed her; and if Peter's wife's mother was sick of the fever, it is clear that Peter had a wife, and, thank God, we do not read that he ever divorced his wife. Thank God that in the State of Illinois, where divorces are so cheap and so plenty, this venerable man of God has lived with the companion of his life for many years—sixty-three years—and never divorced her. [Cheers.] O, I would make you serious, citizens, on this tremendous point. ["Amen."]

The three immutable things in this world are the Family, the Church, and the State. No matter what may be the relation of the family to England, to Ireland, or to Scotland, the family in America underlies our civil, political, and religious institutions, and their prosperity and glory. The American home must be the home of purity—[“Amen”]—the home of respect, the home of authority. There is only one crime recorded in God’s holy law that can sever man and wife, and woe be to the man, woe be to the woman, woe be to the legislators, woe be to the Governors, and woe be to the Christian ministers that will allow man and wife to be separated for any other consideration than the one stated in God’s holy law. [Cheers.] O, marriage, beautiful marriage! Old as the oldest time, coming down covered with the fragrance from the bowers of Eden, where the first man and woman stood before the bridal altar, and God Almighty for high-priest to perform the marriage ceremony! Beautiful institution! May it remain pure in America! May the children of America have it to say that their parents lived together in all the purity, all the sanctity, and all the happiness of marriage! [“Amen.”] If it were not digression, I would like to launch a tremendous thunder-bolt at old Brigham Young and the Mormons. [“Go ahead.”] If my venerable father here were a young man, he would leave your crowded cities, and you would hear his voice thundering against the gates of Salt Lake City; and if he got a chance to stand up in the great wigwam, synagogue, coliseum,

or whatever you choose to call it, he would not mince matters, but he would thunder out against the terrible crime of bigamy and polygamy, and demand that there shall be duality in marriage as recognized by Christianity. [Cheers.] It is the dishonor of the past administration—thank God it is gone! [“Amen”]—that Mormonism was suffered to flourish; and it will be the glory of the present administration if it is swept out, even with the besom of destruction.

It is another beautiful thought, suggested by this comparison, that if Peter, in an hour of desertion—desertion by his fellow-apostles—if, in an hour of tremendous accusation, he denied his Master—thank God! the venerable man who sits before us to-night has passed the ordeal of a laborious and vexatious public life, and never betrayed his Master—never denied the Lord Jesus Christ. [Cheers.] It is a relieving thought that in after life Peter consecrated his remaining days to his Master, and sanctified his ministry by a martyr’s death. While he passed from the cross of crucifixion to his reward, the venerable Dr. Cartwright is surrounded with his children in the Gospel, and with those who desire to soothe his declining years, and to prepare his pathway to the tomb, that it shall be one of peace; and that he shall close his life in the bosom of his friends, amid the prayers of those who anticipate a reunion at God’s right-hand.

The idea of pioneering suggests to my mind the peculiarities of a man fitted for a given end. Take, for instance, the two great characters in the history of

the past, Wesley and Whitefield—the latter like a Summer cloud, which at morn or noon broke in rich profusion over a vast tract of country, but takes the rest of the day to gather again; the former, like the polished conduit in the midst of the garden, from which living waters flow in pearly brightness and perennial music the livelong day. Whitefield, after preaching, lay upon his couch spent, death-like, panting, and exhausted; but Wesley, after a sermon, would mount his pony and trot off to a neighboring village, bait his charger, talk a little sermon to the villagers, and then mount his pony and trot off again. Whitefield had a great explosive power, and by one tremendous sermon would detach materials enough from the mine of humanity for other men's long day's work; while Wesley loved to turn and beautify each fragment into a polished stone for the temple of God.

Now, look abroad upon your mighty West; who was better adapted to grapple with the peculiarities of the age, and with the peculiar temperament of the people and their religious demands, than Dr. Cartwright? And the results of his ministry in the State of Illinois are a thousand ministers, or more perhaps, regular and local, thirty thousand members, and four million dollars' worth of church property. These are but the results, briefly stated, of a ministry replete with toil, full of cares, crowded with anxieties, and to-night crowned with triumph. If the past has been laborious and full of anxieties, what must be the vision of the future? He has impressed his sturdy

common sense upon the educational, political, benevolent, and religious enterprises of the West; and as the West shall develop to its perfection in all its amplitude, it will simply be the development of one mind, richly endowed by nature, and cultured in the stern school of experience—a mind baptized with the *afflatus* from on high. What a beautiful example it is this venerable minister of Jesus Christ gives us as to the spirit that should inspire a minister of Jesus Christ! We sometimes dwell upon the difference between the ministers past and the ministers present. No doubt there is an essential difference. There is a cry to-day against educated ministers and the danger that education will be substituted for that divine unction which is so essential to the successful preaching of Christ. There may be danger at this point; but the thought I want to bring out is this, that our fathers taught us that successful preaching was in the declaration of personal experience—in the announcement of sweet communion with God daily enjoyed; and if there is any difference between the preaching of the past and the preaching of the present, it is simply in this, that the preachers of the past were always dwelling upon a rich experience, an experience that humanity has been sighing for. Woe be to the day when the ministers of our Church shall cease to be experimental preachers! [“Amen.”] They may speak in sentences of fire; they may write in lines of light; their burning eloquence may raise rhetoric into logic, and thrill the most debased with the truthfulness of the religion they

preach ; yet, without this grand experience, rich, and even fresh, the ministry will be but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Take, for instance, the days of Louis XIV. What magnificent pulpit orators were in France at that time ! Fenelon, Bourdaloue, and Massillon—these men had every perfection of rhetoric and oratory, and their sermons are read by us to-day with marvelous satisfaction ; yet, their preaching was as moonbeams on a frozen ocean. But take the fathers of this country—old brother Abbott and brother Newman—though when brother Abbott would show how souls were saved, he would say Jesus Christ was an “oyster-man,” misinterpreting the passage, “Thou art an austere man.” Yet these men were full of experience, and their hearts appealed with power to the hearts of the people. What is the sum and substance of pioneer preaching ? First of all, it is going in advance of thickly populated towns and cities, and the announcement of personal experience, rich and fresh every day, that will thrill the heart with profound emotions. I have already detained you too long ; I thank you for your attention. I cherish in my heart the profoundest gratitude for the labors of our venerable father in Christ. God grant that when he dies angels may bear him on high to glory. [Loud applause.]

“THE ITINERANT PATH-FINDER”

Was the theme assigned to Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D., who responded by letter.

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 9, 1869.

*Rev. and Hon. J. H. Moore, etc.:*

DEAR BRETHREN,—I sincerely regret that I can not, in person, attend the jubilee celebration of Dr. Cartwright's presiding eldership, but will try to be on hand at his Centennial.

You asked me to speak of "The Itinerant as the Path-finder and Pioneer of Civilization." To do that, were to transcribe chapters from the Book of Acts, of Peter I and II—Cartwright and Akers—men who threaded forests to tell hardy woodmen and squatters how to become plants of the Father's right-hand, trees of righteousness; who along sinuous and malarious rivers searched scattered settlements to speak of "the river that maketh glad the City of God;" men of Christly daring, who cut loose from the base of temporal supplies, and plunged into roadless wastes, guided by the stars of heaven, that wandering men and women in gloom and grief might see "the bright and morning star," and seeing, *live!*

These stalwart heroes builded wiser than they knew, for without prophetic prescience they could not have estimated the magnitude of the consequences to follow upon their track. How the log chapels they dedicated were to be nuclei of cities; how along the "trails" their keen instinct or faultless wood-craft chose, should wind the iron way with train of fire, and how glorious institutions of learning should blossom out of the seed thought they sowed in tears, or shoutings, they could hardly surmise. Fifty years back they

could not have pre-written even the partially developed results of to-day—that was only within the ken of the ALL-SEEING. Blessed are our eyes, for they see! But they caught the footstep of the coming millions, and with wise forethought, patient toil, and persistent self-denial, made ready for them. How much this nation owes them for its system of education, for its high moral convictions, for its restless and resistless enterprise, and its sturdy, fiery patriotism, shall never be known in time!

But above all else, honored be the Itinerant Pathfinders, that along all highways and by-ways they carried a pure evangelism. It was a sturdy Gospel, too, they thundered in the ears of sturdy men. They believed nothing would so uplift men as the Cross. With clarion tones they every-where proclaimed the sad *Brotherhood of Death*: “We thus judge . . . all are dead.” The sin-blight was upon all, none escaped. They also taught the *Brotherhood of Redemption*: “And that *He died for all*.” They put that into song and sermon, into prayer and exhortation, and there was power in it because true *per se*, and *there was no mental reservation behind it*. To these they added the *Brotherhood of Privilege*, for they cried: “He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, *but unto Him which died for them*.” Wonderful power had the thought of triple fraternity! It saved men, and in so doing, saved the State! And who can tell how much this pioneer theology of equality had to do in creating

the political philosophy which later said, "*All men are equal before the law!*"

To-day, then, in the tender glory of this early Autumn time, I gladly send from beside the Chesapeake, beyond the mist-mantled, laurel-crowned Alleghanies, to my own loved prairies—God's broad gardens where he grows flowers and *men*—my humble tribute to the life-long devotion, tireless industry, and quenchless zeal of Peter Cartwright, and such as he. From him I have often been compelled to differ on more than one ecclesiastical question, for the old chieftain has *an opinion* as well as a will of his own—yet I greatly honor him for what *he is*, and for what *he has* done.

I am a Western man —others must speak for the East. As a Western man I have seen the abiding work of the glorious Path-finder of our Itinerancy, the scouts and engineers of the coming army—its commander when it had come. I know in part "their works, their labor, their patience; how they could not bear them that were evil; how they tried them which said they were apostles (or their sole *successors*), but were not, and found them liars; how they have borne, and had patience, and for the Master's sake have labored and have not fainted." I have, with moistened eyes, looked upon their achievements; with grateful heart and honored feet have entered into their labors. Honored be their names! Ever green and fragrant be their memory, and their final reward such as He who walks amid the golden candlesticks will love to bestow!

T. M. EDDY.

## "THE SPIRIT AND GENIUS OF METHODISM"

Elicited the following letter, from Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., editor of the New York Christian Advocate:

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1869.

*Revs. H. Buck and others:*

BRETHREN,—Your kind invitation to be present at your approaching jubilee, in commemoration of the completion of the half century's service in the office of presiding elder of Rev. Dr. Cartwright, and to participate in its exercises, was duly received. I have delayed my answer, hoping that by some possibilities I might accept it, and be with you to enjoy the rare privileges that the occasion will afford. But despairing of that hope, I now write to render you my thanks for the great compliment you have given me in so inviting me, and to express my regrets at not being able to accept your call, and to make my apologies for my absence.

I can not, however, permit the opportunity to pass without saying a word respecting the wonderful man whom you propose to honor—and in knowing whom, you do more especially honor yourselves—and also of that wonderful system of evangelical power and ecclesiastical effectiveness, by virtue of which alone such a character has become a possibility.

Peter Cartwright is a name not soon to be effaced from the memories of men. It is impressed indelibly in the primary formation of the society of the North-West. Especially will it be borne onward upon

the current of time and events, as a watch-word in the annals of Methodism. And yet the time may come when that name shall suggest no more than a myth or legend; while still the influence of his life and career shall continue with unabated force, mingling with the activities of after generations. Some lives are like mountain torrents, which rush foaming downward to be absorbed by the sands of the valley; others like rills from living fountains, which, though but little seen, are every-where revealed along their courses by the greenness and fertility that mark their course. These are those of the great and good, who, though often not celebrated in story, bless the world with the savor of their noble deeds.

But most forms of human excellence are only the incarnation of some spiritual good, long unrecognized for want of a medium suitable for the manifestation. So, in the case of our venerable friend, the qualities for which his memory will be cherished, and his name honored in coming times, are but the genius of Methodism, possessing and actuating a suitable human heart and mind.

Methodism is not simply nor essentially a system of doctrines and ethics, nor, outwardly, only a spirit of Christian activity. It is a life and spirit operating in a special and peculiar mode. First of all, it transforms and renews the soul, and then impels that renewed soul upon society, to communicate its spirit to others, and to assimilate all susceptible souls to its own image. This, indeed, is true of vital and active

Christianity in all its forms. But Methodism, as we see and recognize it, is something more than "Christianity in earnest;" *it is vital Christianity in organic activity.* The incidents of the system are essential to its being. Its one essential and characteristic feature is its itinerancy, which includes the Divine call to the ministry; the apostolic character of ministerial labor; an evangelism which goes forth, unasked, to seek for lost souls, and a pastorate that is not that of the hireling serving for a price, but the work of true undershepherds, appointed by Him "whose own the sheep are," and looking only to Him for a reward. Such is the character of the genuine Methodist itinerant, and the pervading spirit of real Methodism. But when our Methodism shall retire to its parishes, and its minister enter upon its sacred work without the impulse of the "woe" that awaits the disobedient; when idle ones shall stand in the market places all the day because no man has hired them, then will they have ceased to bear worthily the name that the fathers of Methodism have left to them. Just so far as the services of our ministry shall come to be measured by their pecuniary reward, so far that ministry will lack the true genius of Methodism. It has been because the life and conduct of Peter Cartwright have steadily soared above such base motives and influences, that his career has rivaled in its labors and successes, the chiefest of Christ's apostles—that his pathway through life has been all along a divine illumination, which is destined to move onward with increasing brightness, till

it mingles with the glories of the New Jerusalem. Praying that the great Head of the Church may ever grant to our highly favored Methodism such a ministry, I remain, dear brethren,

Yours in Christ,

DANIEL CURRY.

The State of Illinois has four Annual Conferences, three of them subdivisions of the old Illinois Conference. One of them, the Rock River, presented her compliments through

REV. HOOPER CREWS,

Who presented the greetings of the Rock River Conference to Dr. Cartwright. He said that in 1840 the Rock River Conference was formed, the line having been previously agreed upon by the session of the Illinois Conference that met in Bloomington in 1839. These lines left in the bounds of the Rock River Conference an immense territory, uninhabited at that time. Subsequently these lines of division were changed and moved further south. In 1844 the Iowa Conference was organized, taking off the west part of their territory, and in 1848 the Wisconsin Conference was formed, taking off their territory on the north. In 1856 the Central Illinois Conference was formed. When he came into the Illinois Conference, in 1834, there were forty-four men appointed within its bounds. He came with a hearty congratulation to Dr. Cartwright from the Rock River Conference, who loved and appreciated his virtues and excellence. They knew of him not so much from personal ac-

quaintance, as from what they had read. Some of the pioneers of that Conference are now in other Conferences, and others had gone to their reward. The present laborers in the work, with few exceptions, had only known Dr. Cartwright from passing acquaintance, yet they knew of him as a pioneer minister, one who had devoted his whole life to the work, and who had laid the foundations of Methodism in a great part of the North-West. They desired most heartily to offer to him their congratulations on this occasion.

Bishop Simpson, unable to attend, sent his regrets as follows:

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 21, 1869.

*Rev. H. Buck:*

DEAR BROTHER,—I find that my duties, in my present state of health, will not permit my attendance at your Conference to take part in the jubilee exercises. Wishing you a happy occasion, and that Dr. Cartwright may be spared for several years of active labor after the jubilee,

I am yours truly,

M. SIMPSON.

HON. RICHARD YATES' LETTER.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Sept. 24, 1869.

*Rev. H. Buck, W. E. Johnson, and J. H. Moore:*

DEAR FRIENDS,—Just returned to-day from California, I regret I find it out of my power to respond to your kind invitation to be present at the demonstration of Conference in honor of Rev. Dr. Cartwright.

I have known Dr. Cartwright for thirty years, and often sat under his preaching in the palmy days of his great power. I desire to unite with you in doing honor to this veteran pioneer of the Methodist Church, who for more than half a century has, with wonderful eloquence, herculean energy, and wide-reaching results, borne aloft the standard of our Christian faith.

During the war, when the Governor of the State needed the support of all good men in the Union cause, he felt cheered and strengthened by the earnest approval and strong influence of Peter Cartwright. You may set it down for certain that "Uncle Peter" is a patriot of the George Washington stamp.

Long will the memory of Peter Cartwright live in the minds and the hearts of men, and the annals of the Church and of this eventful age, as one of the tallest and grandest heroes and pioneers of our Western Christian civilization.

*It is beautiful to do him honor.* Please to give the noble old man a warm shake of the hand for

RICHARD YATES.

The address of the Southern Illinois Conference was presented through

REV. JOHN VAN CLEVE, D. D.

He said that the year 1804 was memorable in the history of Methodism, for in that year the first missionary was appointed to the Territory of Illinois, and

Methodism first received an organized form in the Illinois territory. Their first church was at New Design, in Monroe county, four miles south of Waterloo, in the bounds of the Southern Illinois Conference. There Methodism first commenced, and there Dr. Cartwright attended the first Conference that was held in the State, in 1824. He addressed him as Peter Cartwright, the backwoods preacher, and as such brought him the congratulations of the Southern Illinois Conference. He addressed him as Peter Cartwright, the presiding elder of fifty years, and as such brought him their greetings; and he addressed him as Dr. Cartwright—not one of those artificial doctors, but a real doctor in divinity, whose divinity was sound at the core, and always had been so. He never heard Dr. Cartwright preach a sermon that had one jot or tittle of heresy in it. Referring to the revivals which Dr. Cartwright had been instrumental in promoting, he expressed a hope that the time would never come when the Holy Spirit would leave their Methodist theology, or when it would be wanting in their Methodist preaching. When he first came to the State, and became connected with the Church in Illinois, they had two States in one Conference, and about sixty preachers in two States. And when, at the Conference held at Vincennes in 1830, he spoke of a division of the Conference, it was said they had not members enough in the two States to make more than one respectable Conference. But they did divide in 1832, and made two Conferences out of the two

States. They had twenty-seven members in Illinois, and met in the log school-house at Jacksonville. After they had been separated a few years, they had the Rock River Conference taken off; and where they had one Conference in 1830, they now had fourteen Annual Conferences, and where they had but a few preachers they now had thousands, and almost two hundred thousand members. In little Southern Illinois they had twenty thousand persons in full membership, and some four or five thousand probationers in the Church at this time; and loving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, they were going on to perfection in Christian experience. [“Amen.”] He was the only effective preacher that had met at that Conference. He felt he was growing old, though Dr. Cartwright had been in the ministry precisely as long as he had been in the world. He hoped for a higher jubilee, when they should celebrate, not the fiftieth year of any man’s presiding eldership, but the coronation of the dear Savior himself. God bless brother Cartwright, and bring them all to that endless inheritance for his name’s sake! [“Amen.”]

Rev. William J. Rutledge, according to the topic assigned him, gave some laughable incidents in Cartwright’s life.

Rev. J. L. Crane was charged with the presenting the address of the Illinois Conference, but the lateness of the hour precluded his speaking more than a few sentences.

## THE PRESENTS.

All this reminiscence, praise, and verbal tribute was followed by more substantial tokens of regard for Dr. Cartwright. A luxurious easy-chair, a present from Hon. R. J. Oglesby, came with the following letter:

DECATUR, ILL., *September 22, 1869.*

REV. HIRAM BUCK,—It is understood here that, during the session of the Illinois Conference at Lincoln, some one day is to be devoted to appropriate ceremonies in recognition of the services of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, as a minister of the Gospel of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and that upon the occasion testimonials of respect will be received from his friends and admirers.

For as long as I can remember, his name has been a household word in our Western country. Bold, honest, earnest, and untiring, he has stood on the frontier of advancing civilization to proclaim the truths of God and history.

It is the completion of his semi-centennial eldership in your Church. A jubilee such as this can come to few men; few are favored with such length of life in which to do good for mankind.

I will thank you to present the chair sent to your care to Elder Cartwright, and request that he will accept it as a testimonial of friendship and respect, upon which, in the weary days of an honorable old

age he may occasionally be seated to rest from his labors.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
R. J. OGLESBY.

The list of presents included a massive silver salver, water pitcher, and two goblets, from friends in Bloomington; a beautiful soup tureen, salver, ladle, and cake dish, from Springfield; a dozen solid silver forks from Quincy; a morocco case, containing thirty-three elegant spoons of solid silver, from Decatur; an exquisite pair of gold spectacles; a fine portmanteau; a volume on Homiletics, written by and sent from Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., of Evanston; a napkin ring and silver fruit knife, and a pen-holder, the wood in which was a part of the first pulpit occupied by Rev. John Wesley, the last was the gift of Rev. James Shaw—a beautiful tea-set, a fine gold-headed cane, a pocket Bible, and hymn-book. Several of the circuits gave an amount of money instead of a present of a different character, namely, Jacksonville circuit, Chatham, Pawnee, and perhaps others we can not recall.

Among the most notable and substantial was the magnificent chair, from Ex-Governor Oglesby, a present worthy of the donor and the veteran.

All these were presented in an inimitably humorous speech by Rev. W. J. Rutledge. Dr. Cartwright, after the presentation, returned his thanks for all this kind attention and these marks of esteem.

And so closed a jubilee, unique as to its occasion, remarkable as to its involved history, impressive in its relations to the settlement of the North-West, and honorable to the Church and the persons concerned. You will never find another Peter Cartwright until you find another North-West like this to settle and evangelize.

## CHAPTER VI.

## APPENDIX TO JUBILEE.

I WAS born in Amherst county, Virginia, Sept. 1, 1785; my wife, Frances Gaines, was born in Charlotte county, Virginia, Aug. 18, 1789.

We were married Aug. 18, 1808, which was her birthday, in Barren county, Kentucky. Our first child was born at my father's, in Livingston county, Kentucky, on the eleventh day of May in the year following.

We have lived together as husband and wife sixty-three years, if we live to see our birthdays come again in 1871. This is a long time for husband and wife to live together. It is not a common occurrence, especially with Methodist traveling preachers and their wives. My wife was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a devoted Christian, when we married, so we had no doctrinal questions on Church usages to settle.

We both had the common infirmities and imperfections of fallen human nature to contend with; but believed that by the grace of God we could live happy together and do some little good in the world. At the time of our marriage the membership of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church were few and scarce, and a woman had little to promise herself, but a laborious, poor, and suffering life; and often for days, weeks, and months, alone among strangers, she bore up and never, or seldom ever, complained or threw difficulties in my way of traveling or preaching the Gospel of Christ.

We had no parsonages in those days, and, indeed, the Methodist Church never furnished me a parsonage for twenty-four hours, although I am in my sixty-sixth year in the regular traveling ranks as an itinerant. My wife was raised to work; she often carded, spun, and wove, and made up the wearing apparel for herself and family; as for quarterage or a support from the Church, it was like angels' visits, it was seldom and far between.

Although I have traveled regularly for sixty-five years as a preacher, I never received from the Church what the estimating committees allowed but three years in that time; after twenty years of regular travel in Kentucky, Tennessee, etc., I was transferred, in the year 1824, to the Illinois Conference and appointed to the Sangamon circuit, which circuit I rode for two years. With a wife and six children, the first year I received forty dollars, the second year sixty dollars. Now think of it, one hundred dollars to support a wife and six children! and, although it was poor support, humanly speaking, they were years of great success in this frontier country, and two happy years of my ministerial life; scores of souls were found and brought into the fold of Christ

We have had nine children, two sons and seven daughters; we raised eight to maturity; we lost a sweet little daughter in her minority in moving to this State, by the fall of a tree, and one daughter after marriage, who died happy in God, as we believe. We have now living seven children, two sons and five daughters; we have fifty grandchildren, thirty-seven great-grandchildren, one great, great-grandson; three of our daughters married Methodist traveling preachers, two of whom have been presiding elders; we have great reason for thankfulness to God that all of our children are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; some of our grandchildren are also members. What a family! Lord bless and save us all!

When I review my long life as a traveling preacher, the newness of the country, the bloody Revolution through which our fathers had just passed, the scarcity of money, the want of education in almost all of our preachers, traveling and local—many of them could scarcely read correctly a chapter in the Bible or give out a hymn—I am astonished at the success that attended the labors of the instrumentalities of the Methodist Church. We were also almost universally looked upon by nearly all other denominations as a set of fanatics; our doctrines were abhorred, our religion derided; when I would preach in any new settlement and there should happen to be any preachers of any other denomination, they would warn the people not to hear me, for I was a false prophet; they often said Methodist preachers carried with them

some kind of stuff to give the people the jerks, or spasms or fits, and make them shout and halloo and fall down and lay as dead men and women; and a great many were foolish enough to believe it; and where they were simple enough to believe this, I wanted no better sport than to throw myself into a crowd of those rowdies with a vial of peppermint or camphor, and they would run as if the devil was after them.

The present generation often inquire, How could preachers live in those days of your frontier life? I in part tell them; a great many of us lived in a cotton and flax producing climate, and the women in those days were raised to work; they would pick the seed out of the cotton, card, spin, then weave, cut out and make up into clothing for themselves, their families, and their preachers, too; and we felt quite as decently clad, and as well dressed as thousands do now, who rustle in their silks and strut in their broadcloth. Another thing can, with great propriety, be said—we needed no protective tariffs, for every little log-cabin was a manufacturing establishment, and we all went in for free trade; and a very heavy burden would be rolled off our country if our nation went for it now.

In those days of early frontier backwoods life we had none of those kid-glove, college-polished preachers, such as we had a few years ago in this Conference, who said to me, "Why, sir, if Bishop M'Kendree were here, and living in this educated

state of the Church, he could not fill, with credit and acceptability, one of our first-class stations!" *Poor fellow!* with all his college-shining conceit, he had to leave the Conference and seek for popularity in parts unknown. Our pulpits, or at least those that occupied them, had more of the power of the Holy Ghost than we have now; our local preachers and exhorters labored more zealously than they do in these rapid days, and our prayer-meetings and class-meetings were better attended; our traveling preachers did more pastoral visiting; visiting from house to house is not attended to as formerly.

Though it was, however, a source of great mortification to me through life, that I was left so far on the background, in point of improvement in preaching abilities, still God requires no impossibilities. I thank God that though I was denied a college education, I was raised to work, to manual labor; and when I got bare of clothing I could turn in and split rails, go to the harvest-field, reap, cradle, mow, plow, or dig, and raise my vegetables and get means to clothe and feed me and my family, and go on my way rejoicing, free from debt and independent.

I shall conclude this volume with an account of my labors during the Conference year of 1869-70. At the close of the Conference in 1869, the one at which my jubilee was celebrated, Bishop Thomson, at the request of the Conference, appointed me Conference Missionary. There was a time when this was an important position in the Church, and when it in-

volved a great deal of labor; but that was in the days when the country was sparsely settled, when it involved long rides, hard toil, many sermons, and innumerable hardships, when visits were to be made in those neighborhoods and communities where the Gospel had not been heard, to open the way for the circuit preacher. But those days have passed; and I found myself occupying, perhaps, the most awkward position of my life, having an office without duties, a position without salary; and as my life has always been an active one I could scarcely "accept the situation."

As I had always expected to live from my labor, and not to infringe upon my principal, I found myself without a remunerative employment, and naturally enough began casting about for such work as would furnish me a livelihood. Recurring to my age, the nature of my association, and experience through life, I thought a course of lectures upon early Western history might not be uninteresting to the people, nor unprofitable to me; and I had scarcely announced myself through the Church journals as ready to enter the lecture field and to dedicate Churches, than I was perfectly deluged with letters. By one mail I received thirty-six invitations. If I ever saw "confusion worse confounded" it was now. I could scarcely begin to answer them. Many of these requests I complied with, but it would have been out of human power to comply with all. Especially was it more than I, at my advanced age, could undertake. During the year I made and fulfilled all the appointments I could

Many of these were of great interest and profit to me.

The following will furnish a brief statement of my labors during this year. I have dedicated eight churches, preached at seventy-seven funerals, addressed eight schools, baptized twenty adults and fifty children, married five couples, received fifteen into the Church on probation, received twenty-five into full connection, have raised twenty-five dollars missionary money, have donated twenty dollars for new churches, written one hundred and twelve letters; and as compensation for my labor, have received in donations, fifty dollars, mostly from little boys and girls; for my lectures and sermons seven hundred dollars; for traveling expenses six hundred and fifty dollars. At one time, while on a trip to fill one of my appointments, I was robbed of my pocket-book containing twenty-seven dollars, and my railroad passes. In addition to these I have sold two hundred dollars' worth of books.

My labors have not been confined to the boundary lines of my Conference, but have been more like the early-day appointments. I have traveled into Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa, as well as over the greatest part of Illinois. Upon my trips many incidents of great interest have occurred; but are too numerous to tax my strength to write them. At one time I had taken my seat in the cars to go to a certain point, when a lady came and introduced herself to me, stating that I had baptized her when she

was a child; that now she had a large family, who were with her in the car; that they were moving to a distant part of the country; and that perhaps she never would see me again, and that she wanted me to baptize her family. I told her that was not a good place to administer the ordinance of baptism; but as she insisted upon it, I concluded to try it. So I told her to tell her husband to ask the conductor if he would permit it. No, she said, her husband did not believe much in baptism, and being rather timid, she did not believe that he would do it, so I told her I would ask him. And when the conductor came into the car again, I told him that this lady desired me to baptize her children, and asked him if he would allow me that privilege; he said that there were a great many passengers aboard who were in a hurry to get through, and he could not stop the train. I told him that made no difference; "drive on with your cars, only let me have the privilege and I'll baptize them with your cars going at lightning speed." He told me to go ahead. After water was brought, having no Discipline, I repeated the baptismal service the best I could, and baptized the family and sent them on their way rejoicing. And I would gladly have baptized the whole car load. This scene could not but excite some emotion among the passengers, and will make a lasting impression upon the minds of that family of children.

Happiness and pleasure do not always consist in the association of the great and the learned, but some

times the greatest joy is experienced among the very lowly. One of the most pleasant reminiscences of my life was upon one of my trips during the past year. Being in a certain place, an old negro woman named Fannie Cartwright sent for me to go and see her. I did, and experienced an infinite degree of pleasure as one after another we called up the many interesting scenes of early life in Kentucky. Time and strength would fail me to give an accurate account of my year of toil and fatigue. It has, in the main, been one of profit and pleasure. But I must leave its history to be remembered only, perhaps never gathered up.

**THE END.**













